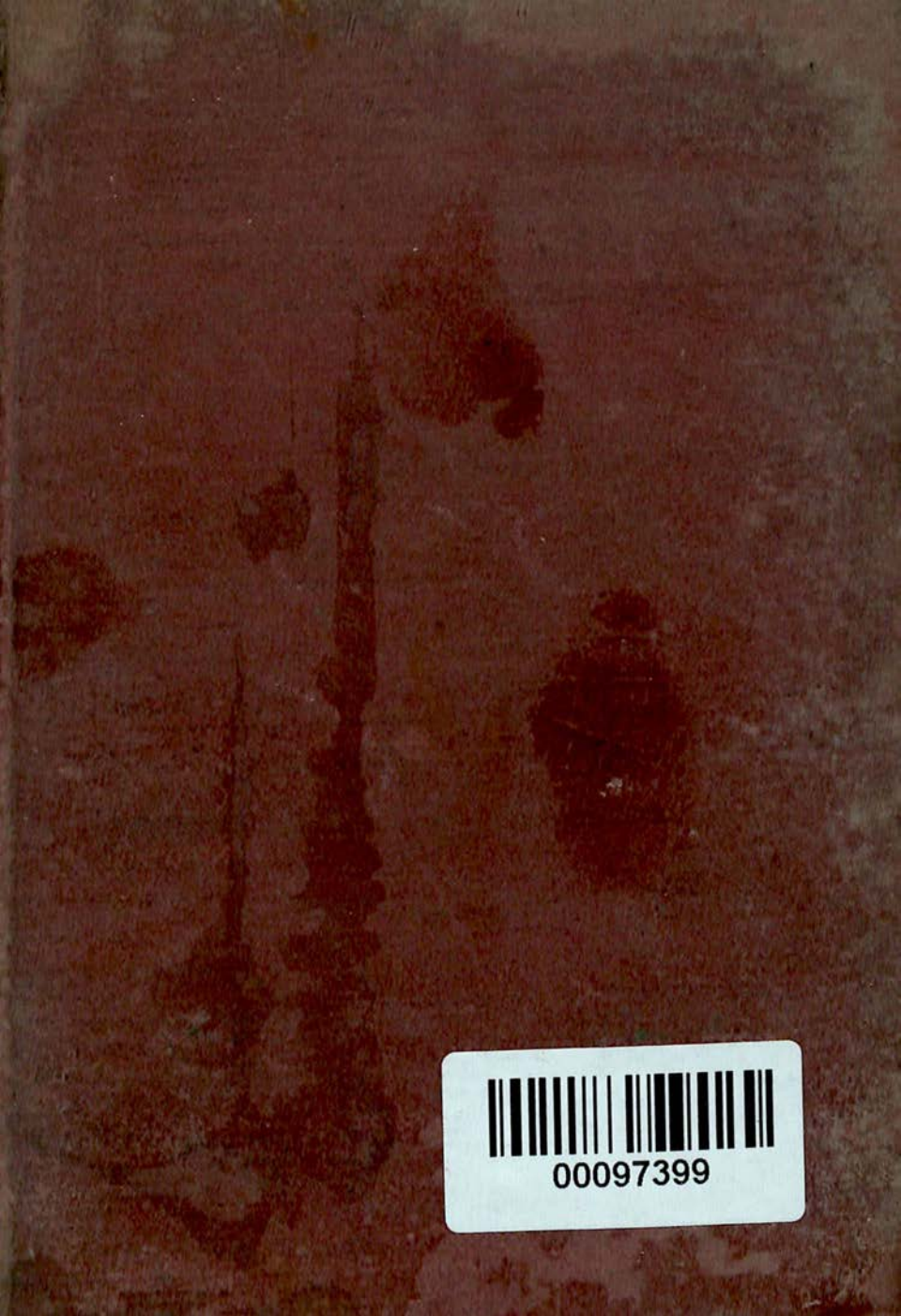
00097399

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

OLD TIMES AND DISTANT PLACES.

SKETCHES

OF

OLD TIMES AND DISTANT PLACES.

c7399

BY

JOHN SINCLAIR,

M.A., OXFORD; F.R.S., EDINBURGH;
ARCHDEACON OF MIDDLESEX,
AND
VICAR OF KENSINGTON.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1875.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

MANY years ago when I was on a visit to my brother-in-law, George, Fourth Earl of Glasgow, at Kelburn in Ayrshire, I took up a book from the drawing-room table, and said to Mr. Riddell, the celebrated genealogist: "Here is a new Waverley Novel: have you read it?" "No," he gravely answered; "I make it a rule never to *study* during my vacation."

For my own part I cannot pretend to rival my friend Riddell in his capacity to hybernate. I should be apt to weary of complete mental stagnation. Accordingly, in 1868, when I went to spend my Autumn holidays at Lowestoft, having been ordered by my medical advisers to suspend my usual occupations, I took with me several large bundles of closely written papers, many of them more than forty years old, containing half forgotten jottings and memoranda of the most remarkable characters with whom I have been acquainted in the course of my long life. Such was the origin of the following sketches.

The object I had originally in view was merely to hand down among my own relations and private friends a kind remembrance of "auld lang syne," and many that are now gone; and it was not till recently that I resolved to give my reminiscences a wider circulation.

I have noted down not only important facts and striking traits which might afford a valuable example, but also those little harmless eccentricities which give the individual an interesting speciality, and illustrate the endless diversity of the human character. We may laugh at an eccentric person, but we do not always think the worse of him for his oddities: and in general we like him the better.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Rev. Archibald Alison	1
Sir Walter Scott	16
John William, First Earl of Dudley	25
The Orkney Isles	36
The Rev. Dr. Chalmers	68
Marshal Macdonald—Duke of Tarentum	93
Sir William Hamilton	113
William Bosville, Esq.	135
Chief Baron Macdonald	143
The Pytchley Hunt	145
The Rev. Ozias Linley	148
David Hume	165
The Concordat of 1840 on Elementary Education	197
Washington	215
The Ven. Archdeacon Williams	233
Falls of Niagara	244
Widow Butler	252

PAGE

COMMISSIONER MACDONALD 256

REMINISCENCES OF ORATORS 264

BARON DE TOJAL 276

SERGEANT BRUMMAGE 279

MAJOR MAGRA 283

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE 289

OLD TIMES AND DISTANT PLACES.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

AMONG the notabilities of Edinburgh in my younger days was the Rev. Archibald Alison: he was at that time minister of an Episcopal Chapel, in an obscure part of the old town, called the Cowgate. Two venerable old ladies, Mrs. Craigie and Miss Guthrie, sisters of Dr. Guthrie, the court physician at St. Petersburg, gave me the following graphic account of Mr. Alison's first appearance in the Modern Athens:—

"Our puir old chapel was attended almost exclusively by ladies. Gentlemen in those days were not often seen inside a place of worship. In our chapel, old Sir William Forbes, old Anderson of Moredun, and a few other old gentlemen, were the only representatives of the male sex. At last Mr. Alison, young, elegant and eloquent, presented himself in the pulpit. We ladies were delighted with him. On the second Sunday a new black coat appeared, and we all exclaimed, 'We hae gotten another man among us!' This other man

was soon followed by many more, and our chapel became crowded with both sexes."

Mr. Alison's character and style of preaching were admirably adapted to the position which he came to occupy. He possessed in an eminent degree every qualification to make religion lovely as well as venerable. The reputation of his oratory drew numbers to the sanctuary who had scarcely ever entered it before. Delighted with what they heard, they gladly came again. They persuaded others to come along with them. The tide turned decidedly from scepticism in favour of religion, and many who afterwards belonged to other congregations, and perhaps to other Christian communities, were unconsciously indebted, under God, to this estimable minister for the Christian education they in early life received, and for the Christian hope in which they lived and died. It was he who first brought their fathers to the House of God.

The following remarks on Mr. Alison's first volume of sermons are from the pen of no ordinary critic:— 'The style of these sermons," says Lord Jeffrey, "is something new we think in the literature of this country. It is more uniformly elevated, more profusely figured, and, above all, more curiously modulated, and balanced upon a more exact and delicate system, than any English composition in mere prose, with which we are acquainted. We know not, in fact, any sermons so pleasing, or so likely to be popular, or to do good to those who are pleased with them. All the feelings are generous and gentle, all the sentiments liberal, and all

the general views just and ennobling. They are calculated to lead us on to piety through the purification of our taste and the culture of our social affections,—to found the love of God on the love of nature and of man, and to purge the visual orb of the soul for the contemplation of the infinite Majesty of the Creator, by teaching it to recognise the unspeakable beauty and grandeur which reign in all the aspects of His physical and moral creation." *

To these remarks by the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," I must add a not less favourable criticism by the editor of the "Quarterly." "I have never," writes Mr. Lockhart, "heard any man read the service of our Church in so fine and impressive a style as Mr. Alison. The grave, antique majesty of those inimitable prayers, acquiring new beauty and sublimity as they passed through his lips, could not fail to refresh and elevate my mind. In his preaching, the effect of his voice is no less striking; and indeed, much as you have read and admired his sermons, I am sure you would confess, after once hearing him, that they cannot produce their full effect without the accompaniment of that delightful music. Hereafter, in reading them, I shall always have the memory of that music ringing faintly in my ears, and recall, with every grand and every gentle close, the image of that serene and solemn countenance which nature designed to be the best commentary on the meanings of Mr. Alison." †

* "Edinburgh Review," vol. xxiii., Article xi.

† See "Peter's Letters," by John Lockhart, Esq., vol. iii., p. 92.

During the wars of the French Revolution, when many were apprehensive that the first Napoleon would succeed in his vast schemes of conquest, Mr. Alison was one of those whose faith in a benignant Providence never failed, and who were confident that victory would in the end be given to the cause of justice and of freedom. The sermons he preached on days of national humiliation and thanksgiving were so impressive and encouraging, that I have heard an aged Presbyterian say, "Although I am not an Episcopalian, yet I never failed during the whole of the Revolutionary War to attend St. Paul's Chapel on all public occasions, that I might hear Mr. Alison's grand patriotic effusions. It did me good, and gave me courage."

The work by which Mr. Alison has always been best known, is his "Essay on Taste." On this most attractive performance Lord Jeffrey writes: "We look upon this as, on the whole, the best and most pleasing work which has yet been produced on the subjects of taste and beauty. Less ornate and adventurous than Burke, and less lively and miscellaneous than Price and Knight, the author, we think, has gone deeper into his subject than any of those writers. His theory is unfolded in the volumes before us with singular beauty of language and copiousness of illustration."* Again: "The object of this admirable work is to make the contemplation of beauty and magnificence contribute to a livelier sense of moral truth, to render taste assistant to piety, and to associate inseparably the pure

* "Edinburgh Review," xviii., Article i.

pleasures of a cultivated imagination with the exalted hopes and enjoyments of religion." "The pleasures of beauty and sublimity," to use his own words, "are made subservient to the moral purposes of our being." "Nature," he elsewhere says, "through the medium of material objects expressing moral qualities, conducts, as by an universal language, to the throne of the Deity." "When," he adds, "the eye of man is opened upon any emblem, or any beautiful scene of Nature, the first impression is to consider it as designed: as the effect or workmanship of the Author of Nature, and as significant of his power, his wisdom, or his goodness."

Although Mr. Alison was a highly gifted philosopher, he delighted as a Christian minister to give instruction to the young. His catechetical class on Sundays consisted of mere children. "He took pleasure," it has been said, "in teaching very babes to lisp the praises of their Maker." My late friend Lord Anderson, an estimable Judge of the Court of Session, said to me: "When I was a child, I belonged to Mr. Alison's class. He was the most patient and most indulgent of teachers. He called us good children, patted us on the head, and pronounced eulogies upon us, in proportion as we did not deserve them. I trust that many, who have since grown old, retain, in common with myself, a grateful remembrance of his patriarchal teaching."

I was still young in the ministry when Mr. Alison appointed me his assistant in the handsome chapel, St. Paul's, York-place, to which he had removed from the Cowgate. I might have apprehended that his

refined taste would have made him a fastidious critic; but no: he was not less indulgent as a hearer than as a catechist. He would sometimes give a bad sermon all the praise that it admitted of, or offer suggestions to make a tolerably good one more worthy of repetition.

When he paid my quarterly stipend he would send it in an envelope, with this kind acknowledgment:—

"*Aurum recipi, æs repono.*

"*A. A.*"

He was sometimes prevented by ill health from attending the service when it had been arranged that I should preach. On such occasions he always sent me an apology like the following:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"May I hope that it will not be inconvenient to you to preach to-morrow afternoon.

"We are just come into town, and amid the confusion of *flitting*, I can hardly find a sermon. The weather, too, is so severe, that perhaps I may find it proper to remain at home to-morrow. I shall lament my misfortune in not hearing you.

"Believe me,

"Most affectionately and faithfully,

"Yours,

"A. ALISON

"HERIOT ROW,
"*Friday evening.*"

Few men were so agreeable in conversation as Mr. Alison. His table-talk was not ambitious; he had no eagerness to shine; he did not aim at sharp and pointed sayings; but in all he said there were the strong attractions of high intelligence, elevated refinement, and Christian charity. He took an interest in any topic that might happen to be introduced. He had seen much; he remembered well the better part of what he had seen, and it was delightful to hear him pour forth his recollections of the great men of the previous generation. I can only venture on a few specimens.

"At the commencement of the French Revolution, my friend, Lord Daer, a young nobleman of liberal politics, visited Paris, and became intimate with Mirabeau, then leader of the National Assembly. Lord Daer expressed apprehension as to the personal safety of the King. 'No,' replied Mirabeau, 'you need not be alarmed on that point. You gave us a useful lesson. *You took off your King's head; we shall avoid that blunder; it is the sure way to establish a military despotism.*'"

"Mirabeau was well acquainted with English literature. He told Lord Daer that there was a Scottish metaphysician, whose name he could not at that moment recollect, but from whom he had derived more peace and satisfaction of mind than from any other writer, English or French. It turned out that he meant Dr. Reid."

"Dr. Gregory said, that Mirabeau was not poisoned,

but died of a not uncommon disorder—*the ignorance of his physicians.*"

"Buonaparte did not consider Robespierre the worst man of the Revolution. 'Robespierre,' he said, 'was a fanatic; he acted upon some principle, though a bad one. There were others as cruel, but quite cool, and who had no object but self-interest — Fouchè for example.'"

"When Dr. Thomas Brown was appointed to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, he had no time for preparation, and often sat up to a late hour at night writing the very lecture which he was to deliver in his class-room next morning; but he had great natural readiness, and having thought much upon his subject, he surmounted every difficulty, and delivered a course of lectures not unworthy of his high reputation. It was his intention to re-write the whole of them, or at least as many of them as possible, before the next session. But indolence got the better of him, and he never executed his good intentions. On the contrary he continued to read them year after year, with a constantly increasing sense of their deficiencies, as long as he lived. The best are those on Natural Theology and the Moral Feelings, for which his materials were in a more advanced state. 'I am able,' he said, 'to repeat my lectures on morals without absolute repugnancy.'"

"Dr. Brown had more religious feeling than is sometimes ascribed to him; although not a member of our Church he held our Liturgy in great admiration. There is a collect at the end of our Communion Office,

beginning 'Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom,' which he pronounced to be 'the perfection of an address from erring mortals to the only wise God.'"

"It is interesting to know what method our most distinguished authors employed in the composition of their works. David Hume, for instance, wrote rapidly, but corrected slowly and laboriously: his pages are full of erasures. In the writings of Gibbon the erasures are few; for he made all his corrections in his mind, and never wrote a sentence until he had balanced and amended it to his entire satisfaction, either seated in his arm chair, or walking in his balcony at Lausanne, with the lake of Geneva below him."

"Dr. Adam Smith walked slowly up and down his room while dictating to his clerk. Hence it has been alleged that his sentences are nearly all of the same length, each containing exactly as much as the clerk could take down while the Doctor took a single turn."

"Adam Smith acknowledged that, in lecturing, he was more dependent than the generality of Professors on the sympathy of his class. 'During a whole session,' he said, 'a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. I had him constantly in my eye. If he leant forward to listen, all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class; but if he leant back in an attitude of listlessness, I felt at once that all was wrong, and that I must change either the subject or the style of my address.'"

"Adam Smith disliked nothing more than that moral

apathy—that obtuseness of moral perception, which prevents a man from not only seeing clearly, but feeling strongly, the broad distinction between virtue and vice, and which, under the pretext of liberality, is all-indulgent even to the blackest crimes. At a party at Dalkeith Palace, where Mr. ———, in his mawkish way, was finding palliations for some villainous transaction, the Doctor waited in patient silence till he was gone, and then exclaimed, 'Now I can breathe more freely; I cannot bear that man; he has no *indignation* in him.'"

"Shortly before his death, Dr. Adam Smith had occasion, under very interesting circumstances, to take leave of his literary friends. Among his favourite places of resort was the Oyster Club—a convivial society, of which Dr. Hutton, Dr. Black, Dr. Adam Ferguson, John Clerk, the naval tactician, Robert Adam, the architect, as well as Dr. Smith himself and other eminent characters, were original members. They were nearly of the same age; they had most of them been educated together; and their chief enjoyment consisted in relating the adventures and reviving the associations of their youth. Their rendezvous was at a stabler's (a second-rate inn) in the Grassmarket; but as the Club became better known, and the numerous candidates for admission became clamorous and troublesome, the place of meeting was often changed, with a view to secrecy. The last meetings of the Club, which did not long survive the Doctor, were chiefly at a small hostelry in the Cowgate. Strangers of celebrity were

sure to be introduced; so that the members had the advantage of seeing all the distinguished men who came to Scotland at that period. Among the noted persons added to the Society were Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, Sir James Hall, and Lord Daer. For some time before his death, Dr. Smith, although he could still enjoy the society of his friends at home, was unable to attend the Oyster Club. One day, however, finding himself somewhat better, he requested that the meeting should be held at Panmure House, his own residence in the Canongate. During supper, when he appeared tolerably well, and when his spirits were enlivened by the conversation of his old associates, one or two others, comparative strangers, joined the circle, anxious to be present from the idea that this was probably the last occasion on which the Doctor would appear. The interruption seemed to agitate him: it pained him to be an object of curiosity; he was unable, in his state of weakness, to recover himself; at last, rising from his seat, he walked towards the door, where he stood for a few moments, and thus addressed the company, with affectionate plainness: 'My friends, I fear that I must leave this happy meeting, and that I shall never meet you again;—*but I trust that we shall all meet hereafter in another and a better world.*'"

"In expectation of his death, the Doctor, who, like many other eminent men in the same state, was apprehensive of injudicious publication by his surviving friends, caused a vast number of MSS. to be burnt; among others, all his 'Lectures on Jurisprudence,' and

a 'Complete Course on Belles Lettres,'—the latter of which had been particularly admired. I consider it most unfortunate that Adam Smith did not live to publish his works on 'Law and Government.' He is usually considered as merely anxious about material wealth, which, no doubt, he considered essential to national happiness; but he was far from undervaluing the *moral and intellectual wealth of nations.*"

To these anecdotes of Dr. Adam Smith and his contemporaries, I might add many others equally characteristic. But I cannot refer to Mr. Alison as my authority; not being certain whether I heard them from him or from some other friend.

Mr. Alison told me that he considered "Bishop Burnet's character of Archbishop Leighton," the most eloquent production in the English language. He added, that he also held in high admiration "Bishop Hoadley's character of Dr. Samuel Clarke."

Soon after Captain Hall returned from America, I was invited by Mr. Alison to meet him at a family dinner, at Canaan, near Edinburgh. The rest of the party consisted of Mrs. and Miss Alison, Dr. Alison, and the historian, afterwards Sir Archibald. The Captain immediately began to pour forth the substance of the two volumes which he was about to publish, and we readily allowed him a monopoly of the conversation. He would not allow any interruption to the flow of information which he continued to pour forth. When even Mr. Alison put a question to him, he replied, "By asking questions you only break the thread of my

ideas." There was a severe, disparaging tone in his remarks on America and the Americans, which gave us all much uneasiness; I was therefore greatly relieved when the party broke up, to see our venerable host follow him into the lobby, and taking him by both hands, address him earnestly: "My dear Captain Hall, I hope that in the work which you are about to publish, you will say nothing which could tend to alienate from each other two nations, which it is of the last importance to keep united." In reply the Captain assured him, that in the forthcoming volumes there should be nothing of the tendency deprecated. I believe he was sincere, and that he did not anticipate the mischief which he actually caused.

My last interview with Mr. Alison was shortly before his death. He was in bed, too weak to rise: and his sight was gone: but he bore these infirmities and privations with exemplary cheerfulness and Christian patience. I had then recently published a memoir of my father's life and works in two volumes octavo. He immediately introduced the subject; and I listened with the highest satisfaction to the eloquent eulogy upon my father which he took occasion to pronounce. "I reflect," he said, "and sleepless nights have given me frequent opportunities of reflecting, on the great moral lesson to be derived from Sir John's admirable life. I consider whether, during the many years in which he flourished, there was any man whom I could fix upon as having laboured with the same assiduity, and with the same success, for the benefit of mankind. I think

upon that great work, 'The Statistical Account of Scotland;' upon the difficulties, all but insurmountable, in the way of its completion, and upon the many useful works of the same kind, and the many valuable suggestions to which it gave rise. I think upon the impulse which Sir John has given to Agriculture in his native country, in Great Britain, and throughout the world. I dwell on his elaborate 'History of the Public Revenue,' and on the practical wisdom and foresight of his financial views and recommendations. I try to reckon up the other departments of usefulness in which he exerted himself, the meritorious individuals for whom he procured a reward, and the important inventions and discoveries he introduced to public notice. I then advert to the disinterestedness which appeared in all his various undertakings; and the longer I consider the subject, the more I am convinced that during the last half century no man has arisen either so patriotic or so useful as Sir John Sinclair, and that no volumes have for many years been produced, which embody so impressive an example of patriotism as your memoir of his life."

I adverted incidentally to the satisfaction with which I had been reading his son's "History of Europe during the French Revolution." He replied, "I cannot express to you the satisfaction it affords me to think that that history was written by my son."

I was about to take leave, when my aged friend surprised me by a communication for which I was wholly unprepared. He said that he had often been requested

to publish another volume of sermons; that he had always hitherto refused to do so, not having had health or strength to give them the necessary final revision; "But," he added, "I can place confidence in you, and if you will undertake to be the editor, and to make full use of the editorial powers with which I am ready to intrust you, I will allow you to select a volume." He then added, "Pray remember, that in one respect there must be no misapprehension; you must take care that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity are made fully and unequivocally prominent."

I promised to undertake the duty thus solemnly confided to me: but immediately afterwards I was unexpectedly appointed Secretary of the National Society for the Education of the Poor, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London; I left Edinburgh, to be absorbed in new and arduous duties, and the labour of love, thus unavoidably deferred, has never been begun.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I OFTEN met Sir Walter Scott at private parties, and also at the Royal Society's Club, of which he was for some time president, while I resided at Edinburgh. It appeared to me, that, although he told stories inimitably well, he was not so great an acquisition in general society as might have been expected; for when he finished a story, few had the courage to begin another—hardly any one would have been listened to; and thus he often had no alternative but either to let the conversation drop, or relate a second story, and a third, throughout the evening. I was sometimes reminded of the discouraging speech addressed by a German to his next neighbour, when Dr. Johnson was one of the company: "Wait a moment, Sir, I think that Dr. Johnson is about to speak."

My sister Catherine saw Sir Walter to much greater advantage than I did. She was on terms of intimacy with Lady Scott, as well as with her daughters, Anne Scott and Mrs. Lockhart: and frequently paid long visits to the family, both when they were alone, and when they had company at Abbotsford. She often expressed astonishment that Sir Walter, amidst his

numerous occupations as a country gentleman, should find time for authorship. His farm, his garden, and his plantations, which he spent hours in pruning and cutting down; his meals, which he always prolonged with pleasant conversation; and his newspapers and periodicals, &c., for he was always well acquainted with the topics of the day; seemed scarcely to leave him any interval for literary labour. "But," says my sister, "he wrote fast, and could compose a chapter while cutting down a tree."

Lady Scott, knowing well what was thought of her husband's works, sometimes ventured to speak of them in disparaging terms. She would say, "If I want an evening dress, or an ornament for my drawing-room, I have only to make Walter write some of his nonsense; and I can then order it at once."

I can only give a few specimens of Sir Walter's table talk.

"While I was travelling in the London mail with my friend John Clerk of Eldin, a clever bagman got in, and gave us some exceedingly humorous accounts of his adventures. Clerk became jealous of him, and tried to outshine him, but made nothing of it. At last in desperation he told his best story, but the bagman trumped it. In this extremity Clerk determined to get out at York, which was the next stage. I had my choice: I thought the bagman was the better companion of the two; so I went on with the mail."

"The Prince Regent asked Dr. Gregory what was the longest sederunt after dinner that he had ever heard

of on credible authority. The Doctor said: 'The longest I know of is that of a learned Scottish judge, Lord Newton. A gentleman called at his house in York Place, Edinburgh, at a late hour, and was informed that his Lordship was at dinner. Next day the same gentleman called at an early hour, and being again informed that the judge was at dinner, expressed surprise that the dinner of that day should be so much earlier than the dinner of the day before. '*It is the very same dinner*,' replied the servant, '*his Lordship has not yet risen from table.*'"

When Mr. Lockhart was appointed editor of the "Quarterly," Sir Walter, while rejoicing at his promotion, keenly felt the loss which the family circle would sustain; and could not make up his mind whether to accept congratulations or condolences. Mr. Lockhart's friends resolved to give him a farewell banquet. Sir Walter was present, and on his health being proposed, rose with some emotion to return thanks. After a few common-places he proceeded, "I intend on this occasion, as on many others, to escape from a difficulty by relating a story. A Highland chief, being informed that one of his neighbours had lost his wife, sent for his clerk, and began to dictate a letter suitable to the melancholy event. The chief walked up and down the room, and the clerk repeated his words in an undertone. The chief began, 'My dear Sir;' the clerk repeated, '*My dear Sir;*' 'I beg leave;' '*I beg leave;*' 'to congratulate you;' '*to congratulate you;*' 'on the death of your beloved wife.' Here the clerk interrupted

him; 'Sir, since she was a *beloved* wife, would not the proper word be *condole* rather than *congratulate*.' The chief took several turns, muttering to himself; 'congratulate,' 'condole;' 'condole,' 'congratulate;' and then concluded: 'they are synonymous terms; leave the words as I have given them.'" Sir Walter then concluded: "Gentlemen, in my present divided state of feeling, I have been running over the changes of condole, congratulate—congratulate, condole—till I am as much perplexed as the Highland chief himself, and have no resource but to pronounce them synonymous terms."

Miss Baillie, the author, on a visit at Abbotsford, expressed a wish to see Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and thus realise the admirable poetic description with which she was familiar. Sir Walter ordered the carriage, and handing her into it, said, "When you return from the Abbey, you will have the advantage over me; for although I have often seen Melrose, *I have never seen it by moonlight.*"

When George IV. had reached Leith Roads on his way to Edinburgh, I met Sir Walter Scott hobbling along George Street. I mentioned some absurd things, which, to my great annoyance, it was reported that our fellow-townsmen were about to do in honour of the royal visit. "There is one good thing," replied Sir Walter, "which you must not forget, the King is coming *suddenly* upon us, and thus we shall be saved from *premeditated absurdities.*"

When some one expressed to Sir Walter great

astonishment that an eminently wise and learned judge had married his cook, he exclaimed, "I am not at all surprised; *we are all fools together*, only with this difference, that one man shows his folly in small matters every day, whereas another, like our friend, reserves it *for some one great act of madness.*"

The late Lord Marjoribanks informed me, that many years ago Sir Walter and he accompanied the Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouses in one of their annual voyages of inspection. They landed on the Bell Rock, ten miles out at sea, on the coast of Fife, and heard from the keeper many interesting particulars of its construction, and of the fearful storms it had encountered. When Sir Walter was about to re-embark, the keeper suddenly requested a specimen of his handwriting. The poet took up his pen, looked up for a moment, and then wrote as follows:—

"Far on the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild rocks my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Borne on the bosom of the night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail;
And scorns to furl a tim'rous sail."

The party afterwards visited the Lighthouses in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and the result was—— "The Pirate."

Before Sir Walter acknowledged himself to be author of the Waverley Novels, my sister Catherine said to him, "If you will tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you in return, which of them has

the preference given to it by a very good authority—Miss Edgeworth." Sir Walter agreed to the bargain, and she told him that her brother had put the question to Miss Edgeworth, who replied, "There is a freshness and originality about the first novel, which, in my opinion, gives it a decided superiority over all the rest." "Well, Miss Sinclair," said Sir Walter, "I for my part enjoyed the Antiquary more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which much affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself." "Yes," rejoined my sister, "the author of these novels, whoever he may be, is always *laughing at somebody;* and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently *himself.*"

I shall only add to this sketch two anecdotes of Sir Walter, related to me in 1838, by one of his most intimate friends, Mr. Guthrie Wright. "Sir Walter and I," he said, "spent a few days together at Dumfries, when he was preparing to publish 'Marmion.' He offered to read the first cantos aloud—a proposal to which, of course, I readily assented. When he had finished, I congratulated him on his performance, but added that I had two objections to make. In the first place he had brought Marmion to Edinburgh by a road which had no existence." "O," replied, Sir Walter, "Marmion was coming to Edinburgh, and it was for him, not for me, to find a road." "But," said I, "my other objection is, that if you had brought him along the coast, you might have taken him to Tantallon

Castle, the grand stronghold of Archibald Bell-the-cat." "There is something in that," replied Sir Walter, and immediately began to ask a multiplicity of questions about Tantallon. "I was familiar with it," continued Mr. Wright, "and he made me describe to him the broad plateau on which it stands,—the cliffs, several hundred feet high, projecting on three sides far into the sea; the lofty massive walls, the moat, the drawbridge, the remains of a donjon, to defend it from the land side, and even the very weeds that grew among the ruins. When he had completed his cross-examination, he continued, "Well," Mr. Wright, "Marmion went to Edinburgh without seeing Tantallon; but he shall not return without paying his respects in due form to Archibald Bell-the-Cat."

The following noble description of Tantallon in "Marmion" was the result of that conversation :—

"But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they passed,
And sudden, close before them showed
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows;
The fourth did battled walls inclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, and entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair
And towers of various form,

Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high
Or pinnacle that sought the sky
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean storm." *

The other anecdote which Mr. Guthrie Wright related to me is still more characteristic. "I called one day," he said, "at the Edinburgh post office, and began to read in the lobby a letter from Lady Abercorn, in which she gave an answer to some arguments I had stated to her in proof that Sir Walter was the author of Waverley; while thus employed, I stumbled on Sir Walter himself. He immediately inquired about whom I was reading so busily. 'About *you*,' I replied, and put the letter into his hand. I soon observed him blush as red as scarlet, and recollected that Lady Abercorn in her letter had said, 'I am quite sure you are wrong, for Sir Walter Scott declared to me *upon his honour*, that he was not the author of Waverley.' On reading this, Sir Walter exclaimed; 'I'm sure I never said so. *I never pledged my honour:* she is quite mistaken.' Then perceiving that he had thus betrayed himself, he stammered out some unintelligible sentence, and then continued: 'Well, Mr. Wright, it is a very curious question, who can be the author of these novels. Suppose we take a walk round the Calton Hill, and lay our heads together to find him out.' We proceeded arm-in-arm, and I said, 'I think that we

* Canto v., xxx. iii. The Court.

can soon so completely hedge in the author, that he cannot escape us.' 'Well, then,' said Sir Walter, 'how would you hedge him in?' I replied, 'You will agree with me that the author of "Waverley," whoever he may be, must be a *lawyer*.' 'True, it is evident he must be a lawyer.' 'You will also admit, that he must be an *antiquary?*' 'No doubt, he must be an antiquary.' 'He must also be of *Jacobite connections?*' 'Certainly, he must have Jacobite propensities.' 'He must also have a strong turn for *poetry?*' 'Yes, he must be something of a poet.' I next assigned some reasons why he must be rather more than forty years of age, and then added, 'Now, among our friends in the Parliament House, let us consider how many there are, who, besides being *lawyers, poets, antiquaries,* and of *Jacobite* connections are rather more than *forty* years of age?' 'Well,' says Sir Walter, 'what do you think of Cranstoun?' I gave reasons for setting aside Lord Cranstoun's pretensions, adverting particularly to his want of humour; and then Sir Walter, seeing that he himself must inevitably come next, unloosed his arm, and said, 'Mr. Wright, the author of "Waverley," whoever he may be, gets people to buy his books without a name; and he would be a greater fool than I think he is, were he to give a name. Good morning.'"

JOHN WILLIAM, FIRST EARL OF DUDLEY.

LORD and Lady Dudley disliked the squalling of children, and therefore sent their only son, John William, at a very early age, to Paddington, where he had a handsome establishment, under the direction of a tutor, the Rev. Dr. J., near the site on which the Dudley Arms has since been built.

John William received formal visits from his parents at Paddington, and was occasionally invited to Himley. Lord Dudley, however, did not sufficiently realise the lapse of time, and after his son had reached the age of sixteen, used to ring the bell at half-past nine o'clock, saying, "Order John William's candles to be lighted, for he is going to bed." This was an inadvertence which the youth never forgave.

Dr. J. was a man of learning and talent, but not free from eccentricity. One evening at Himley, expatiating on the elasticity of the human frame, he claimed to be so highly gifted in that respect, that, seated on the ground, he could put his great toe into his mouth. Some of the company looked incredulous, but the Doctor sat down at once upon the floor, and taking off

his shoe, performed the feat he had described. At this unlucky moment Lord Dudley entered, and seeing the Doctor in this strange position, inquired what was the matter, and was not a little annoyed and disconcerted at the explanation he received. "What!" he exclaimed, "my son's tutor upon the floor of my drawing-room putting his toe into his mouth!" Dr. J., in great irritation, replied hastily, "One might as well be in a pepper-box as be treated in this manner." "Well," exclaimed Lord Dudley again, "this is passing strange; my son's tutor tells me that he might as well be in a pepper-box as not be allowed to put his toe in his mouth on the floor of my drawing-room."

Master John William, as might be expected, soon got the better of Dr. J., and studied when and what he pleased. He had great natural talents, and a retentive memory, and though his reading was occasional and miscellaneous, he laid the foundation of that elegant scholarship for which he was in after life so much distinguished. But in consequence of having no companions, he acquired habits of eccentricity which continued with him throughout life.

From Paddington he was removed to Edinburgh, partly on the recommendation of my father, who thought he might be placed with great advantage under the care of Professor Dugald Stewart. The Professor at that time received as boarders a few young men of rank and fortune, as, for instance, Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Earl Brooke, Viscount Palmerston, and Lord

Ashburton. Some difficulty, however, arose in consequence of a letter in which Dr. J. warned Dugald Stewart against receiving into his house so eccentric and impracticable a young man. Mr. Stewart, much alarmed, intimated to my father his desire to decline so unpromising a pupil. My father, however, urged him to consider the injury he would inflict upon young Ward by this refusal, since it was known that he had consented to admit him. The Professor gave way; Mr. Ward was received, and not only acquired his friendship, but continued to enjoy it as long as they both lived.

Many years afterwards, when the "eccentric and impracticable pupil" had risen to political distinction, he happened to visit Bath, where Professor Stewart's widow and daughter were residing. He called upon them, and expressed a wish to spend a few days at their house. Mrs. Stewart, alarmed at the prospect of a visitor accustomed to unbounded luxury, told him candidly she could not afford to entertain him. "My daughter and I," she said, "never have more than two dishes for dinner." "That," he replied, "is exactly one too many." He dined with her accordingly, and though not allowed apartments in her house, he repeated his visits, and was so delighted to renew old recollections, that he offered to purchase a house for her at Bath. Some delay occurred, and the proposal fell to the ground.

Soon after Mr. Ward left Professor Stewart's, he was returned to Parliament for Worcester. During his

canvass of that city a friend of his remonstrated with him on his want of civility to the electors. "I am always civil to them," he replied; "What could I do more?" "You don't shake hands with them when you meet them." "*Shake hands with the fellows!*" exclaimed the candidate, "*I would not touch them with a pair of tongs.*" This hasty speech was repeated, and nearly cost him his election.

The member for Worcester seldom addressed the House, but when he did speak, he always spoke well. The remark made to me respecting another juvenile M.P., his contemporary—might with propriety be applied to Mr. Ward. Some one said, "Mr. M. is certainly *a rising young man.*" "It may be so," replied the other, "but at all events *he does not rise often.*"

When Mr. Ward became Viscount Dudley and Ward, and took possession of the family estates, he suffered as much embarrassment as his father from an overgrown fortune. He one day described this embarrassment to my uncle Archy in very graphic terms. "When I came to my estate," he said. "I resolved to spend my whole income within the year. With that view I purchased the estate of Ednam in Scotland; I bought a library at Venice; I repaired my house in Park Lane, &c. &c. &c.; but a rise unexpectedly took place in the price of iron, which brought me £10,000, and you know *one can't always be prepared for such contingencies.*"

When Lord Palmerston in his autobiography mentions as a notable instance of disinterested love of power, that his friend Dudley would have gladly given £6,000 a

year to remain in office, he evidently was not aware, that to Dudley £6,000 a year was a mere trifle.

One of Lord Dudley's eccentric habits was that of speaking to himself, or thinking aloud. Of this practice many amusing instances were related, perhaps occasionally invented, by his friends.

Soon after he had succeeded to the title of Dudley and Ward, a lady asked Lord Castlereagh how he accounted for the custom: "*It is only Dudley speaking to Ward,*" was the ready answer to her inquiry.

Lord Dudley was introduced at an evening party to Lady "N.," whom he was requested to hand down to supper. Her ladyship availed herself of the opportunity to present her two daughters; after which ceremony she overheard him, as they went down stairs, muttering to himself in his usual undertone: "The fair one is plain; the dark one is not amiss; but the fair one is exceedingly plain." "I am glad, my Lord," says Lady N., with good-humoured readiness, "that at all events the dark one pleases you."

A gentleman from Staffordshire prevailed on Lord Dudley to present him at Court. They got on very well as far as St. James's Street, where they were stopped nearly half an hour by the line of carriages. His lordship then forgot himself, and, after a long pause, began, "Now this tiresome country squire will be expecting me to ask him to dinner. Shall I ask him, or shall I not? No, I think he would be a bore." The individual so unexpectedly blackballed, was at first confounded; but, recollecting his companion's infirmity,

commenced in turn an audible soliloquy: "Now, this tiresome old peer will of course be asking me to dine with him to-day; shall I go or shall I not go? No, I think it would be a bore." This impromptu was well taken; and the invitation was given in earnest and accepted.

After sitting a long time with a lady, to whom he was paying a morning visit, Lord Dudley exclaimed aloud: "*I wonder when this tiresome woman will go away.*"

At a dinner given by Lord Wilton, who had one of the best cooks in London, Lord Dudley tasted some dish of which he did not approve, and forgetting where he was, began apologising to the company for the badness of the entertainment. "*The fact is,*" said he, "*that my head cook was taken ill, and some kitchen girl I suppose has been employed to dress the dinner.*"

Lord Dudley, receiving a visit from the poet Rogers at Paris, proposed that they should go together to the Catacombs. It has often been remarked of Rogers, that with his fine bald head, wrinkled skin, and sunk cheeks, he was more like a death's head than any man that was ever seen alive. Accordingly, when the poet had spent an hour or two in the abodes of mortality, and was about to make his exit, the keeper, startled at his death-like appearance, tried to stop him, crying out: "Hulloh! Get you back; you have no right to come out." Rogers afterwards complained to Lord Dudley, that he had cruelly deserted him in this emergency. "My dear Rogers," replied the earl, "I did not like to interfere; *you looked so much at home.*"

When Mr. Canning came into power, Lord Dudley was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The High Tory party declined to join the new Premier, and great difficulty was found in filling the vacant offices. I well remember walking up St. James's Street at that time with my father, when a young M.P., coming out of White's, addressed us: "Offices, Sir John, are now at a discount—you may have what you please. I am content to be a Lord of the Admiralty; you will insist on being a Secretary of State."

As Lord Dudley had never held office, it was a bold measure to appoint him Foreign Secretary at once; but he had great ability and influence, and being well acquainted with continental politics, discharged his duties so effectively as to be rewarded with an earldom.

Soon after he took possession of the Foreign Office, an application was made to him, his reception of which is characteristic. My uncle Archy, to whom he was indebted for much kindness and hospitality from his earliest years, had a son, an intelligent and gentlemanly young man, whom he wished to introduce into the service of Government as attaché to some embassy. With this view he called at the Foreign Office. He was there kept waiting a long time, but at last Lord Dudley entered, having evidently anticipated the purpose of the visit. Leaving the door open, he came slowly forward, and shook hands with my uncle, saying, "Ah! Archy, is this you? how is Mrs. Macdonald? What fine weather, we have got!" &c. &c. &c. He was then beginning to retreat towards the open door,

when my uncle, seeing there was no time to lose, bolted out his request. Lord Dudley, having reached the door, made this reply, "I have laid down a rule, that no relation of mine shall derive benefit from my accession to office." Having given utterance to this magnanimous disclaimer of nepotism, he disappeared.

My uncle, in relating the interview, was evidently of opinion, that the merit of discarding nepotism depends entirely on the degree in which it is an exercise of self-denial.

Some time after the above incident, when Lord Dudley was out of office, my uncle saw him under circumstances in which their relative positions were singularly reversed. They were both at Naples. A Royal fête was about to be given on some specially grand occasion, and the fashionable world, natives as well as foreigners, were all eager to be included in the select number of the Royal party. Lord Dudley did not receive an invitation, and my uncle at first applied in vain for a ticket. At length he prevailed upon a clever friend of his, George Stewart of Grandtully, to do what he could in his behalf. Stewart waited on the proper authority, but received a cold repulse. The list, he was informed, was closed. As a last resource he exclaimed, "What! not give a card *au frère du Seigneur des Iles d'Écosse?*"* The functionary was thunderstruck at this portentous title, and yielded at once. When the *élite* were marching from the general reception rooms to the Royal Banquet Hall, my uncle

* To the Brother of the Lord of the Isles.

saw among the excluded throng the potent Earl of Dudley, and condescended to notice him with the friendly greeting: "Ah, Dudley, is that you?"

Lord Dudley was a voracious reader, but not a voluminous author. As a young man he contributed a few articles to the "Quarterly Review," and as Foreign Secretary he wrote a number of despatches; but the work, by which he will be best known hereafter, is a volume of his Private Letters published in 1841 by Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff. It is no small honour to Lord Dudley to have enjoyed the friendship and confidence of that estimable prelate, and to have kept up a familiar correspondence with him during more than thirty years. The following extracts will give some idea of his style, as well as of his opinions on some leading questions of those times:—

"Brighton, *January 6th*, 1814.

"As to the Bourbons, I don't think they are at all likely to be restored. These events give them their last chance; but I can't find that anybody in France thinks much about them. The rapid succession of mighty events, foreign and domestic, for the last twenty years, seems to have produced upon the minds of the French an effect like that which generally arises from the lapse of a much longer period. The Bourbons, for anything that one hears, are as much forgotten as if they had not reigned within the last hundred years. However, I should rejoice in their restoration as heartily as you would, though I don't agree with you in looking to it as a probable event. It would give the best chance for the happiness of France, and the tranquillity of the rest of the world."

"130, Park Street, *Feb. 4th*, 1814.

"What think you of the chance of the Bourbons now; I am afraid it is very small, indeed, and I know that within the last week or two their own hopes have very much declined. In wishing for their restoration, I quite agree with you, supposing, however, that it is the family, and not

the government, that is to be restored. The horrors of the French revolution have made us ready to think that everything is good except itself. But the truth is, that the old government of France was an execrable abuse—not fit to be endured—and of course ten thousand times less fit to be re-established. I don't mean to say anything for the tyranny of Robespierre and Buonaparte; but we must not forget the despotism of the Cardinal Dubois and Madame Du Barri,—which, though far less cruel, was more insulting, more degrading, and tended still more to the corruption of national manners. The French are not fit to enjoy so large a share of liberty as the English, but they really ought to be indulged with a little more than was allowed them by the forms of the old monarchy."

"130, PARK STREET, *March 3rd*, 1814.

"If, for instance, the French had been as much attached to their royal family at the end of twenty years, as the Scotch were to the Stuarts at the end of threescore, can you doubt that the white cockade would have appeared in a thousand places? But in Scotland (as in England during and after the great rebellion) the royalists stayed and preserved their property—in France they fled (emigrated, as it was politely called,) and lost it—and along with it every means of influencing the public mind. Not only the governing part of the state, senators, generals, préfets, and so forth, but the owners and tillers of the ground are new men, deeply interested in preventing a return to that order of things under which they would be detested—proscribed—and at the first favourable opportunity, plundered. Besides, the Bourbons have had miserable, obstinate, bigoted advisers. They have never uttered the words 'liberty'—'limited monarchy'—'security to property.' The old government, with all its abuses and absurdities, seems to be what they proposed to establish. Now, though I do not believe that would have been found possible, and though I should therefore have promoted their recall without the smallest fear of the 'Bastille,' or the 'Gabelle,' or the 'Corvée.' Yet as they never had the sense or the liberality to make a public declaration against these disgraceful blemishes in the old system, it is not unnatural that people should hesitate before they risked everything to restore an order of things the benefits of which were to be counterbalanced by such monstrous, disgusting evils."

"FLORENCE, *September 6th*, 1815.

"Far from promoting good morals (I speak of the Catholic religion, not as it is explained by Bossuet, but as it is believed by the common people in Italy,) it only serves to injure them by lulling the natural feelings of con-

science. They believe indeed in God, and in a future state, but they also believe quite as firmly that by means of a certain number of crossings, sprinklings, genuflexions, Ave Marias, and Pater Nosters, a whole score of frauds, adulteries, and even assassinations, may be wiped out, and they become as fit candidates for heaven as the most just and innocent of men. What is sound and useful in this system is quite overbalanced by that which is absurd and pernicious. The more firmly they believe it, the worse their lives are likely to be."

"Superstition is certainly on the decline here (in Italy),—but it is never succeeded by true *religion*—always by *infidelity*."

To the above extracts I must add some eulogies on Lord Dudley by Bishop Coplestone, which, although betraying the partiality of an old friend, are the sincere effusions of no ordinary man. "He had," writes the Bishop, "a manly character, strong sense, an acute and yet candid observation of men and manners, and of political affairs; original and deep reflection, combined with lively imagination; a knowledge of books and of the world rarely found united in the same individual; a sincere, virtuous, and honourable mind, intent upon being useful, and upon performing his duty well in public and private life; and, finally, a deep and awful sense of religion, together with a hatred of profaneness in those who profess outwardly a belief of Christianity."

THE ORKNEY ISLES.

"ONE skipper is enough for one boat," is a saying which I heard more than once, when I first visited the family estates in the county of Caithness. The saying originated in an unsuccessful attempt made by my father, towards the end of the last century, to reach the Orkney Isles. The adventure is variously related: but I consider the best edition to be the following. A dissolution of Parliament was expected, and my father, having secured two of the five northern burghs, which were entitled jointly to choose a representative, resolved to cross the Pentland Firth, and canvass the city of Kirkwall. He gave orders for a stout six-oared boat to be manned with the best rowers that the town of Thurso could provide; and his factor, Mr. Davidson, not thinking common sailors good enough for so great a man as Sir John Sinclair, engaged seven *skippers* or captains for the occasion. "I wonder," continued my informant, "how they ever got to sea at all; for it had not been settled which of the seven should take the helm. The result was hopeless confusion. Every one wished to command, and none was willing to obey. Much quarrelling, much cursing and swearing

followed; blows seemed imminent; and at last the boat was ignominiously rowed back to the place from whence she came." The remark which Sir John, as he was stepping ashore, addressed to his factor, "Recollect in future, Mr. Davidson, that one skipper is enough for one boat," has ever since been regarded throughout Caithness as an axiom of practical wisdom applicable to other matters as well as navigation.

I may here mention that, in more recent times, when Admiral Keppel was about to leave the China station, his popularity throughout the fleet was so great, that eight post captains, including Prince Alfred, agreed to pay him the unique compliment of rowing him to the steam-packet at Hong Kong. It might have been supposed that these officers had heard of my father's apposite remark with reference to skippers, for they prudently appointed a *Commodore* to act as coxswain and take the helm.

My father made no other attempt to cross the Pentland Firth, but in my twenty-third year, I had opportunity to make a tour of the Orkneys under very favourable circumstances. I was then in Caithness, and Mr. Sheriff Traill, whom the Duchess Countess of Sutherland (no mean authority) pronounced to be "as perfect a gentleman as she ever saw," informed me that he was about to visit his estates in Orkney, and would be glad to have me for his fellow voyager. Great was my delight at this invitation, and at five in the morning of the 7th of August, 1819, I was on the shore of Scrabster Bay ready to embark.

The estate of Scrabster, with its ancient castle, now a ruin, once belonged to the Bishops of Caithness, but was confiscated at the Reformation, and annexed to the Crown. On this account the King is sometimes familiarly spoken of in Caithness as "*The Laird of Scrabster.*"

Our vessel was a newly-built schooner belonging to the Sheriff. The sun shone brilliantly, the wind was fair, and we were soon in the middle of the Pentland Firth.

In tracing the origin of the name given to this Firth, a tragical story is related by Bleau, a Dutch geographer, in his great atlas, published at Amsterdam in 1662. The Pictish nation, as he informs us, driven continually northwards by their enemies the Scots, retreated at last to Duncansbay in Caithness, where they found (he does not say *how*) boats and other craft, sufficient to cross over to Orkney. The Orcadians, however, so vigorously resisted them, that they were compelled to re-embark for the mainland. But being ignorant of the rapid and conflicting tides, they soon came to grief. Their boats were upset and swamped; and they all perished to a man. "*Picti omnes,*" says Bleau, "*ad unum interiere.*" He adds that, in memory of this great national catastrophe, the strait is called, and throughout all time will be called, "*Fretum Picticum—vulgo,* Pentland Firth."

When our schooner entered the Firth we were not thinking of this tragedy. Our attention was absorbed by that wonderful rock, the Old Man of Hoy, which rises like a rude pillar out of deep water, nearly to the

level of the adjoining bold promontory of Hoy Head, which is said to be nearly 1000 feet high. There is, perhaps, no headland in the world (not even the Bullers of Buchan, so highly celebrated by Dr. Johnson) where a storm may be seen to more advantage.

In the Isle of Hoy there is a fine natural harbour, called the Longhope; perfectly secure, and large enough to shelter the whole British Navy. I had long regarded this refuge with much interest; for in my first voyage to the North, when the weather off the coast of Aberdeen looked forbidding, an old sailor said to me: "In case a gale should come on, if we can't get into Cromarty Firth, our only chance is to run for the Longhope." "How far is it to the Longhope?" "A hundred and fifty miles," replied the sailor; "and in these stormy seas," he added, "you may be glad to have so good a shelter no further off."

Passing on from Hoy, we found ourselves among the far-famed Roosts or Races of the Pentland Firth. As this strait connects the German and Atlantic Oceans, the quantity of water which the great tidal wave carries through it is enormous; but contrary to what might be expected, the current does not proceed slowly in one vast body, but in broad, well defined streams, at the rate of seven, eight, and even nine knots an hour. A boat intending to cross the Firth starts at half-tide, and is swept for miles out of its course to the east or west. At the turn of the tide, it is hurried back with the same velocity, and thus by an acute angle reaches its destination.

The Sheriff and I were speculating philosophically on the Roosts, as they ran foaming like mighty rivers into the distance, when suddenly a cry was raised, "Heaven preserve us! We are in the Well of Swona." Then followed copious maledictions on our stupid old steersman, who ought to have known the proper course better, having been familiar with those seas five-and-thirty years. But maledictions were unavailing; we were in a very serious scrape, and the only questions were, whether we could get out of it, and how?

The Well of Swona, although not so famous as the Maelström of Norway, or the Corrievrechan of the Hebrides, is a dangerous whirlpool, caused by a small rocky island, which projects so far into the Firth that the Roost strikes against it, and then performs rapid gyrations, in the centre of which, boats, it is alleged, are drawn down, leaving no survivor to relate the catastrophe.

Bleau, the Dutch authority before referred to, gives a formidable account of this great Well. "*Aqua Marina*," he says, "*horrendum in modum circumgurgatur.*" He affirms that even a ship of large size, once drawn into the vortex, is hurried round like a well-whipped boy's top. "*Trochi a puero flagellis agitati ad instar.*" He adds that the people of Caithness and Orkney, aware of this danger, obviate it by an ingenious contrivance. They drop into the vortex an old hogshead, or bundle of straw, which being absorbed, the gaping jaws, he says, of the abyss, are closed, "*fauces hæ hiantes occluduntur;*" the water

becomes tranquil, and the crew surmount their difficulties and escape unhurt. He is careful to inform us of the fate of the articles sacrificed to the devouring rage of Swona. They are carried under the waves a mile or even more, and then, as if vomited forth from the lowest depth, they re-appear, to the astonishment of the spectators, on the surface of the Firth, "*in freti ejus superficie apparent.*"

It was in the whirlpool thus described by Bleau in his grandiloquent Latin, that the Sheriff and I suddenly found ourselves involved. Our steersman's defence for bringing us into peril was, that he thought there must be "wind enough to keep us off the well." But, although there was a fresh breeze, sufficient to fill the sails, our vessel was carried round as helpless as a mere log. At one time we were so close to the island that we might have thrown a rope ashore, but instantly we were hurried far away from the land as fast as we had been drawn towards it. Suddenly a cry was raised, "Down heads!" I stooped at once, and had scarcely done so, when the boom swept across the deck, knocking down all that it encountered. "Ease the sails!" cried the skipper, for we had gone round so far, that they began to fill on the wrong side; "ease the sails, I say, or we shall be lost." Happily we had only one skipper on board, and he was instantly obeyed. When we had made another half circuit, we unfurled our canvass in the hope of getting into the Roost. But no! again the cry was raised, "Down heads!" again the boom swept across the deck, and again we were obliged

to ease our sails. Seven or eight times we spread our sails, and as often were compelled to lower them. We remained in jeopardy above an hour; when at length the wind freshened, we got out of the Whirlpool into the Roost, and then, running at the rate of nine knots an hour, soon left Swona far astern.

"We are all right now," I exclaimed, turning to the skipper. "Not yet," he replied; "it will be all that we can do to clear the Skerries" (certain low, rocky islets, at the entrance of the Firth). They were so far off as to be hardly visible, but under the impulse of a strong ebb-tide, we were drifting rapidly towards them. Great, therefore, was our relief, when we passed safely into the open sea.

"What is that low island," I inquired, "along which we have been coasting for some time? I think I see green fields, farm steadings, and other signs of cultivation."—"That is South Ronaldsha," replied the Sheriff; "and let me tell you," he continued, "that the signs of cultivation which you think you see are not figments, but realities. In these hyperborean regions, husbandry is not so hopeless as you Southerners imagine. Our climate is not incompatible with a high development of animal and vegetable life. In winter we have very little frost, and in summer the days are long enough to give the sun considerable power. You may read small print at midnight."

Mr. Traill was a high authority on agriculture. Hardly any farmer, either in the north or south, was more successful. He once showed me in Caithness

an extensive, barren moor, which he was bringing into cultivation. He boasted that the profit amounted to a hundred per cent. I looked incredulous, but he proceeded: "The upper soil consists of two or three inches of light sand and gravel; there is a stiff cold clay below. I formed the waste into fields with cheap, rough dykes of dry stone; I then trenched it so as to mix the soil and subsoil together: I added a quantity of manure, and sowed my new fields with oats. You see my first crop, which alone will repay the whole of my expenses. This I call one hundred per cent. profit."

While the Sheriff and I were discussing the prospects of husbandry in the north, we drew near an almost perpendicular islet, rising several hundred feet out of the deep water. "That rock," he said, "is the famous Horse of Copinsha, so called from its supposed resemblance to that quadruped. Ask the skipper, and he will tell you that in a storm, the fish that swarm in these seas are often dashed against the Horse's sides, and landed upon his back." An old sailor looked incredulous, and seemed to say "I should like to see the man that mounted the Horse and saw the fish."

The Sheriff then directed my attention to the innumerable sea-fowl that occupied every nook and cranny, every ledge and shelf on which it was possible for them to find standing room, as well as to the vast flocks of birds that might be seen over the expanse of ocean as far as the eye could reach. What must be the fecundity of the fish that supply the food of these innumerable birds!

The light wind continued fair, and we proceeded on our course slowly northward till midnight, when we dropped anchor off Elsness in the Isle of Sanda. The Sheriff and I landed next morning, and at once took possession of Elsness House, the comfortable residence of Mr. Urquhart. He was not at home, but Mr. George Traill, the Sheriff's son, whose estate of Tressness was in this island, had come over to meet us, and in accordance with Orcadian rules of hospitality, had not scrupled to order breakfast for three. We afterwards called on Mr. Grant, the minister of the parish, near whose house is Helgoe, or the Holy Cave, one of the greatest curiosities in the Orkneys.

A visit to Helgoe is so dangerous that it had only thrice been attempted within the memory of man, namely, by some sailors escaping from the press-gang, by Mr. Bullock, the ornithologist, in search of specimens for his museum, and by Mr. Grant himself, who was so alarmed that he determined never to return. The chief danger arises from the lowness and narrowness of the entrance, which is in deep water, and, therefore, liable to be closed by the slightest undulation of the surface. A party might enter on a fine day in smooth water, and be prevented from returning, not merely by a sudden squall, but by the most trifling ground swell. The peril is increased by the number of narrow windings and sunken rocks, as well as by seals, which resort in great numbers to a place where they are secure from molestation.

I could not at first prevail on Mr. Grant to allow me

the use of his boat. At length, however, when I had fully represented to him the fineness of the day, and the smoothness of the water, he consented to let his son and two boatmen go along with me. Many were the injunctions he gave me to beware of rashness. "Consider," he said, "that I am trusting you with my only son." His doubts of my trustworthiness were not removed by my repeated promises of caution, and he at length declared that he would lead the expedition himself.

Unfortunately we could not procure a single torch to light us, and were obliged to be content with two or three tallow candles and a small peat fire. The distance was short, and we soon found ourselves at the formidable entrance. Mr. Grant would certainly have turned back had not the day been cloudless and the sea as smooth as glass. We could distinguish pebbles and shell-fish at the depth of many fathoms. As we glided slowly into the cavern the roof seemed only a few feet above our heads, but it rose suddenly into a kind of hall, so vast and so dark that we could only guess its actual dimensions. The only objects visible were the sparkling points of long stalactites suspended from the roof. Mr. Grant proposed to stop here, and it was with a very bad grace that he at last yielded to our importunity and consented to go a little further. We steered across the hall and began to grope our way along a dark winding passage, so narrow that we could with difficulty push our boat forward. We depended entirely for light upon our candles and peat fire, for

not a ray could reach us from the open air. We had not advanced far when the minister's courage finally gave way. He feared an attack from seals, against whom we could not defend ourselves in the dark. He appealed to the dimness of our candles as evidence that the air was foul—and, above all, he insisted that the wind was rising, and would soon prevent our return. All remonstrance was in vain; he ordered the boatmen to put back, and would only consent to let a gun be fired in the middle of the hall, to give us some idea of the number and extent of the subterranean passages. This proved a very dangerous concession, for when our gun went off, a shower of stalactites fell from the roof, some of them heavy enough, if they had fallen into the boat, to have done us serious injury. But our attention was wholly occupied by the wonderful series of reverberations which the report of our gun produced. We thought it never would have an end; occasionally there was a pause, and then followed a fresh succession of reports, long enough to render probable the assertion of our boatmen, that a double series of caverns has, in the course of ages, been worn away far into the interior of the island. We reached the open air without further adventure, and I left Helgoe, rejoicing to have seen it once, but resolving never to see it again.

Taking leave of Mr. Grant, I set out on horseback to rejoin the Sheriff, who, while I was on my boating expedition, had gone with his son to the family mansion of Tressness. As the house had been pointed out to me, apparently close at hand, I was in no hurry to

start, but this low flat island is so intersected with arms of the sea, that in order to gain one mile, it is often necessary to ride three or four. As I was pursuing my solitary way, I discovered upon the beach a large number of whales (the *Delphinus deductor* of zoologists), or, as seamen call them, "bottlenoses." They varied in length from ten or twelve to twenty-five feet; the blubber had been cut off, and they were in a horrid state of decomposition, tainting the air for miles.

On enquiry, I was informed that two Sundays before, when Mr. Grant was delivering one of his best discourses, a report was whispered among the congregation, that a great shoal of bottlenoses had been seen in the adjoining bay. The preacher was immediately deserted; the congregation hurried to the beach, and having launched their boats, contrived to get between the whales and the open sea. Then commenced a fearful slaughter. Every weapon of offence, and every tool that could be converted into a weapon, from the roasting spit of the chief tenant, to the ware-fork of the cottar, was put into requisition. The wounded fish lashed the sea with their tails, and nearly swamped some of the boats. In dying, these animals emit shrill and plaintive cries, accompanied with loud snorting and a humming noise, which, according to my informant, resembles the martial music of "fifes and drums in a battle-field." But the battle in this instance was soon over. Some of the shoal forced their way out to sea, but no fewer than eighty were captured, to the indig-

nation of the worthy minister, who threatened to prosecute his parishioners for this flagrant violation of the Sabbath. On their profession of repentance however, he was prevailed upon to relent. And certainly it was fair to make some allowance for the urgency of the case, as the whales might not have waited for "a lawful day," nor even for the conclusion of the minister's discourse.

As there was no room for me at Tressness, I returned in the evening to Elsness, where, however, I found that only one bed had been prepared, and that this one was intended for Mr. Urquhart himself, who was expected that night from Kirkwall. But it was past ten o'clock; the night was dark; the wind had risen, and I was much fatigued. Hoping, therefore that my host would not be able to cross the sea, I consented to take possession of his comfortable apartment.

Some days afterwards, on being introduced to Mr. Urquhart, I apologised for accepting the accommodation which his servants had offered me. He replied, "I should have been shocked if they had hesitated to offer, or you to accept, such hospitality as Elsness in my absence could afford."

Next morning I hired a boat, and with an introduction in my pocket from the Sheriff to Mr. Traill of Holland, the Chief of the Clan, I set out for Pappa Westra. As I approached that beautiful little island, I could not but reflect, with some misgivings, that since it contained no place of public entertainment, the proprietor, on seeing me come ashore with my

luggage, would be at once aware that an invasion of his hospitality was intended. But no sooner did I present my credentials, than he assured me that "the friend of Sheriff Traill, and son of Sir John Sinclair, was heartily welcome." I found the Chief a character well worth knowing. He was sole proprietor of Pappa Westra. There was no minister of religion, no schoolmaster, no man of education on the island. Although a bachelor, he had no relation, male or female, residing with him. His chief amusements were farming, fishing and smoking. I am afraid to mention the number of pipes that he was said to smoke every day. Whatever may have been the actual number, his house and furniture could not have been more redolent of tobacco. As I arrived early, he had time to make some additions to his usual solitary dinner. Fish of various kinds, mutton, lamb, fowl and chicken, were all upon the board at once, and as he assumed a juvenile appetite to be insatiable, he helped me liberally to a second supply before I had time to finish the first. He had no bread, and only obtained a supply of biscuit once a year from Leith. He had a convenient theory that "old biscuit fresh toasted is as good as new." Instead of wine or whiskey, he produced what he considered to be a far greater luxury, fine old smuggled gin, in an enormous Dutch bottle. Having often heard of the incomparable potency of the Schiedam manufacture, I was alarmed at the sight, but happily the Chief did not press upon me the liquid so urgently as the solid part of his entertainment.

In the evening we took a walk round two large farms, which he kept in his own hands, and cultivated with much skill. His mansion, Holland House (so different from the Holland House of my later days) was well situated, having on one side the great ocean, and on the other a beautiful fresh-water lake, terminating in the ruins of an old chapel, dedicated to a Scandinavian Hermit, St. Tredwall. Pappa Westra, although a small island, being only about four miles long, is among the most fertile of the Orkneys.

On the morning after my arrival, looking towards the Isle of Sanda, I observed in the middle of the Firth a vessel lying half way over upon her side. On enquiry I was informed that she had struck upon a sand-bank during the night, and could not be got off; but that the crew had resolved to wait for the next spring-tide. I suspect, however, that they must all have perished in the fearful storm which, two days afterwards, was raging in the Firth.

Walking along the shore I saw other melancholy evidences of the disasters caused by rapid tides, boisterous winds, and a coast beset with rocks and shoals. Not far from the Chief's house lay the shattered hull of a large vessel driven ashore: the planks were nearly all gone, but the ribs of the huge skeleton remained. Not far off was the keel of a still older wreck, from which all the timbers had been washed away.

At breakfast our conversation naturally turned upon the perils of the sea, and Mr. Traill related to me a number of shipwrecks, one of which was the most

striking that I ever read or heard of. "One Christmas day, he said, "during a heavy gale, I wrapped my cloak about me, and started off with my telescope to walk upon the cliffs. Coming to the other side of the island, on which the surf was beating violently, I observed a vessel a few miles off fire a signal of distress. I hastened to the nearest point, and with the help of my glass perceived that she was Dutch built, and that, having lost her rudder, she was quite unmanageable. She fired several guns at short intervals, and my people came in large numbers to give assistance. But the surf was so fearful that nothing could be done. No boat could have lived a moment in such a sea. We were all utterly helpless. As the vessel drifted towards us, I could see the whole tragedy as distinctly as if it had been acted upon the stage. Immediately below me were a number of my fellow creatures, now alive and in health, and in a few moments they would all be mangled corpses. I could make out the expression of their features, and see in what manner each was preparing for inevitable death. But whether they climbed up into the shrouds, or held by ropes on deck while the sea was washing over the bulwarks, their fate was the same. The first wave lifted the vessel so high that I almost thought it would have placed her upon the land. She fell back, keel upwards. The next wave struck her with such terrific force against the cliffs that she was shivered at once into a thousand pieces; hardly two planks held together. It seemed as if she had been made of glass. Not a soul escaped. One or two bodies,

with a few planks and casks, were all that ever reached the shore." Well might Mr. Traill add, "I was haunted for months by the remembrance of that heartrending sight."

I must add a remarkable circumstance connected with Mr. Traill's striking narrative. Many years after my visit to Pappa Westra, Mr. Galt, the novelist, dined with my father in George Street, Edinburgh. I happened to sit next him, and in the course of conversation related the above story. As soon as I had finished, he said, "Mr. Sinclair, you can do me a great favour. I am about to publish a novel, called 'The Entail,' and I have occasion to introduce a shipwreck. Yours is the very shipwreck I want; it is admirably suited to my purpose. Pray let me have it exactly as you have now told it." I promised compliance. He then added, "The only change I desire is, that you would transfer the scene from Orkney to Caithness; for it would suit my purpose better that the shipwreck should take place upon the mainland." Accordingly I shifted the scene from Pappa Westra to Noss Head, a promontory on the coast of Caithness running far into the North Sea; and I had afterwards repeatedly the gratification of hearing the "Shipwreck on Noss Head" referred to as among the finest passages in Galt's very able performance.

Again, after a further interval of many years, I was dining with Lord Jeffrey, and related in his hearing the shipwreck in Pappa Westra. He interrupted me; "That is not your shipwreck, it is Galt's. I recollect it

in 'The Entail.'" In reply, I told him how I had given it some years before in writing to Mr. Galt, at his particular request. "That is very singular," exclaimed the Reviewer, "I have long maintained that the best fictitious narratives are always founded upon fact. I looked upon the shipwreck in 'The Entail' as a notable exception to the very rule which I now find that it strikingly exemplifies." The attention of the company was now attracted, and a general wish expressed to hear the particulars. Lord Jeffrey, without giving me time to speak, at once began the story; and certainly with Galt's improvements upon Traill, and Jeffrey's improvements upon Galt, we had as fine a narrative of a shipwreck as ever was described or imagined.

I spent the rest of the day walking over Pappa Westra with Mr. Traill, to see his farm, his fishing village, his freshwater lake, St. Tredwall's chapel, and all the other objects of interest in the island, but it appeared to me that the object of greatest interest was the Chief himself.

Next morning we crossed over to the Isle of Westra, to which Pappa Westra (the hermitage of Westra), may be regarded as an appendage. Here Mr. Traill had a comfortable farmhouse, in which he ordered dinner for two, and a bed for one; for he intended to return home in the evening, and proceed next morning to Kirkwall.

I was surprised to find in the remote island of Westra, the ruins of a fine old stronghold, called Noltland Castle. It is said to have been built by Thomas de Tullock

Bishop, Governor, and collector of Royal revenues, under King Eric of Denmark, in 1422. There is a great hall, sixty-two feet in length by twenty-two in breadth, with an immense arch-built fire-place. The vaulted chambers, the grand staircase, with ornamental windows above, and dungeon-like cells below, mark the baronial style in which the princely Bishops of Orkney must have lived. The castle stands upon a rising ground sloping on one side to the sea, and on the other to a picturesque fresh-water lake. Not far off there is a rude stone, fifteen feet high, of unknown antiquity.

After dinner my kind host put me in possession of his house, with strict injunctions not to leave it, in case the weather, as he feared, should prove unfavourable. Apropos of these injunctions, he related a story of a former Laird of Westra, who, in the middle of winter, collected a numerous party from all the neighbouring islands, to celebrate the christening of his eldest son. "His hospitalities," said Mr. Traill, "cost him dear. A storm arose; his guests could not get away; instead of enjoying their society for a few days, he was obliged to entertain them at a ruinous expense for many weeks. His larder, his cellar, and his barns, were by degrees exhausted. His farm stock had all been slaughtered, except the old bull, which he was reserving as a last resource, when at length the wind abated, and a calm delivered him from this ruinous visitation. I do not think," added my host, "that in summer you are likely to be detained so long as my predecessor's Christmas

party." He then bade me a kind farewell, and stepped into his boat.

When Mr. Traill was gone, I went down to the shore and hired a boat to take me at an early hour to Kirkwall, and then returned to my solitary lodging. Next morning at half-past five, I was awakened by my skipper, and walked with him to the place of embarkation. The bad weather which Mr. Traill foresaw, had now come on. The wind had risen; the hills were covered with a thick mist, and heavy showers began to fall. The skipper, for my encouragement, kept continually repeating, "I still hope we may get off;" but it was evident that his courage was oozing out. I was very anxious to leave Westra, where I was on a visit to an absent host, with whom I had only been acquainted two days; and whose story of a previous Laird and his guests was fresh in my remembrance. When we reached the shore, the weather was most forbidding, and to my great perplexity, my boatmen were divided in opinion. The skipper was in favour of remaining on firm ground; the mate, a weather-beaten old sailor, saw no reason why we should not start. The other three, when I appealed to them, replied that they would go if I pleased. I told them it was unfortunate that the decision should be left to the most incompetent of the party, but that on the whole, I was disposed to make a trial of the weather. I was induced to say so, by overhearing the old mate whisper to another seaman, "At the worst we may put back."

We embarked accordingly, but soon repented of our

temerity. The wind increased, and the mist became so dense that we lost sight of land. The skipper told me there was shoal water somewhere ahead, and called for his compass, but it had been left inadvertently behind. I proposed to turn back, but all the crew agreed that to put back was now impossible. We were not in serious danger till we lost the shelter of the Isle of Rousa, and got into the open Firth, when we ran the utmost risk of being swamped. The mist dispersed, but the wind blew harder, and was met by a tide running at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. The swell appeared to me far greater than I had ever seen in any of the storms I had encountered off Flamborough or Peterhead. Sometimes we were in a hollow, and could see nothing but two enormous waves, one running before, and the other coming after us. Next moment we were raised aloft, and could see distinctly on both sides a dark forbidding line of perpendicular cliffs. Critical as our situation was, I could not but admire the skilful steering by which our little bark was kept afloat. We watched with anxiety every wave as it approached, and considered ourselves to have got a reprieve when it had passed beyond us. "She just burst in time;" or, "If we can only weather that point, we shall be safe;" were the exclamations of my boatmen. I enquired how soon we might hope to reach the point in question; the answer was, "If we can only hold out half an hour, we shall be safe." At this moment a wave larger than the rest nearly sent us to the bottom. It came right in my face, as I sat in the stern, washed me from head to foot,

and half filled the boat. "*What a stour!*" (a dust) cried the sailors, and then redoubled their efforts to bale out the water, which had been pouring in upon us more or less with every wave.

At length our half-hour of breathless anxiety was over; we weathered the long wished-for headland, and keeping close in-shore, were for a time in comparatively smooth water. I hoped in two hours to reach Kirkwall. But my adventures were not yet over. The wind shifted, and came right ahead. We lowered our sail and tried to get on with our oars, but made little progress, and I was consulting the skipper what we should do, when a sudden squall so nearly swamped us, that he ordered the steersman to run us instantly on the nearest shore.

The island on which we found refuge was Egilsha. I was wet through. The contents of my carpet bag were also wet, and there was no inn or public-house of any kind. The only dwelling above the rank of a cabin was a country house of Mr. Baikie, of Tankerness, which in the absence of the family was inaccessible. The housekeeper, as I was told, "did not like wayfaring people." I hastened, therefore, to the nearest hut, and asked for shelter from the rain and wind. It was a miserable turf bothie, with a peat fire in the centre, but no chimney. The smoke escaped by the door, or through crevices in the walls and roof. For some moments I was hardly able to distinguish objects in the murky atmosphere. At length I discovered, in addition to the family, three or four dogs, two cats, a

hen with her brood, a few ducks, and a calf. I had a kind welcome, however, and sat down before the fire. The smoke so irritated my weak eyes that I was obliged to shut them, and I had no resource but to keep on my clothes, saturated as they were with rain and spray. The storm continued for some time; but at length the sun came forth, and I hastened to the shore to hold a conference with my boatmen. The two sons of my host, as athletic young sailors as I ever saw, accompanied me. At the landing place a warm dispute arose between the men of Egilsha and the men of Westra. The men of Westra were shocked at the idea of not fulfiling their engagement, and offered eagerly to make another trial whether they could not reach Kirkwall. The men of Egilsha, on the other hand, insisted that a better boat than ours would be swamped on getting into the next sound, and losing the shelter of the island. Both parties appealed to me, and having been rash in the morning, I determined to be cautious in the afternoon, especially as I took for granted that the men of Egilsha best knew their own seas. The men of Westra had a fair wind for returning home, so I paid them off, and saw them get under way.

On returning to my hut I arranged to have dinner and a bed that night, and a boat next morning to Kirkwall.

While my repast was in preparation I took a stroll about the island, pausing at the ruins of a church, erected on the spot where St. Magnus, the patron saint of Orkney, is said to have suffered martyrdom. A

renewal of the rain, however, soon drove me home, where I found the smoke worse than ever, the peat fire having been heaped up on my account. I kept my aching eyes shut till dinner was announced, when I opened them to see upon the table an abundant supply of good warm oatmeal bannocks, with a large jug of fresh milk. My hostess made a very needless apology for the entertainment. "I am ashamed," she said, "to see a gentleman like you have nothing more than I can give." Being still wet I asked for whiskey, gin, ale, or porter, but was assured that nothing stronger than sweet milk was to be found upon the island. Long may the people of Egilsha retain their unsophisticated habits of sobriety!

I was glad to cut the evening short by enquiring for my bed. Where the eight members of the family, male and female, found repose, or how the various quadrupeds and bipeds that had spent the evening with us were disposed of, I cannot tell. My bed was part of one occupied by the two stalwart sons, from whom I was separated by a partition of thin boards. Having arranged with them that, weather permitting, we should set out early next morning, I was able after all my fatigues and perils, to fall asleep, in spite of swarms of fleas such as I never encountered either before or since.

At the earliest dawn my boatmen called me, and having paid my kind host and hostess more than they expected, but not more than they deserved, I embarked. The wind, however, was adverse. My stout rowers

exerted all their strength against it in vain, and at length reluctantly admitted that my only course was to get ashore anywhere on the mainland, and proceed to Kirkwall on foot.

Wet and weary I approached the metropolis of the Orkneys; not free from apprehension that I might not succeed in finding accommodation, as it was the time of the great Lammas fair, when three or four strangers are sometimes crowded into one room. Fortunately for me the bad weather had prevented the usual influx of visitors; and hastening to the "Ship Hotel," I secured an apartment, which after the cabin at Egilsha seemed luxurious. I got a fire lighted, spread my luggage before it, and was at last able to put on dry clothes—a luxury which I had never before appreciated.

When the day cleared up, I took a survey of the town and harbour, and visited the Earl's Castle, the Bishop's Palace, and the Cathedral. The castle and palace are noble ruins. How startling to see such relics of the grandeur which, in feudal times, the chief magnates, temporal and spiritual, of these remote islands were able to maintain. How wonderful to find a cathedral 226 feet in length, 56 in breadth, and 71 in height, with a roof supported by twenty-eight pillars, 15 feet in circumference, and 18 in height, with capitals and tracery, displaying an artistic taste and skill worthy of a rich southern land!

It was a happy circumstance, that at the time of the Reformation, when so many fine ecclesiastical buildings throughout Scotland were destroyed by infuriated

zealots, the citizens of Kirkwall, like those of Glasgow, had the good sense to declare that they would not allow their cathedral to be taken down until they had security that it should be replaced by another not inferior.

The castle and palace are built on opposite sides of the cathedral; and the reason is said to be, that the earl and the bishop, who were always on the worst terms, agreed at last to build the cathedral in such a position as to prevent them from ever seeing one another.

The two most notable objects, however, on the mainland of Orkney, are not in Kirkwall itself, but a few miles off. One of them is the Orcadian Stonehenge, or Stones of Stennis. They are thirty-seven in number, surrounded by a trench, and inclosing an area of two acres and a half, in the midst of a vast barren moor. Sixteen of them still stand erect, varying in height from 3 to 14 feet. They must now have encountered the storms of more than a thousand years.

The general opinion is, that the circle was erected as a place of sacrifice by the early Celtic inhabitants of Orkney; and it is remarkable that the name of Steinness or the promontory of the stones, was applied to the adjoining headland by the earliest Scandinavian settlers; implying that the stones had existed in still older times.

When I was at Stennis, an obelisk, sixteen feet in height, called the "Stone of Odin," stood apart from the great circle. It had a large hole cut through it, by means of which the victims intended for sacrifice, were

tied with cords, but in modern times it was devoted to a very different purpose. For lovers were in the habit of plighting their troth, either to other, by joining hands through this aperture, and the vow to Odin was held to be an obligation as sacred as the most solemn oath. I hear with regret that this curious relic of the olden time has since been wantonly destroyed.

To the naturalist the Loch of Stennis presents as strong attractions as the great circle of stones to the antiquary. This extensive sheet of water consists of two unequal parts, connected by a narrow channel, through which the tide ebbs and flows. Hence it derives the singular, and I may even say unique peculiarity of being partly fresh and partly salt, and is thus capable of sustaining various kinds of marine as well as freshwater plants and animals. The animals have their respective reaches, with intermediate debateable tracts, in which they expatiate at will. "The freshwater eel," we are told, "adventures farthest into the salt water, and the flounder takes the lead of the marine fish in sporting far into the fresh. The common pecoids of the sea-coasts, which stream in great luxuriance in the tideway, become stunted and dwarfish as they approach the middle reaches of the lake. The lacustrine flora increase, both in extent and luxuriance, as that of the sea diminishes, and in the upper reaches we fail to detect any trace of marine plants; the algæ, so luxuriant of growth along the straits of the miniature Mediterranean, altogether cease, and a semi-aquatic vegetation attains, in turn, to the state of fullest develop-

ment anywhere permitted by the temperature of the northern locality."

A nautical friend of mine informs me, that off the coast of Labuan he has seen copious springs of fresh water as far from land as seventy miles. If these springs were not isolated, they would afford opportunity for the same kind of experiment as the Loch of Stennis.

I was invited while at Kirkwall, by Mr. Baikie of Tankerness, to a grand dinner party, consisting of Orcadian magnates. The entertainment was elegant, and the conversation about the past, present, and future of the Orkneys, highly interesting. I have often wished that I could remember some of the romantic adventures, so characteristic of these northern regions, which were related to me both then and at other times, of fowlers climbing lofty precipices, or allowing themselves to be let down by ropes in quest of young birds and bird's eggs. The intrepidity and self-possession evinced on such occasions present intensely interesting traits of human character; and my sketch of the Orkney isles, imperfect as it is, would be still more imperfect if I did not introduce a few illustrations of the boldness and self-possession evinced not only by craigsmen, but by craigswomen, in extremities of danger.

I begin with the marvellous escape of a craigswoman in Caithness, because I was myself soon after on the spot, and heard the whole of the particulars most graphically related by an eye-witness.

In 1819, when I was spending a few days at Clyth,

an estate then belonging to my father, I was invited by the tacksman, Dr. Henderson, to go with him in his boat along the coast. He promised to show me some cliff scenery not often surpassed in grandeur throughout the world. We embarked accordingly in his boat on a calm midsummer day, and I was admiring the magnificent promontory of Clythness, when the Doctor bade the rowers stop, and pointing to a small bit of greensward, the size of pocket handkerchief, some hundred feet above us, enquired whether I could distinguish it. Having ascertained that there was no mistake, he continued: "A few days ago I assisted in rescuing a young craigswoman from that fearful height. You observe, that down to the patch of greensward, the cliffs, although precipitous, form an acute angle. The woman was alone, and in her eagerness to collect eggs, had the audacity to descend about thirty feet with her face towards the rocks, grasping small projections with her hands, and pressing against the sides with her knees. On reaching the greensward she discovered, to her horror, that the angle ceased, and the cliff became a sheer precipice. What could she do? A startling question this—involving life or death; and she sat down to consider it. But, once seated, with her face towards the sea, she could not rise again. To return the way she came had become impracticable, and unless help should arrive, she must remain where she was, till from misery and exhaustion she should fall into the water. In this extremity her nerves did not fail her. She retained her self-possession and trust in Providence,

hoping against hope. From time to time she gave a shout, but there was no human ear to hear her. Hours passed away, but no deliverance came. Had she continued unobserved until nightfall, she must inevitably have perished. "But happily," continued the Doctor, "I was that day rowing in this very boat along the coast. It was a dead calm. Suddenly we thought we heard a human voice—a faint cry. Pausing in silence a few moments to listen, we heard the cry a second time. We drew near the craigs, and looking up, were able to distinguish, at that dizzy height, what appeared to be a human figure in a sitting posture. To give help from below was impossible. We hurried to the nearest landing, got a stout rope, and scrambled up the footway. On reaching the top we could see nothing of her; but we shouted, and she faintly answered. We let down the rope as nearly as we could guess to the place from which the answer came. The end providentially dropped within her reach. She grasped it; tied it firmly round her waist, and was hauled up, uninjured in mind or body, and, as I hope, not ungrateful for her marvellous deliverance."

The next adventure, illustrating the activity and daring of the northern fowlers, took place in Orkney. A craigsman, creeping cautiously along the narrow ledge of a precipitous cliff, came to a sharp angle, round which it was necessary for him to pass. The difficulty of rounding the angle was great, but it appeared to be converted into an impossibility when he discovered to his dismay that he had the wrong foot foremost.

Happily he retained his self-possession. He simply paused, took a sustaining pinch from his snuff horn, and then making an agile bound got his right foot foremost, and so mastered the difficulty. A friend of his, who had waited for his ascent, said to him, "Man, Johnnie, were ye no feared?" "Eh, man, if I had been feared I would na be here." "I dare say that," replied his friend; "but what made thee think of taking a snuff when thou wert in such danger?" "Weel," replied the fowler, "*I thocht I was need'nt.*"*

The scene of my last illustration is Shetland. A fowler being let down by a rope from the top of a precipice overhanging the sea, contrived to swing himself in such a manner as to reach a narrow ledge within the hollow, and having, as he thought, secured the end of the rope to a projection in the rock, he began to collect the eggs which there abounded. In his eagerness to fill his bag he forgot the precious rope, and allowed it to escape from its moorings, and swing like a pendulum in the air. He saw at once the extremity of his danger, for if it escaped entirely, death, either by a fall, or by the slower and more dreadful pangs of starvation, would become inevitable. Perceiving, therefore, that the rope on its next return would for an instant be nearly within his grasp, he watched his opportunity, made a desperate spring, and clutched it with his hands. Happily it did not break; he had strength enough to retain his hold, and was hauled up in safety.

* See Gorrie's "Orkney."

Scarcely any man in all history ever had so narrow an escape from death.*

At Kirkwall I rejoined the Sheriff, and embarked with him in a four-oared boat, to re-cross the Pentland Firth. Starting at half-tide, and avoiding the Well of Swona, I returned safely to Caithness, grateful to Providence for more than one escape from imminent danger, and enriched with a store of pleasing reminiscences, which I have since enjoyed for more than half a century.

* Catherine Sinclair's "Shetland and the Shetlanders."

THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

I HAD scarcely any personal intercourse with this great and good man until the year 1828, when he exchanged the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews for the Professorship of Divinity at Edinburgh. I was at that time Assistant Minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, York Place, Edinburgh, and having long admired the character and attainments of the new Professor, I resolved to attend his first course of lectures. My expectations were high, and they were not disappointed. He was always instructive, always earnest, and often brilliantly eloquent. It was interesting to observe the never-failing attention of his class. From the commencement to the close of his lecture they maintained a breathless silence; during his more impassioned flights of oratory they eagerly bent forward, and sometimes those that were in the back rows stood up. On one remarkable occasion, when he was powerfully demonstrating the impossibility of order arising out of chaos without the agency of an intelligent Creator, I observed that by degrees, not merely the front rows, but nearly the whole class had risen. I am not sure that I was not myself among

those who instinctively gave this evidence of excitement.

In Dr. Chalmers' delivery there was a happy peculiarity which tended greatly to keep alive attention. When he reached a climax, he would pause for a few moments, and give his auditory opportunity to cough, change their posture, and prepare to follow him in another flight. He resumed his lecture in a slow, familiar style, approaching to conversation, from which he gradually rose to rapid and vehement declamation.

As a clergyman of the Church of England, I was gratified to find that the three text books he selected for the use of his students were all by Anglican Divines, namely: Butler's "Analogy," Paley's "Evidences," and Horne's "Introduction to the Scriptures."

He did ample justice to Bishop Butler: and was never weary of praising him, both as a moralist and a divine. He once related an anecdote of David Hume, to show how highly even that prince of sceptics estimated Butler's great work. "Mr. Arbuthnot," he said, "father of our Lord Provost, met Mr. Hume soon after the publication of the 'Analogy,' and asked him what he thought of it. 'It is a wonderful book,' says Mr. Hume, 'it has all the force of demonstration.' Startled at this acknowledgment, Mr. Arbuthnot exclaimed: 'How I wish that you would only make this admission public! Pardon me, but I think it would do more good than all your writings put together.' 'You are in a hurry,' replied Hume; 'I was about to add, "granting the premises," in other words, admitting that

there is a Natural Governor of the world. Certainly, the acknowledgment that the "Analogy" ought to make every man a Christian who is not an Atheist, was a remarkable concession to extort from a philosopher, who had the "Dialogues on Natural Religion" in his desk, ready for publication after his decease.

Although Dr. Chalmers had so high an opinion of Paley's "Evidences" as to use them for a text-book, and although he thought still more highly of his "Horæ Paulinæ," he had a strong aversion to his "Moral Philosophy," a work in which the theory of expediency in its lowest form is inculcated, and which, notwithstanding, to the shame of Cambridge, was long the text-book on morals in that University. The Doctor maintained, with Bishop Butler, the supremacy of conscience and the immutability of moral distinctions. Some of the finest passages in his lectures were in support of these essential truths.

One of the divines whom the Doctor most admired was Jonathan Edwards, with whom he cordially agreed as to absolute predestination, and the bondage of the will. I do not recollect, however, to have heard him advert to an anecdote of David Hume, related to me by a staunch Arminian, which would have formed no inappropriate sequel to the one just related. When Edwards published his celebrated "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will," some one asked Hume what he thought of it. He replied, "I entirely agree with Edwards: his divinity is in perfect accordance with my philosophy; only I do not think that he has gone far

enough." "How so?" "When he had disproved the freedom of the will, he ought to have considered that he thereby disproved also responsibility and retribution." Edwards being informed of this criticism, engaged to answer Hume, and to reconcile responsibility with the bondage of the will: but, when Hume read the answer, he pronounced it the only feeble part of Edwards's great work.

Dr. Chalmers sometimes dictated to his class a pointed saying which he specially wished them to remember, or a brief synopsis of some argument which had occupied a lecture. These dictations are interesting and valuable. They showed that, while he could amplify splendidly to any extent, he was also able to condense. I subjoin a few examples:—

I.

Philosophers are apt to regard the Deity as a *Physical* rather than a *Moral* agent. They consider themselves as living under a system of matter, rather than under a Governor, possessed of a distinct moral character.

II.

To Ministers.—Right affections require suitable *attention* to the objects fitted to inspire them. Mere familiarity is not sufficient. Hence our sermons may solemnise our hearers, when they do not solemnise ourselves. We may preach to others and ourselves be cast away. A gravedigger treads upon the relics of mortality without thinking of a resurrection. So also a minister may speak of death, and describe the circumstances of a dying bed, without one vivid feeling of that awful futurity which is to follow. It is one thing to speak eloquently, and another to feel spiritually; one thing to exercise the imagination and the judgment in composition, and another to have the heart and conscience suitably affected by the solemn truths about which we are engaged.

III.

I wish much you were familiar with Laplace's doctrine of Probabilities. He speaks of an *instinctive sagacity*, by which, though we do not actually perceive the respective forces of conflicting probabilities, we anticipate, by what he calls a *warm impression*, the result which calculation will afford. This instinctive sagacity, he says, is the fruit of a general aggregate experience throughout the course of life.

IV.

To show distinctly the value of independent testimonies, let the chance that a particular witness speaks the truth be as ten to one; and then let another independent witness, equal in veracity, depone to the same fact. The probability of that fact is not, as we might at first suppose, twenty to one, but a hundred to one. For to give a fair calculation, the chances must not be *added* to one another, but must be *multiplied*.

V.

In illustration of the same point, let lots, numbered from 1 up to 100, be drawn in one room, and let a company assembled in another be desirous to know what number first comes up. They send for this purpose a messenger to see the numbers drawn, but he is so incorrigible a liar that the chance is equal whether his report be true or false. On his return he reports the number first drawn to be 59. The chances against 59 had previously been 100 to 1. They are now reduced to an equality. In this state of things the company send a second messenger into the other room, a man as notorious for lying as the former, but who is ignorant what number his predecessor had asserted to have been drawn. This second witness agrees with the first in reporting 59, and the effect of their agreement is to decide at once the question. If 59 had not really been drawn, it is an hundred to one but the two witnesses would have differed.

VI.

The science of *Successive* Nature,—*i.e.*, the science which describes the various changes to which objects in nature are liable, is called Natural Philosophy. The science of *Contemporaneous* Nature, *i.e.*, the science which describes objects in a quiescent state, arranging them into classes and describing their properties, is called Natural History. To the former science it belongs to expound the *laws* of nature, such as gravitation, re-

pulsion, cohesion. To the latter science it belongs to expound what may be called the *collocations* of nature, or in other words, that admirable arrangement, whether made originally at Creation, or subsisting from eternity, in virtue of which the laws of nature *work well*, and the Universe, instead of exhibiting a state of chaos, maintains a beautiful and harmonious regularity. Comparing the Universe to a watch, we may affirm of the *collocations* of nature, that they *set up* the machine; of the *laws* of nature, that they *keep it going*.

VII.

The distinction between the laws of nature and the collocations of nature is of vast importance in the Theistic argument. The laws of nature, for aught we know, might not be the contrivance of a designing mind, but, as Laplace affirms, essential properties of matter; in which case they would afford no evidence for the existence of a God. But to account for the collocations of nature—for that happy combination of innumerable circumstances, the concurrence of every one of which was indispensable to make the laws of nature carry on with regularity and order the movements of the Universe, the supposition is indispensable, of a Being who had power to produce these collocations, and wisdom to contrive them.

VIII.

Of all the sciences *Anatomy* is the most fruitful of evidence for the *existence* of God; *Astronomy* of evidence for his *power*. The collocations necessary to produce a machine so complicated as the human body are far more numerous than the collocations requisite to the production of a machine so simple as the planetary system. But it is evident that the smaller the combination of beneficial circumstances to be accounted for, the less is the evidence of design.

IX.

The collocations necessary to produce the planetary system, are much fewer than might be at first supposed. A single impulse might communicate to each planet the projectile and rotatory motions, as well as the inclination of the axis. In the case, however, of the sun, if the rotation was communicated by one impulse, he must, according to the laws of matter, have a projectile as well as rotatory motion; and must be carry-

ing along with him, through the immensity of space, all the planets, with their several satellites, round some unknown centre, infinitely removed beyond our utmost reach of imagination. This magnificent idea of the Universe is much confirmed by a fact, ascertained by observation, that the stars on one side of the heavens appear to be receding from one another, and those on the other to be approaching one another.

X.

If the centripetal and centrifugal forces, by the joint influence of which the planets are carried round the sun, did not exactly balance one another, it is evident that each planet would gradually diverge from its proper orbit, describing an oval instead of a circle, until at last it would either quit our system altogether, or be hurried with resistless force upon the sun. This catastrophe is prevented by an admirable provision of Divine wisdom discovered by Lagrange, who has ascertained that the errors of the planetary system are periodical, and increase to a certain point, after which they diminish.

XI.

We have an instinctive belief that adaptation of parts to an end implies a designing mind. This belief in ten thousand instances we discover to be well founded. It would therefore be extraordinary, if in one instance only, and that, too, the instance which most nearly concerns us, this instinct led us into error. It would be utterly unaccountable that the case of the world, considered as a consequent, should be the only one in which adaptation of parts to an end did not imply a designing mind.

XII.

There must have existed harmonies somewhere from eternity; the only question is, Did these harmonies exist in the material Universe or in the mind of a Creator?

XIII.

The mechanical and chemical laws of matter never could have originated its physiological arrangements. Attraction, repulsion, gravitation and affinity, under no conceivable combination, could have formed a man.

XIV.

Origin of Evil.—The imperfect explanation, which leaves something to be discovered in a future life, is sufficient for the solution of objections, but not for the comprehension of the thing.—*Leibnitz.*

XV.

These inquirers into the origin of evil (Leibnitz and King) have not anticipated the day when all doubts are to be removed. They have not *solved* the question, but they have made their reader willing to *adjourn* it.

XVI.

Many persons can follow up a train of reasoning which they cannot afterwards remember. There is an instinctive sagacity which leads them to a right conclusion, though they are not able to explain the grounds on which it was formed. We have all heard of the judge, wholly ignorant of law, who was advised by Lord Mansfield, when perplexed by contending advocates, *always to decide boldly, but never to give his reasons.* There is in reasoning a reflex as well as a direct process. Many are capable of the direct; few have a capacity for the reflex. The great body of mankind are obliged in all instances to act upon reasons which, whether sound or sophistical when the judgment was formed, cannot afterwards be remembered.

XVII.

Many individuals who manage their affairs with prudence and sagacity, lose all appearance even of common sense, when attempting to explain their motives. Unable to remember the true grounds of their conduct, they assign the best they can invent, but these perhaps seem futile to others, and did not really influence themselves.

XVIII.

The moral argument in favour of a future life may be divided into two parts:—(1.) The unsettled questions between man and man; and (2.) The unsettled questions between man and God.

XIX.

We need *not* be afraid of the pompous nothingness of Gibbon.

XX.

Philosophers have an unwarrantable contempt for the popular understanding. The common people are quite as capable as the learned of the *direct* process in reasoning, but not of the *reflex*.

While Dr. Chalmers was discharging his professional duties with marvellous energy and ability, he received a miserably scanty remuneration. The endowment of his Professorship amounted only to £200 a year, and he was not entitled to fees from the students. In the case of the enrolled students, who, preparatory to ordination, were compelled to attend his class, this exemption was intelligible; but there was no reason why it should be extended to voluntary students, to whom he gave tickets of admission as a favour. I felt this so strongly that I took an active part in prevailing upon the voluntary students to pay a voluntary fee. The sum thus collected was £200—a tribute of respect and gratitude, which, small as it was, the Professor did us the favour to accept in terms which afforded us the highest gratification.

The presence of unenrolled students in the divinity class gave additional suitableness to the Professor's often repeated remarks on what he termed a "theological public." "I do not wish," he would say, "that you should all be *writers* on theology, but I do most earnestly wish that you should all be *readers* of theology. For if learned books are to be written, there must be readers sufficiently learned to appreciate them, and not only readers, but *purchasers*. I would, therefore, most emphatically urge you to form the

nucleus of a theological public, in order that a sound theological literature may be called forth, and spread throughout the land."

Among the many eloquent speeches I have heard in the course of my long life, the most eloquent was delivered by Dr. Chalmers in the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh in 1829, on Roman Catholic Emancipation. Although decidedly adverse to the object of the meeting, I resolved to attend; but I soon found reason to repent, for, not only the Assembly Room itself, but all the passages and staircases leading to it were thronged with persons determined at all hazards to gain admittance; it seemed as if two persons were resolved to squeeze into the space which was only capable of holding one. I was in imminent personal danger. It is a great mistake to suppose that in a dense crowd height is an advantage. My pliant, yielding ribs were well nigh stove in by the pressure of the hard, unyielding shoulders of shorter men. But there was no escape. I was in pain as well as peril, until I found shelter in an obscure corner. At length the grandees of the platform presented themselves, and the proceedings commenced. No one received much attention, and the tumult still continued, when Dr. Chalmers rose. He stretched forth his hand as a signal for silence, but a thousand voices simultaneously cried out, "Gallery! gallery!" referring to an orchestra half way down the side of the room, from which it was supposed he would be better heard. The Doctor did not like so theatrical an exhibition, and repeatedly

renewed his signal for silence: but he was always saluted with the cry of "Gallery! gallery!" At length, coming forward to the edge of the platform, and straining to the utmost his powerful voice, he roared out: "Gentlemen, if you will only be silent for one moment, I pledge myself to make you hear on both sides of your heads." Immediately there was a death-like stillness. Every one now felt that the Doctor must be audible. It was under these stirring circumstances that he began his memorable speech. I cannot refrain from inserting part of his magnificent peroration:—

It is not because I hold Popery to be innocent that I want the removal of these disabilities; but because I hold, that if these be taken out of the way, she would be tenfold more assailable. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she has in the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible, and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men; it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the Statute-Book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on a system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the Press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. "Give," says that great orator, "give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the Treasury, and the patronage of the Crown; and give me the Liberty of the Press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and pri-

vileges of the people." In like manner give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the Parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.

These heart-stirring words, pronounced with corresponding force, called forth a burst of applause so enthusiastic, that the effect was overpowering. The shouts and huzzas were thrice renewed, and it was with difficulty that the orator could proceed. At the conclusion a voice not far from me exclaimed: "That *was* a speech!" "What a sensation!" said another. "Sensation!" cried Lord Jeffrey, "I still feel it tingling at my finger ends." He added afterwards, "I am persuaded that neither ancient nor modern eloquence ever produced a greater effect upon a popular assembly than that which we have now seen and heard."

The occasion on which I had especially the privilege of cultivating the friendship of Dr. Chalmers was in 1830, when I was residing at Leamington, under the care of Dr. Jephson. Walking one day along the main street, I felt an arm introduced within mine, and a well-known voice addressed me, "Mr. Sinclair, I am delighted to see a *kent face* in this land of the stranger." It was Dr. Chalmers; and fortunately for me, having just arrived, he had not yet fixed upon a residence; and I easily persuaded him to come with Mrs. Chalmers to an excellent boarding house, in which I had taken up my quarters. We spent a fortnight under the same

roof; taking our meals and making various expeditions together.

After an early dinner, the company soon finished the small modicum of wine allowed by Dr. Jephson to his patients, and then dispersed to their several apartments. On the evening of Dr. Chalmers' arrival, I was seated quietly alone, when I heard a knock at the door. To my great satisfaction the Doctor entered. "I am ordered," he said, "to be quiet after dinner, and to avoid company and excitement: but not liking this kind of *ostracism*, I have come to enjoy a chat with you." We conversed on every kind of subject for above an hour, and the Doctor then said, "I must now be going; Mrs. Chalmers will be alarmed, and pronounce me a refractory patient of the Leamington Hippocrates."

He frequently returned, and I anticipated his arrival as the great event of the day.

The description he gave me of the origin of his illness was characteristic. "I have been obliged," he said, "to come here in consequence of doing two things at once, which I usually do separately; I mean the *composition* and the *delivery* of a speech." He had spoken extempore at some length in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and had suffered immediately afterwards a kind of paralytic attack.

Speaking of Dr. Jephson, he said: "Our Doctor has two advantages over all other medical men—he is more *inquisitive* and more *dictatorial;* he makes more precise inquires as to your previous habits of life, so as to

discover in what respects you have been going wrong, and he is more precise in his directions how you are henceforward to go right." I remarked, that Dr. Jephson was not supposed to be very punctilious in the observance of his own rules. "No," says Dr. Chalmers, "he compares himself to a finger post, which always *points*, but never *moves*, in the right direction."

I was much amused one evening with the graphic account he gave me of what he saw and heard, when, as a young man, he stood among the mob in front of the hustings at Covent Garden, to hear Sheridan badgered as candidate for Westminster. "His readiness in reply," said the Doctor, "was marvellous. An ugly fellow, raised on the shoulders of the mob, addressed him: 'Mr. Sheridan, unless you mend your ways, I shall withdraw my countenance from you.' 'I am glad to hear it,' replied Sheridan, '*for an uglier countenance I never saw.*' Shouts of laughter followed: and then a stupid-looking creature put the question: 'Mr. Sheridan, I wish to know the reason why you dropped the Begum cause?' 'I understood,' replied Sheridan, 'that you were ready to take it up, and *I knew that it would then be in better hands.*' Shouts of laughter were repeatedly called forth by similar repartees."

The best anecdote of Dr. Johnson, not to be found in Boswell, was related to me by Dr. Chalmers. The circumstance that the Doctor made the great English lexicographer speak in broad Scotch, added greatly to the effect of the story. "Dr. Johnson," he said, "on

his arrival at St. Andrews, was taken by the College authorities to see the ruins. He afterwards dined with them in the College Hall: but he had not got over his indignation at the Vandalism, which had wantonly destroyed some of the oldest and finest remains of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. He was so rude and overbearing, that at last the conversation dropped. After a pause one of the younger and more adventurous professors addressed him: 'Dr. Johnson, I hope that you have not been *disappointed* in your visit to Scotland.' 'Sir,' replied the Doctor, '*I came here to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed.*'"

Our conversation turned one evening on postprandial oratory. "There is nothing," said Dr. Chalmers, "that I dread more than being called upon to make an after-dinner speech;" and he assigned this reason: "Everything depends upon a good thing occurring to you *just as you are rising: and if nothing occurs, what is to become of you?*" Some years after, I introduced this saying of Chalmers into a speech at a marriage *déjeûner*. It was well received: and when the party broke up, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce), to my great amusement, whispered to me: "Archdeacon, do repeat to me that story of Dr. Chalmers; *it will help me greatly in an emergency.*"

One evening Dr. Chalmers saw upon my table a printed sermon with a title which excited his curiosity. The title was, "Neutrality in time of danger to the Church, an abandonment of the Faith, and very short-

sighted Worldly Policy; an Admonition to the Members of the Church of England, by the Rev. H. H. Norris, M.A., Rector of South Hackney." The text was from the Book of Esther, chap. iv., verse xiv. "*If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed.*" I considered Mr. Norris in those days the most uncompromising High Churchman of my acquaintance. Bishop Stewart of Quebec used to say of him, "Norris! he is the highest of the high." His knowledge of divinity was very extensive, and his language always powerful, although perhaps sometimes too grandiloquent. I told the Doctor I should be glad to lend him the sermon, provided he would engage to suppose himself for half an hour a member of the Church of England; and not only a Churchman, but a High Churchman. He promised to do so, and carried off the sermon. Next day he returned it with a compliment, which I afterwards repeated, to the unbounded gratification of the author: "Nothing, Mr. Sinclair, *could produce those massive sentences, but the prodigious erudition of the Church of England.*"

During our stay at Leamington, I walked twice with Dr. Chalmers to Warwick. On the first occasion our object was to hear a preacher whose oratorical powers had been spoken of in high terms. I prevailed on Mr. Evans, a Nonconformist minister, who had seceded from the Church of England, and Mr. Cumming Bruce, M.P. for Inverness, to accompany us. Considering who

my three companions were, I was sensitively anxious that the Church of England should appear to advantage. The building was handsome; we had a good congregation, good reading, and good singing. But how deceitful were the critics who promised us good preaching! Mr. A—— was an extempore performer destitute of extempore gifts. Nothing could exceed his tediousness and insipidity. Although constantly in danger of breaking down, he yet contrived to stumble on for nearly an hour by dint of endless repetitions. On leaving the church, I apologised to Mr. Evans for having brought him to hear so wretched a performance. Mr. Cumming Bruce began to deprecate the severity of my criticism, but Dr. Chalmers interposed: "No, Mr. Bruce, there is no mincing the matter: let us be honest: Mr. Sinclair is right; it was a *most meagre discourse.*"

My second expedition with the Doctor to Warwick was on a week-day, when we ascended the tower of the great parish church, and beheld on all sides from the roof a magnificent panorama of thoroughly English scenery, with the spires and steeples of countless churches, as far as the eye could reach. I was pointing out the most interesting among them, and adding some historical recollections, when the Doctor interrupted me: "Did you ever read Knox's 'Correspondence with Jebb?'"* I was at a loss to conceive what train of

* Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick.

thought could have suggested this irrelevant enquiry; but he proceeded: "I advise you to read it; you will find in it *the salt, yes, the essential salt of Episcopacy.*" Such was the advice given from the top of Warwick Tower, by a Presbyterian Professor of Divinity, to the author of "Dissertations vindicating the Apostolical Succession."

The Doctor then burst forth into one of his glorious eulogies on the parochial system of England; pointing to the towers and spires before us as so many centres of a civilising and christianising influence, and dilating on the moral and social blight which would inevitably overspread the land, if that blessed influence were withdrawn. Many years afterwards, when I was on the other side of the Atlantic, the following noble saying of the celebrated American orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, brought to my remembrance Dr. Chalmers on Warwick Tower. "Among the many special blessings which the English nation enjoys, the greatest is their parochial system, which not only is of inestimable value in itself, but that which gives stability to all the rest."

Twenty-two miles from Leamington are the parishes of Stanford and Swinford, to the pastoral care of which I was ordained. The Rev. John Lindsay, my vicar, was still Incumbent, and expressed a strong desire to have the honour of a visit from Dr. Chalmers. The Doctor consented, and we drove over to Stanford. The parish is a wide expanse of rich pasture land on the banks of the Avon, in immense fields or closes, some of

them containing above a hundred acres. Dr. Chalmers exclaimed, with delight: "A whole parish of grass! How I should like to *roll* in it all the summer!"

On Sunday morning we went to the fine old Gothic church, full of grand marble monuments, ancient and modern. The dead, as the Doctor remarked, were more numerous than the living, for the parish contained only about a dozen inhabitants, and the congregation was proportionately scanty. Mr. Lindsay delivered a most elaborate metaphysical dissertation, grounded on Bishop Butler's "Analogy." His language was clear and forcible, and his argument unimpeachable, but not a word could be understood by any of his parishioners. In the afternoon we went to Swinford, where I preached a plain sermon to a respectable assemblage, on the last advice of David to Solomon. As we were walking home, the Doctor paid such compliments to my performance as I did not consider it entitled to, and then, turning to Mr. Lindsay, added: "I have often wished to build a chapel for the special use of the College students at Edinburgh. Your sermon of this morning is exactly the kind of lecture which I should wish them to hear: but I cannot say that it appeared to me so well adapted as I could wish to edify the bucolics of Northamptonshire." Mr. Lindsay replied: "I have opportunity to address my country folk every Sunday, but it is not often that I enjoy the gratification of seeing before me a Professor of Divinity: and I confess that for once *that one hearer was to me the whole congregation.*"

Dr. Chalmers called upon me in Edinburgh before

setting out for London to deliver his course of Lectures on Endowments. I remarked that he would have a great advantage over other lecturers, because the highest expectations had been raised, and he might reckon on a large attendance of the very persons whom he most wished to influence. He said, he always felt misgivings as to the effect of a broad Scotch accent on the fastidious ears of the London aristocracy. I reminded him that Londoners were more accustomed than other people to provincial accents of all kinds; adding that in the fervour of delivery he would himself be unconscious of his accent, and no one else would be cool enough to think of it. He then said, "My real difficulty is, that having lectured repeatedly in various places on the subject of Endowments, I have nothing new to say, and it is not easy to repeat the same thing a fourth or fifth time in different words as powerfully as at first." I told him that since nothing was known in London of his previous lectures, he need not scruple to make what use of them he pleased. The result was all that could be wished. The lectures were a splendid success. The *élite* of London attended them, and were delighted; and the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), while listening to such a man on such a subject, so far from thinking about accent, declared that he could hardly find terms strong enough to express his admiration.

In 1836 the Bishop of London appealed to the inhabitants of his diocese for aid in supplying the accumulated spiritual wants of the metropolis by building fifty churches. I mentioned the scheme to Dr. Chalmers.

"Fifty churches!" he exclaimed, "it is a devout imagination; the scheme must prove a failure. Do advise the Bishop to be more moderate in his views. Instead of expatiating over the whole metropolis, let him concentrate his efforts upon some one destitute parish, and show in it the blessed results of the parochial system. He may then proceed from parish to parish; but if he tries to build fifty churches at once, he will inevitably fail." I then explained to him that the Bishop was actually doing what he advised. Having raised the greater part of the funds required for building the proposed fifty churches, he intended to set up in the large poverty stricken parish of Bethnal Green, the parochial machinery of ten churches, with schools, clergymen, and lay-visitors. In reply, the Doctor exclaimed, "I heartily bid him God speed."

The last time I saw Dr. Chalmers was at Edinburgh, in 1843, soon after the alarming riots in the manufacturing districts of the North of England. I was at that time Secretary of the National Society for the Education of the Poor, and I at once began to explain what I was doing at that critical juncture in reference to the Education Question. I told him that in answer to a circular which I had then recently issued, I had received above one hundred and fifty letters from magistrates, clergymen, and others within the disturbed districts, all tending to demonstrate that wherever there were churches and schools, the efforts of the disaffected had been unsuccessful, except in cases where the rightly disposed inhabitants were overpowered by agitators

from a distance. I added that I had printed extracts from my correspondence in the form of a pamphlet, which I had sent in proof to Sir Robert Peel, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir James Graham, and other members of the Government, and that I now hoped to see them give the National Society the cordial and unreserved support which they had hitherto withheld. Dr. Chalmers heard me patiently for some time, and then replied: "Mr. Sinclair, I perceive that you are *an enthusiast;* you think that statesmen and legislators, although they will do nothing for religion on its own account, and for the sake of its *primary* recommendation as the means of saving souls, will nevertheless be induced to encourage it on account of its *secondary* advantages as an instrument of police; but depend upon it, if they do not love and cherish religion on account of its primary recommendation, *a judicial blindness comes upon them, and they are incapable of perceiving its secondary advantages.*" He then added, "Your National Society must, under God, depend upon the Nation for support, and not on Cabinets or Parliaments."

At first it appeared as if there would be no "judicial blindness" in the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Wharncliffe thus expressed their feelings on the perusal of my pamphlet: "When we read letter after letter, all from eye-witnesses, and all tending to the same conclusion, the impression upon our minds was irresistible." At the same time he requested me not to publish my pamphlet, lest it should rouse the Nonconformists, but to rest assured that a measure was in

preparation with which I should have reason to be satisfied. Accordingly, Sir James Graham brought into the House of Commons his Factory Education Bill. Although the bill did not give me entire satisfaction, I was disposed to acquiesce in it. But the Nonconformists took offence at it. They raised throughout the country a strong agitation against it, and in order to appease them it was so mischievously altered that I rejoiced at its withdrawal.

Under these circumstances, when the public mind was thoroughly roused on the subject of Education, I prevailed on the National Society to avail itself of the opportunity, and appeal to the nation. The result was that £152,000 were contributed to a special fund for promoting Education in the manufacturing and mining districts. Thus was Dr. Chalmers's prediction verified as to Cabinets, Parliaments, and the Nation.

I conclude these reminiscences with two letters addressed to me by Dr. Chalmers; one on my father's death, and the other on the publication of my Memoir of his Life in 1837.

"*Dec.* 22*nd*, 1835.

"My dear Sir,—It is with great emotion that I received from you the melancholy announcement of this morning, and all the more, that I had not even heard of the illness of your venerable father. It is indeed wonderful, that let Death come amongst us as often as it may, it strikes us in every instance as if we had the lesson to learn over again; and even the removal of him who has attained a good old age, though to be looked for in the course of nature, gives a shock and a surprise which prove how inveterately our hopes, and our interests, and our feelings are linked with the present state of our existence, and how obstinate is the alienation of our hearts from the things of faith and of a future world. It is my earnest

prayer that this touching visitation of a kind and merciful, though mysterious Providence, may be so mingled with the best consolations of heaven to one and all of your family, that they may sorrow not even as others who have no hope, but be led to rejoice in the midst of tribulation.

"The large space which Sir John occupied in the eye of the public will cause the tidings of his death to produce a general sensation.

"With the most heartfelt sympathy for Lady and the Misses Sinclair; and with every sentiment of respect and regard for yourself,

"I ever am, my dear sir,

"Yours most truly and sincerely,

"THOMAS CHALMERS.

"The Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR."

"BURNTISLAND, *April 7th*, 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the perusal of your father's interesting Memoir, and am much impressed throughout, not by the disinterestedness alone, but by the great efficiency of his manifold efforts for the amelioration of our country and of the world. His name will ever rank high in the annals of philanthropy and patriotism, and more especially as the benefactor of the land which gave him birth. I regard the three greatest of his public trophies to be, the improvement of Caithness, the general impulse given by him to Agriculture, and the 'Statistical Account of Scotland.'

"It may perhaps not be displeasing to you if I select a few of the places to which I have affixed marks of approbation, more or less intense. I have not found myself called on to affix so much as one mark of disapprobation:—

"Vol. i., 95. 'His plan of Parliamentary Reform highly interesting; would that it had been adopted!'

"104. 'Great justness in his remarks on the stability of a nation's wealth.'

"107. 'Don't altogether sympathise with him on Currency.'

"125. 'History of the Revenue; a most important work.'

"126, 127. 'Much interested by his Parisian visit.'

"147. 'A noble and just testimony of Princess Daschkow's to the women of Britain.'

"177. 'Interview with the King, and his sentiments; very good.'

"258. 'Precious anecdote of Wilkie.'

"303, 304. 'And curious and characteristic one of Lord Thurlow.'

"334. 'This whole chapter vi. one of great worth. Few things more instructive than the rapid advance of Caithness, as measured by its population in p. 358.'

"Vol. ii., Chapter i. 'Of greatest value and interest. I should feel it a great contribution to a cause I have much at heart, if you could find room in your next edition for an extract from the Analysis on the subject of the Poor in the Canongate.'

"Chap. ii. 'Also of greatest value.'

"94. 'Great service in making Elkington's method known.'

"95. 'And also in forwarding Macadam.'

"99. 'And also in obtaining a remuneration for Meikle and Small.'

"182. 'The whole passage between Sir George and Napoleon full of interest.'

"206. 'Delighted with the testimonies to the code of agriculture.'

"277. 'Quite enviable his domestic habits, and the picture you draw is a truly pleasing and affecting one.'

"283. 'Flemish agriculture; a very important work.'

"284. 'Perfectly sound in his views of the relative importance of agriculture and commerce.'

"290. 'Liked exceedingly the description of Marshal Macdonald.'

"358. 'Rejoice in the testimony of Goethe.'

"368. 'The narrative of his last journey to Caithness; one of the most interesting and affecting in the whole work.'

"382. 'A noble reproach given by him to the timidity and indolence of public men.'

"384. 'Deeply interesting.'

"Of his pamplets, No. 243 or 283 engrosses a little scheme of my own for gradual emancipation; for if they do not, then you must have omitted one.

"I ever am, my dear sir,

"Yours most gratefully,

"THOMAS CHALMERS.

"The Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR."

"I have only room to assure you of my satisfaction with your work. It develops a great lesson as demonstrating the immense good that can be effected by one individual. Altogether, you have raised a testimonial to his name, worthy both of him and of yourself. I crave my most respectful acknowledgments to Lady and the Misses Sinclair."

MARSHAL MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM.

AMONG the generals whom the first Napoleon raised to the rank of Marshal, one of the most eminent was Étienne-Jacques-Joseph-Alexandre Macdonald. Few were equal to him in military genius, and none surpassed him in courage and fidelity. I have always regarded the Marshal with special interest, on account of the friendly feeling which, as belonging to the clan Macdonald, he on all occasions evinced towards my uncle, Lord Macdonald's family.

By birth and education he was a Frenchman, born at Saucerre, in the department of the Cher, on the 17th November, 1765; but by descent he was a Gael. His father, a gentleman in the Hebrides, was among the first to join the standard of Prince Charles-Edward in 1745, and, after the defeat at Culloden, fled to France.

Young Macdonald, having received a liberal education, entered on a military career in a manner suitable to his descent, by enlisting in the regiment of Dillon, composed chiefly of Scotch and Irish in the French service.

On the outbreak of the Revolution he joined the movement party, but kept aloof from its sanguinary excesses.

He first gained distinction under Dumourier in Flanders, and was raised to the rank of colonel for his services in the decisive battle of Jemappes. He again served in the army of the North, leading the van under Pichegru, and one of the most extraordinary deeds in the memorable winter campaign of 1794 was his passage of the Waal, on the ice, under a deadly fire from the batteries of Nimeguen. For this gallant exploit he was raised to the rank of general of brigade.

In a work entitled "Campaigns of General Pichegru with the Armies of the North, by Citizen David, an Eye-witness (Paris, 1796)," services of the utmost importance are attributed to Macdonald. Clairfait, the Austrian commander, having a great superiority of force, attacked the French on all points, from Rousselaer to Hooghlède, and had every prospect of brilliant success. "But," continues this eye-witness, "the division of General Souham, and especially the brigade of Macdonald, which occupied the plain of Hooghlède, soon made him lose his first advantage. This brigade, being attacked in front and rear, was in such a bad position that any other than Macdonald would have sounded a retreat; but this brave Scotsman withstood the first shock with extraordinary firmness: he was soon reinforced by the brigade of Devinter, and these two columns fought with such fury that the enemy was obliged to yield. They made no prisoners that day,

but killed a great number of their assailants, and forced Clairfait to abandon Rousselaer, and retire to his ordinary position at Thielt."

The same author (David) proceeds to mention a very serious peril in which General Macdonald was immediately afterwards involved in consequence of his Gaelic name and descent.

The defection of Dumourier and Pichegru had excited in the Jacobins of Paris a general suspicion against the officers of the army of the North: and St. Just, the friend of Robespierre, was sent on a special mission "for the discovery of Traitors." Hearing of Macdonald's aristocratic name, and the fidelity of his family to the House of Stuart, St. Just at once divested him of his command, under the pretext that "not being a declaimer, he could not be a patriot." "In vain," says David, "did the generals affirm, that Macdonald was an excellent officer, and a good Republican; and pledge themselves, that instead of betraying the Republic, he would be sure to serve it like a brave and faithful soldier. This was of no consequence; St. Just was prepared at any cost, even that of disorganizing the army, to deprive him of his command. It is said that Richard had the courage to burn the decree of St. Just, and permit this brave soldier to continue in the service. If so, all gratitude is due to that excellent commissioner. Macdonald has served perfectly well on all occasions; but at Hooghlède he saved us."

From Flanders Macdonald was removed to the Rhine. He there served at Cologne and Dusseldorf till he was

transferred to the army of Italy. While he was in command at Naples a singular circumstance occurred. It was reported to him that the Romish priests, desiring to excite the superstitious populace against him, had announced that the great annual miracle, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, could not take place, while an infidel French army was occupying the city. On receiving this intelligence, the Marshal, who was not a man to be trifled with, sent an aide-de-camp to the archiepiscopal palace with this message, "It will be at the archbishop's peril, if the liquefaction does not take place as usual." The miracle was of course duly performed.

At the period of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Macdonald, who commanded at Versailles, gave valuable assistance to Buonaparte. For this, he was rewarded in 1800 with the command of the army of the Grisons: and the following extract from a letter written by him from Trent in January, 1801, to General Regnier, then in Egypt, shows his view of public affairs, and the grounds on which he resolved to cast in his lot with Napoleon:—

"As I was crossing the snow-capped mountains of the highest Alps, I received with inexpressible delight, my dear Regnier, your letter. Since you left us, we have had to bewail the capriciousness of Dame Fortune, and have been everywhere defeated: owing to the pusillanimity of the old tyrannical Directory. Buonaparte at last made his appearance, upset the presumptuous Government, seized the reins, and now directs with a steady hand the car of Revolution to that goal which all honest men wished it to reach. Unappalled at the pressure of the burden, this extraordinary man reforms the armies, calls back the proscribed citizens, throws open the prisons in which innocence was left to groan, abolishes the revolutionary laws, restores public confidence, extends his protection to industry, gives

life to commerce; and the Republic, triumphant by his arms, assumes at the present day that first rank in the scale, which Providence has assigned to her. I am, my dear Regnier, as great a stranger to adulation as to severe judgment. I condemn what is wrong with no less candour than I praise what is right: I am not the trumpeter of Buonaparte, but merely pay homage to truth, I deeply regret the loss of our poor Kleber: he was, like yourself, a great enthusiast for your expedition."

Not long after penning these eulogies, the writer underwent a great change of sentiment. He was disgusted with the conduct of the First Consul to his companion in arms, Moreau, and had the honesty to declare his sentiments in no measured terms. These of course were communicated to Napoleon, who put him at once aside. Macdonald's military life was thus for years suspended, and it was not till 1809, that he again received employment.

He soon, however, gave proof that this long interval of inaction had not enervated his military genius. When Napoleon in that year marched upon Vienna, Macdonald had a separate command, but by forced marches joined the Grand Army immediately before the great battle of Wagram, in which he took an important, or, I should rather say, a decisive part. For with the reinforcements he brought into action, he attacked, and, after a long struggle, broke the enemy's centre, defended as it was by no fewer than 200 pieces of cannon. The loss he sustained was frightful. In proportion to the whole number engaged, it has scarcely ever been paralleled. At two in the afternoon his columns were reduced from 18,000 to 4,000 men. But the position was carried, the enemy compelled to

retreat on all sides, and one of the most brilliant victories of modern times achieved. On the following morning, after surveying the field of battle, Napoleon went to place himself in the midst of the troops about to pursue the retreating enemy. On passing by Macdonald he stopped, and held out his hand to him, saying: "Shake hands, Macdonald; no more grudges between us; we must henceforth be friends; and as a pledge of my sincerity I shall send you your Marshal's staff, which you won so gloriously in yesterday's battle." The general, pressing the Emperor's hand affectionately, exclaimed: "Ah, Sire! with us it is henceforth for life and for death."

Nobly did the newly appointed Marshal redeem this pledge. Amidst all the disasters which preceded the fall of the Empire, he adhered with unshaken fidelity to the fortunes of his master. He was to be found by his side as steadily amidst the disasters of Fontainebleau as in the triumph of Wagram, and when many on whom the fallen Emperor had lavished the greatest favours, deserted him, and passed over to the enemy, Macdonald remained almost alone, and to the last exerted himself to obtain for him the most favourable terms. In a private interview, Buonaparte expressed himself greatly satisfied with his conduct, regretted that he had not sooner known his value, and requested his acceptance of a farewell gift. "It is only," he said, anticipating the Marshal's objections, "the present of a soldier to his comrade." The gift was chosen with the greatest delicacy; it consisted of the beautiful

Turkish sabre, which Napoleon while in Egypt had himself received from Ibrahim Bey.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Duke of Tarentum was nominated a Peer of France, and laboured in the Upper Chamber zealously but ineffectually to promote wise and moderate counsels.

On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Macdonald, although solicited to accept a command under his old master, remained faithful to the royal cause. He even proceeded as far as Lyons to join Monsieur in repelling the invader, but soon found that the troops were resolved to desert their standards. He harangued them, but to no purpose. No sooner did they hear from the advanced guard of Napoleon's little band the electric cry of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" than they rushed into the arms of their ancient comrades, and Macdonald was compelled to retire, first to Paris, and then to Ghent.

On the Bourbon restoration the Marshal was appointed Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, Governor of the 21st Military Division, and Major-General of the Royal Guard.

I now come to the circumstances, which led to my own personal acquaintance with this remarkable man.

In 1814 my father entered into correspondence with him. His Highland enthusiasm led him to suppose that the re-establishment of the ancient dynasty afforded opportunity for the institution of a Celtic corps, in imitation of the Scottish Guard, which in ancient times

had served the French monarchs with devoted courage and fidelity. He had no desire that his projected corps should be composed of Scotsmen, but wished it to be raised in Britanny and other provinces inhabited by the descendants of the ancient Celts, and to be clothed in some modification of the Highland dress. Such a guard would, he conceived, be more popular, and not less trustworthy, than a regiment of Swiss. He communicated his idea in a letter to Marshal Macdonald, who, after stating in reply some objections to the plan, burst forth into the following warm eulogium on the Gaelic race :—"The Scottish Highlanders are renowned for their fidelity, their courage, and their unbounded loyalty. This well-earned praise is universally bestowed upon that interesting race of people, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, and glory to have imitated in the career which I have followed. Nor do I feel less pride in bearing a name, and in belonging to a family, who, in common with the other Highland clans of Scotland, have at all times been acknowledged as the bravest among the brave of a generous and hospitable nation; and who are not less distinguished by their elevation of sentiment, their purity of morals, and their rare and incomparable attachment to the service of their ancient sovereigns.

"I have now in view to realise my long projected plan of visiting your happy England, and am in hopes of obtaining permission to carry the design into effect this summer, if the public functions which I exercise in France offer no impediment. I have the honour to

be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant —The Marshal Duke of Tarentum, Peer of France, MACDONALD.—Paris, 19th November, 1814."

Some years elapsed before the Marshal found leisure for the excursion here referred to; but at length, in 1825, he paid a visit to the land of his ancestors, and, in the absence of my father, honoured my mother with his company one evening at Edinburgh. We assembled a numerous party, most of whom, in compliment to our distinguished visitor, wore the Highland dress. After supper I had the gratification of proposing the health of "a Macdonald, who had made that ancient name as illustrious abroad as it had ever been at home."

The Marshal gave remarkable evidence of the accuracy of his memory. Some one having alluded to the time occupied by his journey from Paris to Edinburgh, he at once named every stage at which he stopped, the day of the month, and other minute particulars. When we expressed surprise, he replied that "Military men must accustom themselves to be very accurate with respect to time and place."

With regard to *time* he certainly made the most of it; for his custom was to rise every morning at five. "There is," he said, "so much gossiping and visiting in France that the early morning is the only time for doing business." When he was about to take leave of us, one of my sisters requested him to enrich her scrap-book with a specimen of his autograph. He sat down at once, and with good humoured readiness inscribed the following compliment: "J'ai passé ce soir

97399

chez Ladi Sinclair, qui a fait les honneurs avec une grâce parfaite.—MARÉCHAL MACDONALD."

In his Highland tour the Marshal was accompanied by the best possible cicerone, his fellow-clansman, Macdonald of Staffa (afterwards Sir Reginald), who more than once entertained me with graphic reminiscences of their adventures. Of these I shall proceed to give a brief account. On arriving at Inverness the Marshal expressed a strong desire to see, under the most favourable circumstances, the battle-field of Culloden, which occupied so important a place in his family history. "I have long wished," he said, "to ascertain, by inspection of the ground, how it came to pass that the brave Highlanders, after their victories at Preston Pans and Falkirk, were on that decisive occasion so soon and so completely routed and dispersed. "Can you," he added, "find a thoroughly competent guide?" Staffa assured him that he should have for his guide an old Gael who had repeatedly gone over the ground with actual combatants, English as well as Highland, on that memorable day. "Well then," said the Marshal, "don't let him pour out upon me all the gossip he has accumulated during fifty years, but let him answer all the questions I shall ask him."

The party drove from Inverness, three or four miles eastward, to the woods and enclosures of Culloden House, about ten miles short of Nairn, a small town, which, on the day before the battle, had been the head-quarters of the English army.

The Marshal took his station near the spot which

had been occupied during the battle by Prince Charles and his Staff. In front was a vast expanse of barren moor called 'Drumossie,' diversified here and there by bright green spots marking the shallow pits in which after the battle heaps of slain had been hastily interred.

Having taken a general survey, the Marshal said, "Let our guide now show me exactly the position of the English infantry." The old man walked forward some hundred paces and pointed out the first line consisting of six regiments, the second line of five, and the third of four, all of them three men deep.

The Marshal then said: "That is enough as regards the English infantry. Let him now show me the position of the English artillery." The guide described two well appointed cannon placed between every two regiments of the first line, and dwelt upon the murderous fire which they kept up against the Highland army.

The Marshal then demanded, "Where was the English cavalry?" and the guide pointed to the two flanks, particularly the left, which, not being protected, as the right was, by a morass, required especial support.

"Well," says the Marshal, "I now thoroughly understand the arrangement (not a bad one) of the English army. Let our guide next show me the lines of our Highland infantry." The old Highlander pointed out two lines, each three men deep, as in the case of the English, but at the same time explained that the whole Highland army amounted to only 5,000 half-starved men, opposed to twice that number, thoroughly pro-

vided from the fleet in the adjoining bay with every requisite, whether of food or ammunition. The Marshal then inquired with some impatience, "Where was the Highland artillery?" and was answered that there were twelve guns, four at each extremity of the front line, and four in the centre, but so small, so different in calibre, and so ill-served, as to be of little use. Virtually there was no artillery.

"What! no artillery," said the Marshal, and then added, "Where was the cavalry?" and was answered, "There was no cavalry." Upon this he became greatly excited, struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and exclaimed, "Those idiots of generals, *ces perruques;* if they had brought out these brave men on purpose to be slaughtered, they would have done exactly what they did. They would have led them into these open moors without cavalry and practically without artillery, against an enemy well supplied with both." Then turning round, and pointing to the mountains in the north west, he continued, "Why not occupy those fastnesses? Who can tell how long our brave Highlanders in that vantage ground might have kept the English at bay?"

From Culloden Moor the Marshal and Staffa, returned to Inverness, and then hastened to the Hebrides. The Marshal was especially desirous to see South Uist, the native island of his ancestors.

Here his father, Neil Mackechan or Macdonald (for the Mackechans were a branch of the Macdonalds of Clanranald) was residing in 1745. Neil had been sent

for his education to the Scots College at Paris, with a view to his becoming a Roman Catholic priest, but he afterwards abandoned that design, and returned to his own country; where in consequence of his literary acquirements he became preceptor in the Clanranald family. From the best authorities it appears, that on his introduction to Charles Edward, he at once secured the Prince's confidence, and afterwards contributed repeatedly to his escape from danger. He often conversed with him in French on matters of importance, when perhaps it was not convenient that those around them should be aware what they were saying. Dr. Forbes, titular Bishop of Orkney, alleges, that some of the Prince's friends at first regarded Neil with suspicion. "But," he adds, "they afterwards frankly owned that they had done him injustice, for that he had behaved to admiration, and had got abroad with the Prince (the great wish of his soul), for the Prince could never think of parting with him at any time, but upon condition of meeting again; which Macdonald was so lucky as frequently to accomplish, even when at parting they could scarce condescend upon a time or place when and where to meet."

While the Marshal was in South Uist, a son and daughter of Neil's elder brother, and therefore his own cousins-german, were presented to him.

He received them with great kindness, and immediately declared how much their short but animated features reminded him of his father. "I once doubted," he said, "whether the reports were true that I had such

near relations, but these are evidently my own cousins. I rejoice to see them; I would have come from France to visit this one island, the birthplace of my forefathers." Understanding that his newly-discovered cousins were far from being in affluence, he desired Staffa to inform them that he settled a pension upon them, sufficient in that country for their comfortable support, and payable during his life, on the anniversary of his landing upon the island. The answer of these simple-minded people to this welcome communication was delivered in a tone and manner so expressive, that the Marshal, though he did not understand a single word, was much affected by their warmth of gratitude, and drew out a sum of money, saying, "*Life is short; my first payment shall be in advance.*"

Before leaving South Uist, the Marshal made a pilgrimage to the Cave of Corrodale, a place of great importance in his family history, since in that wild retreat his father Neil was for some time concealed along with Prince Charles, then an outlaw with a price of no less than £30,000 upon his head.

According to the Marshal, it was in the cave of Corrodale that the Prince requested Neil Macdonald to go to the nearest village, and procure something he was in need of. Neil represented to him the imminent risk he would thereby run of being captured. H.R.H., unable to brook opposition, even in that dismal cavern, became excited, and in a commanding tone replied, "Sir, I insist on your obedience, and let me hope, that even here you will remember I am your prince." Mac-

donald hesitated no longer; he exposed himself to the needless peril, and happily was not discovered.

From South Uist the Marshal, accompanied by Staffa, crossed to the Isle of Skye, and visited Armidale Castle, the seat of my uncle, Lord Macdonald. The men of Skye understood that a great General on approaching their shores ought to be received with military honours, but were much distressed at having no artillery. Some improvements, however, which were going forward near the Castle, suggested to them a good substitute for cannon. A considerable quantity of powder had been provided for blasting a long line of rock near the shore; the people bored about thirty holes of large dimensions, filled the battery with ammunition, and on the approach of their illustrious visitor, saluted him with loud huzzas, and a series of tremendous explosions. The Marshal was at first confounded at this unique salute, but afterwards pronounced it more acceptable than the most regular *feu-de-joie*.

During his visit to the Isle of Skye the Marshal made special inquiry as to the adventures of Charles Edward, in that island. One of these I must be permitted to relate, because the parties chiefly concerned were the Marshal's father and my own great grandmother, Lady Margaret Macdonald.

Lady Margaret was at that time residing at Mugstat, a family mansion in the north of Skye. My great grandfather, Sir Alexander, a decided Hanoverian, was then actually in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland, at Fort Augustus. My great grandmother, although not

a Jacobite, regarded Prince Charles with compassion, and had even ministered to his necessities by sending him newspapers, clothes, and "twenty broad pieces of gold," while he was a fugitive in the Isle of Lewis. On the 29th of June, 1745, Captain Macleod, a vigilant militia officer, in quest of the Prince, was sitting with Lady Margaret, in her drawing-room, whilst three or four of his men were in other parts of the house.

Suddenly a boat reached the shore with Prince Charles on board, attended by the celebrated Flora Macdonald and Neil Macdonald. The Prince was in female attire of the coarsest description, and concealed himself in the garden, whilst Flora and Neil went up to Mugstat House. On being shown into the drawing-room they found Lady Margaret, Captain Macleod, Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibosh, and Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's factor, a strong Jacobite. The new comers so effectually concealed their emotions as to excite no suspicion. Flora in particular, although strictly questioned by the Captain as to her voyage, its object, her attendants, &c., contrived to give such answers as appeared satisfactory. She took the first opportunity of whispering to Kingsburgh the fearfully critical state of affairs. He immediately left the room, and sent a message, requesting Lady Margaret to join him. He then explained that Flora Macdonald's attendant in female attire was not an Irishwoman, as had been alleged, but the Prince himself, come to claim her protection. At this startling communication Lady Margaret made a loud exclamation of astonishment

and alarm. She soon however recovered her self-possession, and in concert with Kingsburgh, Neil Macdonald, and others, took such measures as were best adapted to the emergency. She desired Kingsburgh to find the Prince, to clothe him on the first convenient opportunity in a male Highland costume, which she provided for that purpose, and conduct him to the neighbouring town of Portree. Arrangements were there to be made for obtaining a boat in which he might cross over to the little island of Raasay, from whence he could easily be conveyed to the mainland. She at the same time ordered horses for Flora, Neil Macdonald, and Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibosh, with their suite, taking care that the departure of this cavalcade should absorb the whole attention, not only of her own household, but of the prying captain and his militiamen.

These arrangements were well contrived, but the risk was formidable. More than once on the road to Portree, the Prince's female attire nearly betrayed him. It was Sunday morning, and H.R.H. and his guide met a number of parties going to church. The Islanders could not fail to contemplate with astonishment the gigantic height and masculine strides of Kingsburgh's female companion. They observed also, that she returned a bow instead of a curtsey, to their Sabbath salutations, and that in wading through a brook that crossed their path, she raised her petticoats to an indecorous height. At another place she excited equal surprise by not raising them at all; an inadvertency

caused by a remonstrance from Kingsburgh on the Prince's previous imprudence of an opposite description. "Your enemies," remarked Kingsburgh, "call you *a Pretender;* but if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst at your trade I ever saw." "Why," replied Charles laughing, "I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissimulator in the world."

Such was the adventure of Prince Charles, in which the Marshal's father and my great grandmother were jointly concerned. Before reaching Portree, the Prince resumed his male attire, and got safe to Raasay; from thence crossed to the mainland; and after numerous difficulties and dangers, some of them quite as startling and as picturesque as that which I have related, he some months afterwards embarked on board a French vessel, which had been sent for his deliverance, and with a large attendance of fugitives from various quarters, got safe to the French Coast and from thence to St. Germains.

The Marshal took a lively interest in these romantic adventures, not only for his father's sake, but because they illustrated the high minded generosity and loyalty of his father's fellow-countrymen. There was a price upon the Prince's head, which in those days and in those wild regions was of fabulous amount. He was for months a fugitive, and hundreds of persons were in turn cognizant of his lurking places, yet with the

exception of a beggar boy in the Isle of Lewis, who denounced him, and a gentleman of respectable connections, who on doubtful evidence was suspected of intending to denounce him, all were true to him at all hazards. He sometimes sought shelter in outhouses and hovels from men of property, whose mansions had been burnt, and their estates confiscated for their fidelity to his cause, and yet he was invariably received, not only with kindness, but with the respect due to Royalty. So imminent was the danger of assisting him, that numbers were arrested, and thrown into prison, immediately after he had himself escaped. The poorest and humblest clansmen were as incorruptibly faithful to him as the noblest chieftains. Well might the Marshal, as we have already seen, declare that he was "proud of his descent from a race distinguished by their elevation of sentiment, their purity of morals, and their rare and incomparable attachment to the service of their ancient sovereigns."

After having visited the field of Culloden, South Uist, and the Isle of Skye, the Marshal had no special objects of interest to detain him in the British Isles, and returned speedily to France.

His sojourn in the land of his ancestors, short as it necessarily was, left a most favourable impression on his mind, and in a letter addressed some time afterwards to my father, he expressed in strong terms his desire to repeat it.

I have already mentioned that it was immediately after the Marshal's return to France that I heard Mac-

donald of Staffa relate the above particulars of his journey with his distinguished namesake. A long time elapsed before I saw Staffa again. I then adverted to our previous conversation. He was delighted to have the memory of some interesting but half forgotten adventures revived, and requested that I would send them to him in writing. On receiving my manuscript, he at once communicated it to the Marshal, who wrote to thank him for it, and to request that he would obtain from me some further information. He wished especially to be informed what objections he had made in 1814 to my father's plan of forming a Celtic Corps to take the place of the old Swiss Guard at Paris.

I was preparing to send the particulars desired, when to my deep regret I was informed of the Marshal's death.

It may, however, add some interest to the above reminiscences, that the illustrious subject of them read a portion of them himself with approval, and desired to see them enlarged.*

* It is to me a very interesting circumstance, that the Lady Margaret mentioned in the above sketch was buried in the old Parish Church of Kensington, immediately in front of the pulpit in which I officiated regularly for many years.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

WHILE I was residing at Malvern in 1863, I received unexpectedly a letter from my friend Lady Hamilton, informing me that after much delay a Memoir of her late husband, Sir William Hamilton, was about to be undertaken, and requesting me, as having known him intimately in his best days, to communicate any letters or conversations that might throw light upon his life, character, and opinions. In reply, I sent a number of reminiscences, which she thus acknowledged; "Allow me to thank you very much for the very kind manner in which you have complied with the request I made to you. The reminiscences of my dear husband, which you have been so good as to recall, I highly prize, and have every hope that they will prove useful and valuable to whoever undertakes to prepare the Memoir, for which we are at present desirous to gather materials."

Six years afterwards, a Memoir was published by a thoroughly competent Biographer, Professor Veitch, who embodied in his work as many of my reminiscences as were adapted to his purpose.

Meanwhile I sent them to Professor Mansel (after-

wards Dean of St. Paul's) an eminently learned expositor of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, explaining to him the circumstances under which they were written, and expressing my anxiety that they should contain nothing in any respect at variance with Sir William's published opinions. He sent the following reply: "I return with thanks your reminiscences of Sir William Hamilton, which I have read with much interest. There is nothing in them which does not appear to me quite in harmony with his character and opinions, so far as I know them." "I think many of your notes would be serviceable to insert in any Memoir of Sir William."

What I specially desire in this sketch is, to show with what marvellous profusion Sir William in private intercourse poured forth his intellectual stores; in what clear, forcible and uncompromising terms he expressed himself; with what correctness and consistency he always maintained the highest views of religious and moral obligation, and with what unvarying kindness he treated those who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship.

I never saw Sir William Hamilton at Oxford. He took his degree, and left the University before I entered. I often heard, however, of his vast attainments, both classical and philosophical, and of the deep impression produced by his unique examination. In the unprecedented list of books which he took up, were included the whole works of Aristotle and Cicero. One of his contemporaries said to me, "Sir William enjoyed

this great advantage in the schools; he had actually mastered the whole of Aristotle's works, including some which no one else, not even his examiners, had read."

My acquaintance with Sir William began when I was one of the Episcopal Clergy of Edinburgh. The first time I saw him I was much struck with his appearance. He had just attained the perfection of his physical and intellectual powers. There could be no mistake. His athletic frame, capacious forehead, and dark brilliant penetrating eye, marked him out at once as no ordinary man.

On his appointment to the Professorship of History, I attended his class, and soon became intimate with him. He was a good pedestrian; and we often wandered together for hours over the Corstorphine Hills, or on the shores of the Firth of Forth. I introduced without scruple, any question which at the time happened to occupy my thoughts. I looked upon him as a kind of living Encyclopædia, to which I might freely resort for information on any subject, literary, philosophical or religious.

He considered me too strait-laced in my theology, and sometimes suspected that I would not do justice to the opinions of Roman Catholics, Neologists, and other parties opposed to my own Church. He would ask, "What have you to say to this argument of Dr. Wiseman? Or to that statement of Semler, Paulus, or Wegscheider?" Apropos "I advise you," he said, "to get a copy of Wegscheider's *Institutiones Theologicæ*. In that one volume you will find a complete system of

neology. He is no discoverer; but he advances systematically as far as it is possible to go. He repudiates the supernatural altogether, and denies the reality of our Lord's resurrection."

Along with Wegscheider, Sir William advised me to purchase certain works then recently published, on the re-union of Christendom; and in particular, a treatise by Baron Von Starck. "The Baron," he said, "is a man of learning, familiarly acquainted with Lutherans and Calvinists, as well as Romanists; and he tries to show what each party, with a view to union, should be prepared to yield." I procured the work, but found, as I expected, that with all his learning and ingenuity, the Baron could devise no concession worth accepting, that a church claiming to be infallible could make.

Sir William under pressure could write with marvellous rapidity; but he always took up his pen with reluctance. His friend Sheriff Colquhoun used to say of him: "He labours much to discover truth for himself, but he cares too little about making it known to others. He is too indifferent to fame."

The indifference to fame, which the Sheriff ascribed to him, was quite compatible with high indignation when philosophical opinions, which had originated with himself, were claimed by or attributed to others.

Having mentioned Cardinal Wiseman, I am reminded that Sir William more than once referred with warm approbation to certain arguments which the Cardinal, in one of his earlier works, had made use of in proof of Christianity; and which Sir William thought I might

expand with advantage into a sermon or lecture. I expressed surprise at the quarter from which my arguments were to be derived; "But, surely," he said, "on the main question, that of *evidence*, you will not refuse the aid of even an Ultramontane Papist."

When Sir William published his attack on Oxford in *The Edinburgh Review*, I expressed surprise that having gained the highest honours which his venerable Alma Mater had to bestow, he did not treat her with more filial indulgence. "*Indulgence!*" he exclaimed; "Oxford does not require indulgence, and that is the very reason why I chose Oxford for the subject of my Article. There is hardly any University against which I have not more to say. I am not so great a coward as to select the weakest antagonist."

It was a peculiarity of my late friend, that, underrating his own attainments, he considered other men shamefully deficient, if they betrayed inferiority in learning to himself. I have heard him charge an eminent scholar with "brutal ignorance," for not being acquainted with an apposite passage in some obscure author of the middle ages. Speaking of the Archbishop of Dublin's Treatise on Rhetoric, he said, "The Archbishop is a clear, bold, powerful thinker, but he is a plagiarist. He fancies himself original, when he is anything but original; and delivers as his own, remarks and opinions which he should have known belong to other men." I inquired the names of the authors from whom the Archbishop had borrowed without due acknowledgment. He mentioned several books and

treatises long ago forgotten. I contended, that in all probability his Grace had never seen nor heard of the obsolete authorities in question. "So much the worse," replied Sir William, "Why did he undertake to write a treatise on Rhetoric without knowing all that had been written before upon the subject?"

Sir William was an ardent patriot. A well-known author of my acquaintance once sent him for correction, some lucubrations on Scottish History, among which was a remark, that it would have been well for Scotland if Wallace and Bruce had never lived, and the kingdom had been conquered by Edward the First. Sir William took his pen, and wrote upon the margin a long indignant remonstrance, concluding with the remark, that "Scotland in that case would have lost the very essence of national virtue,—*self-respect*, never again to raise her head among the nations."

Sir William contended that eloquent men had no need to be consistent. They could persuade the multitude to adopt and applaud the most opposite opinions. He referred to Dr. Chalmers as a notable example. "The Doctor," he said, "is a man of very great eloquence; and accordingly he has printed, in the same volume, side by side, two Sermons, one on Predestination, which is decidedly Calvinistic; and the other on the Sin against the Holy Ghost, which is as decidedly Arminian. No doubt, both Sermons were listened to by the people of Glasgow with breathless and unqualified admiration." He at another time adverted to those brilliant College Lectures, by which

Dr. Chalmers excited his class to enthusiasm in support of absolute predestination. "But," added Sir William, "the Doctor always carefully subjoined that absolute predestination, although it must be strenuously maintained, must nevertheless in the daily commerce of life, be strenuously disregarded; and that if any of his students were to overlook the *contiguous motives*, and to direct his views to the *far distant Divine decrees*, he (Dr. Chalmers) would apply to that student the remark of Solomon; "*The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.*"

Shortly before Dr. Abercrombie published the second edition of his work on the Intellectual Powers, my father invited him and Sir William Hamilton to dinner at Portobello. There was no other company, and the Doctor naturally related to us all the anecdotes of insanity, spectral illusions, vast powers of memory, &c., which he was about to introduce in the next edition of his book. He added other interesting illustrations; and under these circumstances might have expected to enjoy a monopoly of the conversation. But Sir William was not at all disposed to be a mere listener. On the contrary, throughout the evening, he was ready to exchange anecdote for anecdote and illustration for illustration, as if he had been studiously preparing himself for the occasion. We all wished he could have been prevailed upon to write a pendant to Dr. Abercrombie's work.

My conversation with Sir William happened one day to turn upon the agency of the Deity, and on the

opinion expressed by Dr. Samuel Clarke, Dr. Reid, and Dugald Stewart, not to mention older authorities, that matter is entirely passive, and that the only efficient agent in the Universe is either the Deity himself, or some living creature endowed by him with *will* and active power. I remarked on the stupendous amount of Divine agency which this hypothesis required. Sir William replied, "I set no bounds to the possible agency of an Omnipotent and absolutely existing God. My chief difficulty with regard to Dr. Clarke's view is, that he appears to supersede the use of matter altogether. According to him God could as easily communicate to us our perceptions without the intervention of matter as with it. Dr. Clarke deprives us of all defence against Berkeleyism." I said, "I am not afraid of Bishop Berkeley, if you are not afraid of imposing on the Deity the ceaseless agency which Dr. Clarke insists upon." "I repeat," said Sir William, "that an Omnipresent God can do all that Dr. Clarke ascribes to him, but if you deprive matter of all *use*, you will raise doubts of its existence." *

* The passages above referred to are such as the following: "The laws of nature," says Dr. Reid, "are not agents; they are not endowed with active power, and therefore cannot be causes in the proper sense. They are only the rules according to which the unknown cause acts." (Essay vi., Chap. iii.) And again, "Active power can only be in beings that have understanding and will. Power to produce any effect implies power not to produce it. We can conceive no way in which power may be determined to one of these rather than the other, in a being that has no will." (Essay i., Chap. V.)

Dugald Stewart remarks that "we are led to associate with inanimate matter the idea of power, force, energy, and causation," but he continues,

When Phrenology was first taught at Edinburgh, some leading ministers of the Kirk, in their zeal for Calvinism, gave the new science their support under an impression that the doctrine of necessity, as taught by Phrenologists, would aid them in demolishing the Arminian heresy. "I am surprised," said Sir William, "that such a man as Dr. Gordon should not see the danger of his new allies; for whatever may be affirmed of a *moral* necessity, a *mechanical necessity* is subversive of religion and morality."

Here I mentioned to him a remark which I had made to certain well-known Phrenologists, with reference to two distinguished Scotsmen (Bishop Sandford and Lord Glenlee) both of whom, although able men, had low foreheads, and were therefore phrenologically deficient. One phrenologist replied; "No doubt they are men of talent, but do you think they have *low foreheads?*" The other answered, "No doubt they have low foreheads, but do you think they are *men of talent?*" "You are right;" said Sir William, "in sifting carefully the *facts* alleged by phrenologists. For it is on the ground of science and observation that we must meet them, and not of religion and morality. Before denouncing phrenology as *mischievous*, we must prove it to be *false*."

"all these are attributes of mind, and can exist in mind only." (Elements, Chap. i., Sec. ii.)

"The course of nature," says Dr. Clarke, "truly and properly speaking, is nothing but the will of God producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner."

Some time afterwards, I was invited by a zealous phrenologist of the name of Hamilton, to meet at dinner Sir William Hamilton, and the celebrated George Combe. "I hope," said Mr. Hamilton, "to have a grand phrenological field-day, by securing an equal number of phrenologists and anti-phrenologists to back these two champions. You must come to support Sir William. I can easily bring together as many well-informed phrenologists as I please to support Mr. Combe; but I can hardly find a single anti-phrenologist, who is not wholly ignorant of the subject." I accepted the invitation. The discussion was extremely interesting, and lasted the whole evening. Sir William, as our host apprehended, had not his full quota of supporters, but he had at his command a battery of arguments and references which never failed him. Some startling confessions were wrung from the phrenologists. Being pressed as to the testimony of conscience to rewards and punishments, Mr. Combe had recourse to a very singular illustration. "If," says he, "I have constructed a fiddle, which, in consequence of my bad workmanship, is always giving out bad music, I blame myself; I never think of blaming or punishing the fiddle." At another time some one remarked, that, on phrenological principles, no spiritual agent, except perhaps the Deity himself, could be supposed to exist. "You do not believe," said an anti-phrenologist, "in the existence of the evil one." "Certainly not," replied his antagonist. "I do not believe in the existence of spirits, whether evil or good."

Sir William was as much in favour of mesmerism as he was opposed to phrenology. I one day mentioned to him a remark of the Rev. Archibald Alison, the essayist on Taste, that in his younger days one of the Scottish Judges was a believer in ghosts, and another in witches; that each ridiculed the other, and the public laughed at both,—a remark which Mr. Alison applied to phrenology and animal magnetism. I expressed my concurrence with Mr. A., in his view of both these popular novelties. Sir William replied, "You must discriminate between them. The mesmerist will support you with all his heart against your worst enemy, the materialist: and before you set aside his science, you ought to read the evidence in its favour given by all the greatest medical authorities in Germany."

When the controversy was raging in Scotland, as to the people's right to choose their own ministers, and a disruption appeared imminent, I remarked to Sir William, that the Conservative party in the Kirk seemed most unadvisedly to abandon as untenable the ground of Scripture and antiquity; and were fighting to needless disadvantage about the books of discipline, and the opinions of the Scottish reformers. "You do not pretend to say," replied Sir William, "that Scripture and antiquity are against the people's claim to choose their own ministers. If you do, you have Bingham, Father Paul, and Gibbon point blank against you; Bingham representing your own Church; Father Paul, the Church of Rome; and Gibbon, the whole body of

unbelievers." I was surprised that even Sir William should at once remember what these singularly combined authorities had written on the subject; but I made him promise that he would let me read to him, as soon as it was completed, a pamphlet I was preparing on the question. He assented. I took it to Manor Place accordingly, and we discussed it paragraph by paragraph. He showed himself as well acquainted with the subject, as if it had long been his special study. At last he said, "You have made out a much stronger case than I expected. By all means publish your essay. You will have this advantage; that no one, in the Kirk or out of it, is sufficiently acquainted with the Fathers to refute you."

Another work on which I consulted Sir William, was the essay which I published in 1836, on Episcopacy. When I had explained to him my line of argument, he said: "Besides the ordinary English authorities on Episcopacy, you must get Petavius on the one side, and Salmasius and David Blondel on the other. To read Blondel's Treatise *De Sententia Hieronymi*, in some few hundred closely printed pages of dry Latin, will make no bad beginning. When you think you can refute Blondel, bring your essay to me, and I shall be glad to hear it." Some time elapsed before I had sufficiently executed the prescribed task to be ready for the proposed argumentation. At length, however, having satisfied myself, I spent two evenings in Manor Place, reading my essay and hearing all his comments and objections. The result was, that I had no small

trouble in devising fresh arguments, and collecting fresh authorities; but I made my base of operations more secure.

In the course of a discussion with Sir William on the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, I was pointing out the many contradictions and impossibilities which it involved, but he interrupted me; "I advise you to keep to Scripture and antiquity; for remember, that when you come to metaphysics, and speak of contradictions and impossibilities, *you are fighting against Omnipotence, and depend upon it Omnipotence will prevail.*"

This was a startling dictum, but I replied that there was one contradiction which I specially wished him to consider. I proposed to illustrate it by the miracle at the marriage feast of Cana. "Water," I observed, "was there converted into wine," *i.e.*, of course into new wine, not into old wine, which had been for years in the cellars of the bridegroom, and had been drunk a week before at his table. In like manner," I continued, "if the bread and wine in the Eucharist are converted, transmuted, or transubstantiated into flesh and blood it must be new flesh and blood." Here Sir William interrupted me; "You mean to add, not into flesh and blood which had been crucified eighteen centuries before in Palestine. But," he added, "will not the Romanist insist that the bread and wine are annihilated, and that the flesh and blood of Christ are *substituted* for them." I replied that annihilation was a very different thing from transubstantiation. And in support

of my remark I adduced the following quotation from Bishop Tunstal, the learned Roman Catholic Bishop of Durham in the days of Queen Mary :—" Before Innocent III., who presided in the Lateran Council, it seemed to the more curious inquirer that the presence of Christ in the Eucharist might take place after three several modes. Some thought that the body of Christ was present together with the bread, or in the bread, like fire in a heated mass of iron, which mode Luther seems to have followed. Others thought that the bread was annihilated. Others again thought that the substance of the bread was transmuted into the substance of the body of Christ. This last mode Innocent adopted, and thence in that Council rejected the other modes."

Sir William said: "If you can prove from other Roman Catholic authorities that Bishop Tunstal's view of Romish doctrine is correct, I should consider your metaphysical argument against it to be the best I can at present call to mind."

I was one day requested by Sir William to attend at his house a conference, in which representatives of the four chief Christian communions, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and Lutherans, had been invited to take part. I was myself the only representative of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Sir William, as was his custom, chose the weakest side, and defended the Papal system. But our chief object was to call forth the peculiar views of the German Lutherans, which most of us had often read and heard of, but had

never happened to hear openly maintained. Two eminent Divines from North Germany undertook the task, and never can I forget my astonishment and indignation on hearing them unblushingly reduce Christianity to the level of mere Deism; while they notwithstanding persisted in calling themselves "Christian Pastors." When I afterwards expressed to Sir William my surprise at the extreme opinions they had arrived at, he replied, "Where did you expect them to halt, when once they had adopted neological proclivities? A true Neologist will not stop short of Paulus and Semler; he will deny miracles and spiritual influence altogether, and be satisfied with the residuum of Christianity, when he has carefully eliminated all the supernatural."

Speaking of St. Augustine, Sir William said; "It was by him the doctrine of absolute predestination was introduced into the Church. Before his time the most eminent of the Fathers were Greeks; they saw the danger of Stoical fatalism, and were careful to say nothing that would endanger human responsibility. Some no doubt maintained to an extreme extent the self-determining power of the will, (ἀυτεξουσια) and had a leaning towards Pelagianism. St. Augustine was a man of commanding intellect, but had very little knowledge of Greek. You will recollect his letter to St. Jerome acknowledging his imperfect acquaintance with the Greek language, and on his own part and that of all the African churches, requesting him to translate for their use the best of the Greek Fathers.

If St. Jerome had complied with this request, or if St. Augustine had himself been able to read the Greek Fathers, his predestinarian bias would have had a counterpoise, and his views of predestination would not have differed much from theirs. We may therefore trace the Calvinism of the present day to St. Augustine's ignorance of Greek."*

Sir William one day mentioned to me a singular academic honour which he hoped to receive from abroad. A friend of his at Leyden had offered to obtain for him the degree of Doctor from that ancient University. In reply he had stated, that he had no ambition to obtain so ordinary a degree as that of Doctor of Laws; but that as a layman, he would be highly gratified to be made a Doctor of Divinity. When he mentioned the circumstance no answer had arrived, but my impression is that his friend prevailed on the authorities at Leyden to grant the peculiar compliment in question. Sheriff Colquhoun alleged that as D.D., Sir William would be the only layman in the world entitled to the prefix of *Reverend.*

When Sir William resolved to be a candidate for the Professorship of Logic, he requested me to give him a testimonial addressed to the Patrons, the Town Council

* Quòd si Græcæ linguæ non sit nobis tantus habitus, ut talium rerum libris legendis et intelligendis ullo modo reperiamur idonei, &c. De Trinit., lib. iii., tom. viii.

Petimus ergo, et nobiscum petit omnis Africanarum ecclesiarum studiosa societas, ut, in interpretandis eorum libris qui Græce scripturas nostras quam optime tractraverunt, curam atque operam impendere non graveris. Epist. 65 ad Hieron., tom. iv., p. 601.

of Edinburgh. Taken by surprise, I answered that a testimonial from me in favour of a logician like himself was quite out of the question. He replied; "It is for *me* to say whether I desire the testimonial; and it is for *you* to say whether you are disposed to give it." Of course I immediately sent him the document he required, assuring the Town Council that they could not possibly appoint a more efficient Professor. When all the testimonials were printed, I was gratified to find myself included in a magnificent array of the most distinguished scholars and philosophers in Europe. At the same time I observed, with no little mortification, that I had not expressed myself in such superlative terms as my distinguished associates. My testimonial appeared to me insipid and prosaic in comparison with their magnificent effusions. The result, however, was that my performance attracted greater notice than I expected. For immediately before the election, I received a visit from a member of the Town Council, Mr. Bruce, who informed me, that to his regret and alarm, "a good number of the Town Council," whom he had expected to vote for Sir William, were not fully satisfied "as to his religious opinions;" and that unless I could remove their doubts on that point within twenty-four hours when the election would take place, they would vote for Mr. Patrick Macdougal, a very able candidate, recommended by Dr. Chalmers. This was an unexpected responsibility. I could call to mind many evidences of my friend's orthodoxy; but before committing myself to the Town Council, I thought it

necessary to obtain from him a more explicit confession of faith. Accordingly I hastened to Manor Place, and frankly stated to him the purpose of my visit. At first he was much annoyed, that I did not at once consider myself justified in answering for his orthodoxy. By degrees, however, he got into better humour, and said, "Surely you ought to know, that *I maintain no heresy but the Arminian.* You ought to know, that *my philosophy has given great offence to the Free Thinkers on the Continent, because it peculiarly harmonises with Christianity.* You ought to know, &c." He made further appeals to my knowledge of his views, all of which I wrote down immediately, and communicated to Councillor Bruce, who satisfied his doubtful friends, and prevailed upon them to vote for Sir William.

In 1863, I wrote to ask Mr. Bruce whether he had preserved my letter, as I should highly value a declaration of Sir William's religious opinions, expressed on a remarkable occasion, and taken down at the time. His answer was: "I recollect the correspondence I had with you on the subject of the vacant chair of Logic. Your letter was handed round among the members of the Council, and would most probably be left in the hands of the clerk." Mr. Bruce did me the favour to make inquiry, but the letter could not be found.

One of my last conversations with the Professor had reference to a design which I then entertained, but which I have not yet executed, of publishing an "Essay on Morals." I conceived that it would form no unim-

portant addition to the evidences of revealed religion, if I could succeed in showing, that throughout the sacred writings a certain theory of morals is implied, though not formally or systematically developed; that this implied theory is the same throughout the whole inspired volume; and that it is in harmony with the best system of morals, based on philosophical grounds. "Certainly," observed Sir William, "if you can prove the harmony you speak of, you will do good service to religion. But what theory of morals do you think you can establish by philosophy, and discover throughout the Bible? Is moral obligation eternal and immutable, or does it depend on Will, Taste, Fashion, or Expediency?"

I replied: "I consider moral obligation to be eternal and immutable. You recollect, in addition to other heathen authorities, the noted passage in Cicero to that effect:* and in the Old as well as the New Testament I read, that *the law is holy, and the commandment holy, just and good.* There is an universal standard with which God himself teaches us to compare his own revealed law. He appeals to us: *Are not my ways equal? Are not your ways un-*

* "Right reason is itself a law, congenial to the feelings of nature, diffused among all men, uniform, eternal, calling us imperiously to our duty, and peremptorily prohibiting every violation of it. Nor does it speak one language at Rome and another at Athens, varying from place to place or time to time; but it addresses itself to all nations and to all ages; deriving its authority from the common Sovereign of the universe, and carrying home its sanctions to every breast, by the inevitable punishment which it inflicts on transgressors."

equal? I referred to other passages, such as the following in the book of Job:—"*Hearken unto me, ye men of understanding; far be it from God, that he should do wickedness, and from the Almighty that he should commit iniquity. Yea surely God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment.*" *

When I had finished my quotations, Sir William said, "The next point I wish to know is, how we become cognizant of moral distinctions?" I answered, "We have a power implanted in us for that purpose, the moral faculty, conscience,—God's deputy within us." "And what does the Bible say," he continued, "as to the virtue or virtues, which conscience ought to recommend? Does the Bible confine all virtue with Paley to *prudence*, or with Hutcheson to *benevolence*, or with many of your clerical brethren to *piety?*" "The Bible," I replied, "appeals throughout to prudence, to benevolence and to piety. It everywhere exhorts us to love God, to love our neighbour, and to work out our own salvation. It prescribes a duty to God, to our neighbour and to ourselves." "Well then," said he, "the theory of Morals which you think you find throughout the Bible, is that moral distinctions are eternal and immutable, like the truths of mathematics. You provide a moral faculty to approve of and enforce moral obligation, and you consider the three duties of prudence, benevolence and piety, each independently

* Job xxxiv. 10, 12.

of the other two, to be approved of and enforced by this faculty." I replied, "My views are to a great extent, those of Bishop Butler and Dugald Stewart." "I advise you," said Sir William, "to write your Essay, and shall be happy to give you any help in my power. The author, in our own language, who will most assist you is Dr. Price. His treatise is not attractive. It is dry: but it is the most philosophical of English works on morals." He paused, and then added, "Don't be discouraged, you will have great difficulties to contend with. Some will attack your Divinity, and others your Philosophy; and in order to succeed, it is not enough for you to maintain either; you must be able to defend both."

While my friend Sir William resided in Manor Place, he usually attended St. George's Church, of which Dr. Andrew Thomson was at that time minister; but he one day gratified me exceedingly by saying, "If your chapel" (St. Paul's, York Place) "were not at the furthest extremity of the town, I should be glad to frequent it."

I conclude these reminiscences of my illustrious friend with part of a letter which I received from him in February, 1840. Being at that time Secretary of the National Society, I had sent him a copy of my correspondence with the Committee of Council on Education, and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that I received from him the following expressions of kind feeling towards myself, and of sympathy with my endeavours, to give religious instruction the predomi-

nance to which it is entitled in the education of the people. "I take much interest in the correspondence "I see you are from time to time engaged in, as given "in the newspapers. The style and tone of your "letters appear to me excellent. I hope to hear you "have obtained the preferment you so well merit.

"Believe me,

"Ever most truly yours,

"W. HAMILTON."

WILLIAM BOSVILLE, ESQ.

MY grand-uncle Bosville was among the most original and eccentric characters of his day. His exterior consisted of his own white hair, combed very carefully all round; a single-breasted cutaway coat with large pockets; knee breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, and other paraphernalia of a courtier of the reign of George II.; but within this courtly garb was enclosed one of the most ultra-liberal spirits of the time. He assembled every day at his house No. 76, Welbeck Street, a party of congenial souls, never exceeding twelve in number, nor receiving the important summons to dinner a single moment after five o'clock. Such was the old gentleman's punctuality, that the first stroke of the clock was the signal for going downstairs; and when Mr. Friend, the Astronomer Royal, arriving half a minute after from his official residence in Greenwich Park, met the company on the staircase, Bosville addressed him with, "I trust, Mr. Friend, you will not fail to bear in mind for the future, that we don't reckon time here *by the meridian of Greenwich, but by the meridian of Welbeck Street.*" The servants entered into this whimsical accuracy of their master, and when

a well-known guest, out of breath with haste, one day rang the door bell about four minutes after five, the footman, looking up from the area, informed him that his master was "*busy dining!*" This repulse was in perfect keeping with his master's favourite maxim, "Some say better late than never; I say better never than late." A slate was kept in the hall, on which any intimate friend (and he had many) might inscribe his name as a guest for the day. Among the persons thus privileged, I may mention, besides family connections, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Hutchinson, Horne Tooke, Parson Este, Major James, Baron Dimsdale, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Harrington, the Earl of Oxford, and Mr. Clifford, the barrister of O. P. celebrity. A specimen of Mr. Bosville's humour may be given in his description of the last dinner he partook at the house of Lord Dudley, his brother-in-law. "I always dine," said he, "punctually at five; but when I reached Park Lane after six, I commonly was forced to wait half an hour before my sister returned from her morning drive; not till half-past seven did a single soul arrive to dinner, and I have often heard eight strike when we were going downstairs. Feeling ashamed to be the only performer, while the rest were little better than spectators, I generally rose with an appetite. The fact is, Lady Dudley and her friends always dine at two o'clock, without knowing it. At that hour she takes a beefsteak and a glass of Madeira, which she chooses to call a luncheon. Finding that Lord Dudley's habits and mine did not agree,

I at last concluded a treaty offensive and defensive, by which each engaged not to trouble the other with invitations, nor to be angry at not receiving them. Since that time we have always lived on brotherly terms."

Mr. Bosville scarcely ever quitted the metropolis; he used to say that London was the best residence in winter, and that he knew no place like it in summer. One year, when in Yorkshire, he made a point of not visiting his own estates, lest he should be involved in the cares and troubles of a landed proprietor. But though he seldom really travelled, he often made imaginary journeys. He used to mention, as a grave fact, that once he visited the Scilly Isles, and attended a ball at St. Mary's, where he found a young lady giving herself great airs, because her education had received a "finish" at the "Land's End."

I am not sure whether my grand-uncle ever was actually at Boulogne; but he used to allege, that he had no sooner landed at that fashionable resort than a young dandy of his acquaintance saluted him: "Ah! Bosville, I rejoice to see you; I suppose you came here for pleasure; I came from necessity, to avoid a set of low-minded rascally creditors, who were pressing me for money. But I am glad to meet you: for you have always plenty of cash, and I dare say you will accommodate me with a couple of hundreds." "Not I, indeed," replied Bosville; "do you think that I wish to be included in the set of low-minded rascally creditors, of whom you were so justly complaining?"

Bosville alleged that when he visited Edinburgh (which in fact he never did) he met a Yorkshire farmer, who, not having been before out of his own county, spoke the Yorkshire dialect in perfection. "I inquired," said Bosville, "how he liked Scotland and the Scots? His answer was, 'It is a fine country, and I should not dislike the people but for their *ne-asty, voil, hoogly, method of spe-akin.*'"

Another of Bosville's stories as an imaginary traveller was that being at Rome during the last illness of Clement XIV., he went daily to the Vatican, to ascertain what chance he had of enjoying the spectacle of an installation. The bulletins, according to my grand-uncle's playful imagination, were variously expressed, but each more alarming than its predecessor. First, "His Holiness is very ill;" next, "His Excellency is worse;" then "His Eminence is in a very low state;" and at last, the day before the Pope expired, came forth the startling announcement "*His Infallibility is delirious.*"

This pleasant original occasionally coined anecdotes at the expense of his own guests, and related them to their face, for the amusement of the company. It was a favourite saying of Bosville, which my father borrowed of him, when he wanted to give encouragement to a diffident friend, "*Il faut risquer quelque chose.*" The origin of this catchword was a story told by Bosville of a party of French officers, each of whom outvied the rest in relating of himself some wonderful exploit. A young Englishman who was present, sat with charac-

teristic modesty in silence. His next neighbour asked him why he did not contribute a story in his turn, and being answered, "I have done nothing like the feats that have been told us," patted him on the back, and said, with a significant look: "Eh bien, Monsieur, *il faut risquer quelque chose.*"

Some one asked Mr. Bosville whether he intended purchasing the Baronetage? "No," replied the humourist, "I am waiting till the *Squirage* comes out;" a work then mentioned in derision, but now printed with success.

Among Mr. Bosville's liberal friends, was the noted author of "The Political Register." While Cobbett was in Newgate, my grand-uncle went in state, with four horses to his carriage, to visit the prisoner; and afterwards presented him with £1,000 in token of "sympathy," as he termed it, with the persecuted sufferer.

When a discussion arose in Welbeck Street on the abolition of titles of honour as a preliminary to republican institutions, one of the company suggested that a certain measure of respect would nevertheless be shown to persons who under the old *régime*, would have had a right to hereditary rank. "The only way," said Bosville, "to get rid of this foolish superstition is to bring it into ridicule, for which purpose I would get a law enacted permitting every one to assume what title he chooses. For my own part I intend to be Lord Welbeck Street. As for you," he continued, turning to Parson Este, "you shall be Bishop of Cripplegate or White-

chapel; and our friend Clifford, as a barrister, shall take his title from the Old Bailey."

Bosville used frequently to dine on Sundays with his friend Horne Tooke at Wimbledon. The arrangement was that he should carry with him in his carriage two of the most important articles of consumption,—fish and wine. These dinner parties were exceedingly lively and entertaining, but the last of them gave a melancholy termination to the series. Horne Tooke was out of health, but could not decline to receive his friend. He laboured hard to keep up a succession of jests and stories till the accustomed hour, when he expected that the party would *punctually* break up. Unfortunately by some untoward accident Bosville's carriage was for once too late; he was detained about half an hour. Horne Tooke's spirits were exhausted; the conversation miserably flagged; at last he became sick, and was carried out of the room. Bosville was greatly annoyed, and never afterwards returned.

Next door to Horne Tooke on Wimbledon Common lived Harry Dundas, Viscount Melville. These old political antagonists had no personal intercourse, but their servants were on terms of neighbourly civility, and even occasionally lent each other useful articles. A piece of Lord Melville's plate may occasionally have done service on Horne Tooke's sideboard, and *vice versâ*. Bosville was delighted with the style in which, as he alleged, the ex-minister and the ex-clergyman spoke of one another. "If I had caught that rascal in '92," says Lord Melville, "I would have hanged him." "That

man," says Horne Tooke, "was in '92 a remorseless tyrant." "But each of them," continued Bosville, "would add with reference to the other, 'He is now a very civil and obliging neighbour.'"

The party in Welbeck Street, as may be supposed, never stood very high in favour with the Government. The butler one day whispered to Mr. Bosville after dinner, that some gentlemen insisted upon seeing him in the ante-chamber. Going out to them, he found his friend Townshend the police-officer, and his myrmidons, in quest of two noted democrats, then actually seated at the dinner table. Bosville received "the gentlemen" with great civility, and offered them refreshments, if they would not interrupt the socialities of the dining-room, pledging himself to be security for the objects of their search. These functionaries appear to have been almost as accommodating as the bailiffs who so obligingly augmented the retinue of Sir Richard Steele, at his memorable entertainment. Having made this arrangement, Bosville returned to table without the slightest symptom of discomposure, and prolonged the entertainment to the usual hour. While the company were withdrawing, the constables were allowed to execute their office, and carried off his astonished guests to prison.

The concluding days of Bosville are a melancholy evidence of the force of habit. He wished his dinner parties to be continued to the very last. His health declined, and his convivial powers deserted him; but the slate hung as usual in the hall, and he felt more

anxiety than ever that the list of guests upon it should not fail of its appointed number. Habitually inclined to scepticism, he was not prepared, amidst increasing infirmities, to seek for comfort in religion. Even during his last hours, when he was confined to his chamber, the hospitable board was regularly spread below. He insisted upon reports from time to time of the jocularities, calling forth the laughter which still assailed his ear; and on the very morning of his death gave orders for an entertainment *punctually at the hour, which he did not live to see.* It would be well for those who think that religious consolations are easily attainable on a death-bed, and without habitual preparation, to take solemn warning from the last moments of Bosville.

CHIEF BARON MACDONALD.

MY grand-uncle, Sir Archibald Macdonald, was appointed Attorney-General in the days of Mr. Pitt, and afterwards Chief Baron. He was a good lawyer, but his knowledge of the Statute Law was not so remarkable as his talent for conversation. His fund of curious and entertaining anecdote was inexhaustible. I could produce many notable examples, but I shall introduce him here in his judicial capacity.

My friend, the Rev. J. Hutchinson, formerly a chaplain in the East India Company's service, mentioned to me that as a young man he attended the Assizes at Hertford, when Chief Baron Macdonald was the presiding judge. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning, such as he scarcely ever saw or heard afterwards within the tropics, interrupted the proceedings of the court. Some ladies fainted, and even barristers and solicitors stood aghast. After a pause the Chief Baron rose, and with dignified composure said, "Gentlemen, we are preparing to stand undaunted in the great day, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved; and now, whatever may befal us, we cannot surely be found better employed than in the administration of justice." This

appeal prevailed, and the business of the court was at once resumed.*

I must add another grave anecdote of this witty judge. As a boy, I took a great interest in the authorship of the Letters of Junius, and asked the Chief Baron his opinion on the question. He replied, "I have been personally acquainted, more or less, with all the characters mentioned in those letters, and in my judgment, the evidence against Sir Philip Francis is so strong, that if he were brought before me in my court I should not hesitate to find him guilty. As regards these famous letters," he continued, "one point should never be forgotten. Junius unquestionably wrote the Duke of Grafton's administration out of office. No anonymous letters ever have produced, or ever will produce an equally striking result."

* Since this anecdote was written, I have had my attention directed to a very curious passage in a recent article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* on the Confederate American General Robert E. Lee, in which that remarkable man gives an account of an event almost precisely similar to the scene above described.

A CURATE'S DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

MY brother-in-law, Stair Stewart, of Glasserton in Wigtonshire, who kept a first-rate stud, and hunted for many years in all parts of the kingdom, used to say that if the after-dinner conversation in a company of sportsmen ever happened to flag, he could with certainty revive it by relating "a Curate's Day with the Pytchley Hunt." "That story," he said, "never failed to call forth shouts of uproarious laughter, notwithstanding the fatigue of the longest and severest chase." I suspect that my friend Stewart added a few embellishments of his own to produce the exhilarating effects which he described. My own edition of the adventure is as follows.

While I was curate of Stanford in Northamptonshire, I was seated after breakfast on a fine winter morning in my parsonage, with a huge folio of Archbishop Tillotson open before me, when my factotum, Thomas Marson, rushed in, exclaiming: "Sir, you must not stay at home to-day, for the Meet is in the Park, and the hounds are looking for a fox behind our own garden!"

I broke off immediately in the midst of the worthy Archbishop's best sermon, and hurried to the stable. "You will be in time yet," exclaimed Thomas, bringing out my stiff old white horse, carefully rubbed down, and already saddled and bridled. I mounted at once, and was soon among the sportsmen in Lady Bray's grand old park. I had a large acquaintance; it was my first, and I may add, my last appearance in a hunting-field, and many came with much good humour to offer me their congratulations. My decrepit Rosinante was not seen to much advantage among the noble animals that surrounded us. "Mounted as you are," said a dashing squire, "you will soon, doubtless, leave us all far behind."

The surprise occasioned by my arrival was hardly over, when a voice exclaimed, "Hullo! they have found already." The word *already* was quite unnecessary, for foxes abound in Stanford Park. We all galloped to the spot; a fox broke cover; a magnificent run across the park began; even my old horse caught the general enthusiasm, and for a short distance kept up with the regular hunters. But we drew near the park fence; and having no ambition to leap over it, I moderated my pace, and as soon as I was left alone, quietly returned home, and resumed the Archbishop's folio.

I had spent about two hours in study, when Thomas Marson burst in upon me a second time, exclaiming, "Sir, you must get on horseback again! I saw the fox pass by our gate half a minute ago, well-nigh done for;

you may yet be in at the death, and after all get the brush."

I mounted accordingly; the hounds were nearly two miles behind, hardly visible as they came slowly down the Hemplow Hills. "There," cried Thomas, with boisterous delight, "you may take the lead and keep it; no one has a chance against you." I started off accordingly, and easily kept ahead for half a mile along the Swinford road; when unfortunately the fox got into a drain, and disappeared. "Dig him out!" exclaimed the huntsman, to the country people, who were gathering round us. But the drain was long and wide, and there were no tools at hand. Meanwhile the tardy worn-out hunters came up. I was covered with glory; I had all the honours of the day, for every one had seen me in Stanford Park at the first start; and unquestionably I was in the van when the fox took to earth. Hence it followed that the Curate of Stanford, on his old white horse, had actually beaten the whole Pytchley Hunt, including horsemen and horses not surpassed in all England. Thomas, who alone knew the facts of the case, kept his secret, but whispered to me significantly—"This is all well as far as it goes, but how I should have liked to nail up the brush in our entrance hall!"

THE REV. OZIAS LINLEY.

MY first acquaintance with the Rev. Ozias Linley, or "Ozee," as his brother William used to call him, was formed in 1822, when I dined at Dulwich College, to settle finally with one of the Fellows, the Rev. John Lindsay, whether I should be his Curate at Stanford in Northamptonshire. Mr. Linley, as organist of the College Chapel, and one of the Fellows, was of the party, and made a deep impression upon me by his talent and eccentricity. I was fortunate enough to gain his good opinion, for he said to me long afterwards: "You showed so much vivacity when we first met, that I took you for an *Irishman;* which, I assure you, was not a little in your favour."

The dinner I refer to was an event of no small importance in my history; for I became Curate to Mr. Lindsay, who has ever since been one of my most intimate and most valued friends; and I had also opportunity to cultivate the friendship of Mr. Linley, for I occasionally exchanged duties with my Vicar, occupying for weeks together his apartments in the college, and dining almost every day in the college hall.

The Linley family were all musical. The father of

Ozias acquired in his day considerable reputation, both as a composer and performer. His daughter, the celebrated vocalist, was married to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Ozias was perhaps more remarkable for delicacy of taste, and acquaintance with musical science, than for powers of execution.

He was a good mathematician, a sound classical scholar, and an able metaphysician. He never read newspapers or reviews, or indeed a modern performance of any kind. The only works of fiction he cared for were "Tom Jones" and "Gil Blas." With these he was familiar. His studies, properly so called, were limited to a small number of choice authors; and he had stated times for reading them. His arrangement, so far as I can remember, was as follows: on Mondays and Thursdays, he studied Plato in the original; on Tuesdays and Fridays, Newton's "Principia," and Hartley on Man; on Wednesdays, Dr. Samuel Clarke's works, in particular his Controversy with Collins; and on Saturdays, Jonathan Edwards on the Bondage of the Will.

He thoroughly adopted Edwards' theory as to the bondage of the will, but deduced conclusions from which Edwards would have shrunk. He conceived, that, as there is no free will, there can be no demerit, nor any punishment in the proper sense of the term. What we call punishments, must in reality be chastisements, intended in all cases for the recovery and reformation of the offender. Hence he inferred the ultimate repentance and salvation, not only of all evil men, but of all

evil beings whatsoever. He was, in short, an uncompromising Universalist; and having made himself familiar with all the arguments from the original text of Scripture and from the Fathers in support of that system, he delighted in doing battle for it at all times, and against any adversary.

From my first acquaintance with him, I took pleasure in contradicting him, in order to draw him forth on his favourite topics. On one occasion, when I had been more successful in argument than usual, he took his revenge by an unexpected assault: "I wish," he said, "that you were half as great a hero in the pulpit as you are in this dining-hall." He had before told me, that I did not make the most of my pulpit compositions, and he now added: "Give me a rival chapel in the next street, and I pledge myself, in the course of a few Sundays, to empty your church by preaching your own sermons." He had very little respect for the sermons he had himself been accustomed to preach, for when I asked what had become of them, he replied, that having no occasion for them as Organist to the College, he gave them to Betty Slaughter, the chambermaid, who lighted his fires with them every morning until they were all consumed.

In conversation, especially after dinner, Mr. Linley, who had a more than ordinary share of sensibility, could not find phrases and comparisons strong enough to express his feelings. Yet some of his expressions, it might be thought, were tolerably strong. Of one man he would say, "He is *an unmitigated ass, brute, and*

fool!" Of another: "The fellow has no more feeling than a *butcher's block!*" Of a third: "He is like a cat, *eternally purring his own praise!*" Of a fourth: "The creature has contrived *by dint of cringe and crawl work* to rise in the world!" And of a fifth: "He begged for preferment with *wedge-like importunity!*" To describe the haughtiness of Bishop Middleton, who, he imagined, had treated him disdainfully as nothing more than a minor canon at Norwich—he often said, "That man walked with such a strut, you would have thought he meant to kick the universe from beneath his feet." To intimate his reluctant acquiescence in any statement or opinion, he would say with a sneer, "Exactly so," "Precisely so!"—"As if measured by rule and compass." His refined taste in music was often a source of pain to him. A performance which would satisfy many hearers was to him an intolerable nuisance. He would exclaim, "Mercy on my ears! A chorus of bull frogs; a chorus of warming pans; a chorus of bagpipes!" I recollect sitting near him while a young lady was playing without book a grand concerto with surprising execution. Linley all the while indulged unconsciously in the following half audible soliloquy: "Pshaw! How insipid all this is. Consummate ass! The same thing over again: I'd as soon listen to a chorus of cats. Well, I'm thankful, she has finished at last."

His brother William one day sang a song which failed to please him, and he did not hesitate to tell him so. "You forget," replied William, "who composed

that song." "And I don't care to be reminded," replied Ozias, with much impatience. "It was our own father," rejoined William. "Consummate ass!" exclaimed Ozias, not immediately considering to whom he was applying this strange epithet. Then recollecting himself he apologised, and recovered his good humour.

Linley's strong language was always enforced by suitable tones and gestures. He twisted his snuff box between his fingers more rapidly in proportion to his excitement, and pulled his wig awry, till the back was foremost, and a large portion of his fine bald head became visible. He spoke so loud as to make the dining-hall resound, and struck the table so violently with his clenched fist as to put the glasses and decanters in serious jeopardy.

The heaviest blow of this kind I ever heard him give was when he conceived himself to have been superciliously treated by Mr. Smith, the Preacher of the College. This elderly clergyman, although more than seventy years of age, had not a little of the *petit maître* in his dress, language, and habits. Linley said of him, that he was "all primroses and violets." As Fellows of the College the two old gentlemen lived of necessity in daily intercourse with each other, but having few points of resemblance they had continual altercations, which, happily, were always soon made up. The quarrel, however, which I now refer to, threatened to prove final. Mr. Smith on being applied to had not at once consented to take Linley in his one-horse chaise to the ceremonial of laying the first stone of St. George's,

Camberwell. Linley introduced the subject after dinner, and whispered to me: "He thinks I am not sufficiently a dandy to be seated by him on this grand occasion. The puppy! the eternal coxcomb!" Then turning to Mr. Smith, he continued, "Now, Mr. Smith, do condescend to tell me whether you do or do not intend to take me with you in your carriage to Camberwell." "Really, Mr. Linley, I have a very great respect, but—nothing could have given me more pleasure, but—I should indeed have been highly gratified, but—" He was going on in this style when Mr. Linley interposed: "Mr. Sinclair, do you understand him? He is far too deep for my shallow intellect. Respect! pleasure! gratification! and after all there is an everlasting *but*. Do, Mr. Smith, explain yourself. I am a plain-spoken man; give me, I beseech you, either yea or nay." Mr. Smith made another long speech, the tenor of which was to intimate a refusal. Mr. Linley then, in a paroxysm of rage, turned to me. "Sir, you have heard him refuse to take me with him in his carriage. Now, remember, I do solemnly swear that I will never speak to that man again; no, not for ever and ever. *Amen.*" He confirmed this *Amen* by a blow which made all the glasses and decanters upon the table jump.

I was not a little alarmed at this outbreak, but the two friends met next day as if nothing had occurred.

Linley often dwelt upon the caution which the clergy ought to exercise in preaching against infidelity. "Our bishop of Dulwich," he often said, "is apt to fall into a grievous error on this point. I have heard him, after

giving out his text, begin abruptly, 'What says the objector?' and then read whole pages from some clever infidel treatise, full of life and point, only marred by delivery in his dull monotonous diapason. And what followed? He would conclude by telling us, that he had no time for a reply to the sophistry he had been preaching, but would reserve it for the Sunday following. Hence it followed that the congregation, myself included, were to spend a whole week in a state of infidelity. And at last, when the long-deferred reply came, it was unfortunately his own; it was no reply at all, and the wrong impression of the first sermon was in no degree rectified by the second."

Among Linley's most notable eccentricities was absence of mind. His brother-in-law, Sheridan, invented ludicrous instances of it, and even told them in his presence. When allusion was made to one of these, Linley exclaimed with indignation, "That is an everlasting lie; but," he added, with returning good humour, "I will tell you something better, which really befell me." He then began: "While I was a minor canon at Norwich, I went one evening to my tobacconist's, and having filled my snuff-box, was about to leave the shop, when, I know not how it happened, but I took up the two brass candlesticks that were standing lighted on the counter, and was walking into the street with them, one in each hand, when the tobacconist recalled me to myself by exclaiming, 'Surely, Mr. Linley, you do not intend to carry off my candlesticks!'"

My friend sometimes related a still more remarkable

instance of his own obliviousness: "It was my turn," he said, "as a minor canon, to preach in Norwich Cathedral, and well knowing my own infirmity, I rang the bell, and put the key of my study into my landlady's hands, requesting her to lock the door, and come again to let me out in time for the service. She raised objections, and insisted on returning the key, but somehow I remained under an impression that she had taken it with her as I desired. Accordingly I read my sermon over till the bells began to ring. I then put on my surplice, but no landlady came to release me. I read half my sermon over again, but still no landlady appeared. Looking out of the window, I saw the congregation assembling, and at length the great bell began to toll, as it always did when the Dean and Chapter were about to form into procession. Still no landlady appeared. In this extremity I threw open the window, and with the help of the water-butt and water-spout, climbed down in my canonicals into the street. Happily I was so late that comparatively few of the congregation witnessed this exploit. On my return home after the service I put my hand mechanically into my pocket, and had opened the door of my lodgings, before I called to mind my imaginary difficulty."

When he related this anecdote, Mr. Linley sometimes added, "The sermon I preached was copied verbatim from Bishop Hoadly, whom the Dean and Chapter looked upon as an execrable heretic, but who was an especial favourite of the Bishop, Dr. Bathurst. After the service, as we were going in procession to the

vestry, the Bishop turned to me with a gracious smile, 'Mr. Linley, I am much obliged to you for the excellent sermon you *selected.*'"

"What have I to pay?" said Mr. Linley, coming to a turnpike, whip in hand, with a bridle trailing on the ground. "You have nothing to pay, Sir," replied the turnpike keeper; "you must have left your horse behind you." This conjecture was correct. Linley had undertaken to do duty at a church a few miles from Norwich, and in order to relieve his horse, had dismounted to walk part of the way. The bridle had slipped off while he was in a brown study, thinking of "Plato's Dialogues," or "Hartley on Man," and he reached the turnpike quite unconscious of the loss he had sustained. Happily he found the animal grazing on the road-side not far off, and was able to reach the country church in time for the performance of his duties.

Strangers dining at Dulwich College were sometimes surprised to hear Mr. Linley abusing seaport towns, and strenuously affirming that they "ought not to be encouraged."—The origin of this singular prejudice was an adventure, of which he used to give the following account. "Having a curiosity to see Dover, I arrived there one afternoon, but was disappointed grievously in the place, the weather, and the hotel. And what do you think they gave me for dinner? Roast veal! Yes, I assure you they actually set before me a lump of roast veal! I ordered it away at once; why did they not let me have a good rump steak? I desired the

waiter instantly to take a place for me to London by the early coach next morning. But it was a season of calamity; there was no place inside, and I was under the necessity of either travelling outside, or spending a whole day in that detestable seaport town. Of course, I climbed up to my outside place, and was glad at all events to get clear of Dover, but before the end of the first stage, I felt uncomfortable and giddy. At the moment when we stopped, I happened to be looking at my watch, and in my hurry to get down, I handed it to a lady who was sitting next me, and requested her to take care of it till I returned. I had scarcely got into the inn, when the coach drove off with all my baggage, and of course I never saw my watch again. You say the lady did not intend to steal it! she was all child-like simplicity! Yes, precisely so; exactly so; no doubt about it! But I know better; and I have resolved never again to visit any of your seaport towns; I say they ought not to be encouraged."

I was unfortunate enough on some occasion to quote Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff, against Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Linley was indignant at this disparagement of his favourite author. "Your Dr. Gobblestone," he exclaimed (for he never condescended to pronounce the Bishop's name correctly), "Your Dr. Gobblestone is no more fit to cope with Jonathan Edwards, than one of our schoolboys to stand up in the ring against Cribb or Molyneux."

One day when Mr. Linley and I were walking towards town, he took occasion to make some pur-

chases at a bookseller's in Walworth. I observed upon the counter a copy of Bishop Coplestone's "Treatise on Necessity," and directed my friend's attention to it. Unfortunately he opened it at a passage where the Bishop puts the question, "Will the Necessarians reply, that our exertions and anxieties are as much fated as the things themselves which come to pass? This answer can never be admitted."* Without reading a word more, Linley threw down the volume, and left the shop. As we proceeded along the crowded thoroughfare, he continued in a tone which attracted more attention than I wished: "So then I am not to maintain an essential part of my theory? We Necessarians all insist that the means are predestinated as well as the end; we have a right to say so; we must say so; how can we do otherwise? How can we say that the end comes to pass without means—the effect without a cause? Your Dr. Gobblestone imagines, that to state the doctrine of necessity is to refute it. The unmitigated coxcomb!"

Mr. Lindsay, desirous to give his irritable friend a useful lesson, wrote a sermon on Anger; and in describing the angry man, gave a very pointed representation of Linley. We could not see distinctly the effect produced by the delivery of this discourse, for Linley was seated in the organ-loft, behind a curtain; though I saw his eyes from time to time attentively fixed on the preacher. After dinner I introduced the subject

* Page 14.

by adverting to the excellent moral lecture we had heard in the morning. "For my part," replied Linley, who saw clearly that his own edification had been the object of the sermon, "I did not hear a word of it, for I was busy all the time reading 'Robinson Crusoe.'" This was of course an extempore invention.

There was one occasion on which my friend Linley gave me far greater credit for readiness as a preacher than I deserved. I had gone in my canonicals to the dining-hall, where the master (John Allen, of Holland House celebrity), and the fellows usually met to walk in procession to the chapel. I found a large gathering in great commotion. A tradesman and some of his friends had come to complain of a boy who had been apprenticed to him from the college. The boy with his parents and others was repelling the charge, and at the same time bringing counter-charges against the tradesman. The master and Mr. Linley were in vain endeavouring to restore peace and order. Some time elapsed, and I at length remarked that we were in danger of being too late for Divine service; that the congregation were waiting, and that the settlement of the dispute might be postponed till the service was over. My suggestion was adopted, and all parties proceeded in due form into the chapel. By a very strange coincidence my text was Romans xii. 9: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." My sermon was an earnest enforcement of the apostle's exhortation to an amicable temper. On our return to the dining-hall, the master expressed his

hope that all parties would be disposed to peace after the wonderfully appropriate sermon they had heard. The result was, that they all agreed at once to shake hands, and forget the cause of quarrel. The master would not believe that I had preached a written composition, and Linley congratulated me on my success in extempore preaching. When I assured him that the sermon was actually in manuscript, and offered to show it him, he refused to look at it. "Pooh, pooh!" he said; "exactly so; precisely so; no doubt about it, but I am not a simpleton. I know better; and henceforth I shall always advise my friends in an emergency to apply to you for an extempore effusion."

My friend Linley, not satisfied with sitting long after dinner, often urged me to sup with him. "One glass of port," he said, "after twelve is worth a dozen before." Having secured me alone with him he would talk of Hartley on Man, Edwards on Free Will, and Clarke on the Attributes, till morning was far advanced. Owing to the weak state of my eyes, I could only take a very small quantity of wine; but I kept my glass always full, and my host did not inquire how often it was emptied. What he desired was a long sederunt. If therefore at twelve or one o'clock, I remarked that it was getting late, he would answer impatiently, "Aye, Mr. Sinclair, you are always so exceedingly righteous; you are virtue all over, inside and out. But what makes you in such a hurry? You never sit ten minutes without being eager to get away; you are everlastingly on the move. One tumbler more and

we'll part friends." At the end of that tumbler the same remonstrances were repeated, and I was again accused of orthodoxy and clean-shirtism and pharisaical austerity.

Linley, if he had gone upon the stage, would have been a first-rate actor. I have heard him repeat scenes from "The Rivals" and the "School for Scandal," before a small party, with such exquisite humour, giving additional touches off-hand, that our sides were sore with laughter, and we entreated him to desist.

The stories he related were gems, but his manner was necessary to set them off, and do them justice. "Voltaire," he used to say, "gives the best possible description of our modern pulpit oratory. 'He divided that which required no division; proved that which needed no proof; put himself in a violent passion with perfect composure, and then concluded; upon which his hearers awoke, and swore that they had heard an incomparable discourse.'"

"Some one expressed surprise that Sheridan, a proprietor of Drury Lane, should have been seen taking tea and muffins in a coffee-house while the theatre was in flames. 'And why not?' asked Sheridan. 'Is it not allowable *to toast a muffin at one's own fire?*'"

"Tom Sheridan once told his father that when he got into Parliament, he would not pretend to greater virtue than he possessed, but would at once write upon his forehead 'To be let.' 'That won't do,' replied his father, '*unless you add unfurnished.*'"

Among Linley's favourite anecdotes was one of

Handel, which he would thus relate: "Shortly before I became a minor canon of Norwich, the organist of the Cathedral received a visit from Handel, and on the following Sunday requested him to '*play out*' the congregation at the close of morning service. Handel at once consented, and began in a style wholly different from that to which they had been accustomed. The result was that instead of going out, they all remained in their seats to enjoy this delightful performance. After some time Handel looked round to see whether they were gone. Observing them still seated, he continued to play, and then looked round a second and a third time, with increasing surprise at their dilatoriness. At last the organist addressed him: 'Mr. Handel, I see *you can't "play out" this congregation; let me try what I can do.*' Accordingly he took Handel's place, and began to play in his usual style; the congregation immediately perceived the change, and rapidly disappeared.'"

"Cumberland, jealous of Sheridan's reputation as a dramatist, said he went to hear the 'School for Scandal,' but could not conceive what it was the world was laughing at. 'Did he not laugh?' says Sheridan. 'No.' 'Well, then, that was very ungrateful in Mr. Cumberland, for *I laughed at his last tragedy till I was ready to split my sides.*'"

"'I'll stake *the profits of my last book* on that point,' says Monk Lewis, at the close of a warm discussion. 'No,' answered Sheridan, 'I can't afford so much, but I am ready to bet *the worth of it.*'"

In 1825 my friend Linley was among the vast number who considered themselves on the verge of ruin. Speaking of that great monetary crisis, he would say, "Nearly all that I possessed was in the hands of Sir John Lubbock. In an evil hour for him some crazy old woman, staggering along the Poultry, fell down at the door of his bank. The passers-by stopped to pick her up; a crowd collected; a report was raised that Lubbock's bank was in jeopardy, and a run upon it began. The alarm reached Dulwich, and I was urged on all sides to hurry off to town, and endeavour to secure my money. I dressed accordingly, put on my hat, took up my walking-stick, and then sat down in my arm-chair for a few minutes to meditate. After some hesitation, indolence or shame prevailed. I struck the floor with my stick, and exclaimed, 'I'll sink or swim with Sir John.' You know what followed. The run ceased, and my magnanimity was rewarded."

Before concluding this account of my friend Linley, I ought to mention that there were not many, either of the clergy or laity, who more thoroughly appreciated our Book of Common Prayer, and our translation of the Bible. In both there are passages on the excellence of which he delighted to expatiate. Speaking of the *Te Deum*, he would repeat, with a solemnity which Kemble might have envied, the striking versicle, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory," and then add, "How can any man, not destitute of moral sensibility, read or hear, without emotion, these glorious words?"

"There are various passages," he would add, "in the lessons for the day which I was never able to read in the congregation without betraying my emotion. Take as an example the chapter in which poor King Hezekiah, having received the threatening letter of the Assyrian despot, goes up into the house of the Lord, and spreads it before the Lord. When I came to the pathetic appeal, 'Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear; open thou thine eyes, and see,' it was too much for me. I realised the whole scene; my voice began to falter, and I could hardly read it, because I could hardly see it."

As Ozias Linley advanced in years, he gradually dropped those theological eccentricities, for which in former times he had been always ready to do battle. He scarcely ever referred to Jonathan Edwards, to the bondage of the will, or to universal restoration. As a right-minded and earnest Christian, he acknowledged his unworthiness, and in humble faith and penitence received upon his death-bed the memorials of redeeming mercy.

DAVID HUME.

IN 1831, when I was residing at Edinburgh as minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, York Place, I heard with some alarm, on coming home late one evening, that Dr. Abercrombie, the celebrated physician, and writer on the Moral and Intellectual Powers, had for sometime been waiting for me. "You will be surprised," he said, "to see me at this hour." I replied, that I feared some member of my congregation had suddenly been taken ill. "Nothing of the kind," he continued, "the subject of my visit is the Hume MSS." "The Hume MSS.!" I exclaimed, "I have nothing to do with them." "Very true," rejoined the Doctor: "but I come to tell you, that in consequence of what has happened within the last two hours, you will henceforward have a great deal to do with them. For they were bequeathed, as you know, to the Royal Society by the late Baron Hume, the Historian's Nephew, and the Council this evening appointed a committee of their own body to examine and report upon them. In this committee you and I along with Lord Meadowbank and others are included." I expressed in strong terms the gratification I derived from

being chosen to sit in judgment on the writings of so distinguished an author. "I am glad," replied the Doctor, "that you view the matter in that light; for, as regards myself, owing to my numerous engagements, I have no time to serve on the committee. I shall decline the honour." I answered, that if he agreed to serve, I was prepared to serve also: but that if he declined, I also should decline. The result was, that we both consented to act on the committee, and I had thus the privilege of conferring, from time to time, with one of the best and wisest men of his generation on all the chief questions, philosophical and historical, to which the writings of Hume give rise.

On the day after the above interview, I hastened to the Royal Society's office, where I saw the Baron's bequest, secured in a large green tin box. The contents of the box consisted of private note-books, containing a multiplicity of extracts from authors, ancient and modern, occasionally with short and pointed remarks: also the autograph MS. of portions of the History of England, with numerous corrections and interlineations: also the MS. of the "Posthumous Dialogues on Natural Religion,"—and lastly, no fewer than seven thick volumes of letters from miscellaneous correspondents, both foreign and domestic, including Rousseau, Turgot, Diderot, Helvetius, Condorcet, D'Alembert, Franklin, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Carlyle, Horace Walpole, the Earl Mareschal, &c.

The first difficulty that occurred to me was, that, with my weak eyes, I had little prospect of being able to

decipher so many volumes of letters, many of them in French, and not always very legible. But I soon got over the difficulty by a very fortunate arrangement. I heard of a literary Parisian then at Edinburgh in want of employment, and I engaged him to read French aloud a certain number of hours every week. He was delighted with the engagement. He read beautifully, and with enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen; especially of Rousseau, whom he considered to be by far the greatest genius of the age. He cared less, however, for the sentiments than for the style of that extraordinary man. After reading some eloquent passage, he would put down the volume, clasp his hands, and looking up to the ceiling, exclaim, "What exquisite rhythm! Admire the cadence of that period; where does our glorious language appear to more advantage?"

Before proceeding further, I wish to state briefly by anticipation some of the conclusions which I arrived at, after a careful perusal of the Hume MSS.

I. David Hume, although a sceptic from his youth, was never an absolute unbeliever. He did not reject religion, natural or revealed, but he considered human reason to be incapable of forming any definite opinions on the subject. "The intense view," he says, "of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason, has so wrought upon me, and heated my brain, that I am ready to look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another." * One of his essays

* Stewart's Life of Dr. Reid, p. 439.

is entitled, "Sceptical doubts as to the operations of the human understanding." The next essay is styled, "Sceptical solution of those doubts," on which last title, since sceptical is synonymous with doubtful, Dr. Beattie pointedly remarks, "How strange it is that the greatest achievement of modern philosophy should be to produce 'a doubtful solution of doubtful doubts.'" Among the clearest proofs that Hume never advanced so far as positive infidelity, is a passage to be found in his Posthumous Dialogues on Natural Religion. In those Dialogues, the character, who, as Professor Dugald Stewart remarks, represents Hume himself, makes the following memorable appeal: "Supposing there were a God who did not discover himself immediately to our senses, were it possible for him to give stronger proofs of his existence than what appear on the whole face of nature? What indeed could such a Being do but copy the present economy of things; render many of his artifices so plain that no stupidity could mistake them, afford glimpses of still greater artifices, which demonstrate his prodigious superiority over our narrow apprehensions, and conceal altogether a great many from such imperfect creatures?" In another passage he writes, "a *purpose*, an *intention*, a *design* strikes everywhere the most stupid thinkers, and no man can be so hardened in absurd systems, as at all times to reject it." How different the scepticism of Hume from the coarse materialistic infidelity of certain modern writers, who affect to trace the whole of the Divine order and beauty conspicuous throughout Nature, to

nothing higher than spontaneous generation and spontaneous development!

II. Hume did not often introduce religion in his letters or conversation, and scarcely ever in an offensive form. Hence the friendly terms on which, however difficult, it became *possible* for him to live with many leading ministers of the Kirk of Scotland.

III. In his younger days, religion does not appear to have been presented to him in a cheering and attractive aspect, but rather in a gloomy and repulsive form; and the early bias he received in favour of absolute predestination and philosophical necessity, in opposition to free-will and human responsibility, adhered to him throughout life.

IV. He did not pay himself an unmerited compliment, when, towards the conclusion of his autobiography, he wrote these remarkable words: "I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments), I *was*, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions."

V. As the younger son of the proprietor of a small estate, Ninewells, in Berwickshire, Hume's prospects were very humble; but he was conscious of great mental powers, and from the first he fixed his heart on two objects, an independent income, and fame as a

philosopher and man of letters. To gain these objects he was prepared for any sacrifice.

VI. Hume was admitted into the highest fashionable society of Paris, in the days of Louis XV., when it had reached its lowest state of moral corruption: but he was not seduced into an immoral life; and it is remarkable, that indelicate allusions are to be found in the letters of his correspondents rather than in his own.

VII. He was too profound a thinker, and too fastidious a critic, to be a ready public speaker; and accordingly he is never mentioned as having spoken on a platform or taken part in a debate. In a letter to his brother, he writes: "I had great reluctance to the office of Secretary for Ireland, which requires a talent for speaking in public, to which I was never accustomed."

VIII. From the first he laid down, as a rule, never to reply to an attack from any quarter. To this judicious rule, notwithstanding many provocations, he with one exception (his dispute with Rousseau) invariably adhered.

IX. He was exquisitely sensitive on the subject of the Scottish dialect. In a private letter, taking leave of his publisher immediately before his death, he expresses anxiety as to the correction of some provincialisms still remaining in his history. Lord Monboddo therefore, who knew nothing of that letter, had more reason than he was aware of for the sarcastic query, "What shall we say of the man, who, on his death-bed, is found confessing, not his *sins* but his *Scotticisms?*"

X. When Bishop Horne was told that David Hume disparaged Christians as a *gloomy* people, he replied, "The sight of Hume is in itself enough to make a Christian *gloomy*." I must add, that in my own case the perusal of the Hume MSS. produced a far gloomier impression than I anticipated. It appeared to me that even with regard to earthly happiness, his life was on the whole a failure. No doubt by the persevering exertion of transcendent abilities, he secured his two great objects, an independent income, and fame as a philosopher and a man of letters. But his fame was a tardy acquisition. Nearly all his publications were in the first instance unsuccessful, and remained for a long time upon the shelves of the publishers. He tried to bear with equanimity this frustration of his sanguine hopes, but did not always succeed. His letters to his publishers, Strahan and Millar, betrayed the bitterness of his disappointment, and even called forth on their part remonstrances and encouragements. The surpassing brilliancy with which his fame shone forth at last could hardly have made up to him for the comparative obscurity to which he had long been consigned.

He was introduced, as I before remarked, to the *élite* of Parisian society, but he frequently lamented, that, owing to the influence of "the zealots," he never could get on in London, which he often said was "no place for a man of letters."

During his last illness he occupied himself, as Adam Smith informs us, with reading "amusing books." He

gradually declined the visits of his friends: the exertion of conversing with them was more than he had strength to bear. And why? He was evidently more or less on ceremony with them. The author of the "Wealth of Nations" and the Historian of England must converse with one another in a manner worthy of their philosophical and literary reputation. To a sufferer from mortal sickness this was too great an effort, and Adam Smith, perceiving this, left his dying friend at Edinburgh, and crossed over the Firth of Forth to Kirkcaldy. Hume's only visitor was then his physician, Dr. Black. Though his bodily powers were slowly and surely giving way, his mental faculties remained entire. In these solitary hours the attempt to fix his thoughts "on amusing books" must have been a dreary occupation. Doubts also must occasionally have arisen in his doubtful mind as to the result of death, now close at hand. The startling thought must sometimes have occurred to him: What if, after all, religion should be true? What if there be a life to come, in which *he that believeth not shall be condemned?* How deplorable, in this extremity, that his best and only hope should be what Milton thus describes:—

> "To lose this intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night."

It may therefore easily be conceived with what feelings of depression, after months of study, I, for the

last time, closed the green box containing the bequest of Baron Hume.*

Having premised these general remarks, I proceed to sketch the life of the great sceptical philosopher.

Among the Hume MSS. the Note Books were those which I selected in the first instance as my share of the spoil. I had a strong desire to know what authors, ancient and modern, Hume had read; what facts or opinions he considered worthy of remembrance, and what inferences he drew from them.

* Among the Hume MSS. there is a letter of great value, in which the most celebrated infidel cotemporary of Hume is described contemplating the approach of dissolution. The letter is addressed to Hume from Madrid by the Comte de Creutz, tutor to the Prince Royal of Sweden, and is dated 4th of February, 1765. The Comte had immediately before been paying a friendly visit to Voltaire at Ferney. Having congratulated his "insular friend" on the progress of his philosophy, not only in Sweden, but even in Spain, he adverts to the terms of affectionate esteem in which Voltaire was accustomed to speak of "*son Saint David,*" as he jocularly termed the author of "The Essay on Miracles." But he has the candour to make the following memorable acknowledgment :—

Cet illustre vieillard est adoré à Genève, et il merite de l'être. Sa maison des délices est digne de ce nom. Monsieur de Voltaire devroit être heureux si l'homme pouvoit l'être; il est au dessus de la célébrité et de la réputation. Les hommes les plus illustres de tous les pays viennent lui rendre leurs hommages. Il peut se livrer à l'amitié, l'agriculture, et les lettres, les seules passions qui donnent la félicité. Cependant son ami inquiète le tourmente toujours. Sans cesse hors du cercle qu'il habite, il désire, et ne jouit de rien. Il voit la mort avancer à grand pas, et l'idée de la destruction le désole. Il est triste, lors qu'il songe qu'il n'est pas aussi immortel que ses ouvrages.

I wish I had room for some of the letters in which Hume's foreign correspondents endeavour, on infidel principles, to account for the death-bed conversion of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu from infidelity to Christianity. A French philosopher, Chauron, of Avignon, does not deny the frequency of such conversions, but ascribes them to a very startling source;—*une sorte de timidité sur l'avenir.*

I select the following specimens of these very curious notabilia :—

"La Motte's argument why there was a Homer from the unity of character and design in these poems may be applied to prove one God.

"Atheists plainly make a distinction betwixt good reasoning and bad ; why not betwixt vice and virtue?

"Strabo's atheism the most dangerous of the ancient forms, holding the origin of the world to be from nature, or matter endued with activity. Bayle thinks there are none but Cartesians who can refute this atheism.

"Three proofs for the existence of a God : 1. Something necessarily existent, and what is so is infinitely perfect. 2. The idea of infinite must come from an infinite being. 3. The idea of infinite perfection implies that of actual existence.

"No religion can maintain itself in vigour without many observances to be practised on all occasions : hence the priests are stricter upon these than moral duties, without knowing the reason.

"Diodorus Siculus pleads seriously for the authority of mythology.—Lib. 4.

"Whoever consecrated the tenth of his goods to Hercules was esteemed sure of happiness by the Romans.—*Ibid.*

"Jupiter, according to the Cretan tradition, was a pious worshipper of the gods : a clear proof that those people had a preceding religion.—Lib. 5.

"Lucian endeavours to turn the doctrine of the Trinity into ridicule—'three in one and one in three;' a proof of the antiquity of that doctrine, if the dialogue be Lucian's, and it is probably very ancient, because one of the speakers says he was baptised by St. Paul.

"An inscription by Diocletian : Diocletianus Jovius et Maximianus Herculeus Augusti, amplificato per orientem et occidentem imperio Romano, et nomine Chrisŧianorum deleto, qui rempublicam evertebant. In another: Superstitione Christianorum ubique deleta, et cultu Deorum propagato.

"In the beginning of the fifth century a letter written by Nestorius in Greek to Pope Celestine could not be translated by any person in Italy ; it must be sent to Gaul.

"The study of the Scriptures decried so early as the fifth century, as appears from Eutherius, Bishop of Tyana's exhortations to read them, in a tract published amongst St. Athanasius's works, vol. ii.

"Primitive Christians worshipped relics, but not images. Julian justi-

fies the heathens from their reproaches by the same arguments which the Roman Catholics now make use of.—*Frag.*

"Julian allows the charity of the primitive Christians, but says they stole these doctrines from Homer.—*Epist.*

"They were charitable even to the Pagan poor.—*Ibid.*

"Idolators always ascribe real divinity to their statues.

"Lysias' argument for the incredible number of Xerxes' army good; that otherwise he would never have cast a bridge over the Hellespont, having 12,000 ships to transport them over so narrow a passage.—*Orat.* 31.

"Fencing esteemed of little value by the ancients, and not learnt by the Lacedæmonians.—*Plato.*

"Religion never mentioned in history, but for mischief. This no decisive proof against it, because its business is, not to meddle with factions and governments, but only to prompt morality.

"The holidays at Tarentum exceeded the working days.—*Strabo. Lib.* 6.

"Vossius says, he saw in Rome that digging forty feet under ground, they found the top of columns buried.

"The Lacedæmonians converted the Democracy of Mantinæa into an Aristocracy by nothing but destroying the town, and obliging the inhabitants to live in the country. They thought the change very happy.—*Xen. Hist.* lib. 5.

"Horses were very rare among the ancients before the Romans, and were not employed in anything but war. 1. In the retreat of the 10,000 it would have been easy to have mounted the whole army, if horses had been as common as at present. 2. They had about fifty horses, which, instead of increasing, diminished during the war, though very useful. 3. In the spoils of villages Xenophon frequently mentions sheep and oxen, never horses. 4. Cleombrotus' army, in Hist., lib. 5, made use of asses for the carriages.

"Two millions of British subjects in America.—*William Pitt.*

"Dicæarchus erected two altars, one to impiety, the other to injustice. —*Polyb.* lib. 17, c. 35.

"Pliny says that at the eruption of Vesuvius he fancied the world and the gods were all going to destruction.

"The Persians under Xerxes, as Monotheists, destroyed the temples of the Babylonians; Alexander, as a Polytheist, restored them and granted toleration.—*Arr.* lib. 3, p. 195.

"More expense in levying the French finances than the English; more frugality in spending them.

"The Dutch have about half of the whole East India Trade, which is

above sixty ships a year; the French and English the other half, nearly equally divided.

"The most impious of the Greek fables not adopted by the Romans.—*Dion. Hal.* lib. 1, p. 90.

"Longinus says that Homer's fictions were atheistical, if not interpreted allegorically.—Cap. 9, p. 34.

"One of the clearest and most express distinctions made in antiquity betwixt the supreme and inferior gods is to be found in Xenophon.—Lib. 4, p. 802.

"Common soldiers in antiquity of much higher rank and better morals than at present. Hannibal dissolved his army for a whole winter in Spain, and recalled them to their standards in spring.—*Polyb.* 6, lib. 3, cap. 33.

"Sempronius, the Roman consul, broke up his army in the South of Italy, and appointed them all a rendezvous in the other end of the peninsula.—*Ibid.*, cap. 68.

"Alexander sent back his new married soldiers to winter in Macedon, and recalled them in spring.—*Arrian*, lib. 1, p. 68.

"Confederated democracies like the Achæan approach to aristocracies in stability. The States, composed of Deputies, temper each particular democracy. The credit acquired by individuals in the States gives them more weight in their particular town.

"Men love pleasure more than they hate pain.—*Bayle.*

"Men are vicious, but hate a religion that authorises vice.—*Ibid.*"*

Having read several hundred notes and jottings, such as the above in the Hume MSS., I proceeded to the letters, one of which, a youthful performance of Hume himself, immediately arrested and riveted my attention. I considered it the most curious disclosure I had ever seen of the hidden workings of a powerful mind. It

* A selection from Hume's Notes and Memoranda was published by Mr. Burton, Historiographer for Scotland, in his Life of David Hume. I have adhered, however, to my own selection, which was made several years before, and I may add that throughout this sketch I have been desirous to give the impression produced upon my own mind by the Hume MSS. rather than the views of any other individual, however eminent in learning or ability.

was written by him under very singular circumstances in his twenty-third year. Born and educated at Edinburgh, he had completed his college course, when he was only fourteen or fifteen, and had then continued reading, writing, and reflecting with indefatigable industry. His family considered the law to be a proper profession for him; but, as he informs us in his "own life," he found an insurmountable aversion to any but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and "while they fancied," he says, "that I was poring over Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors whom I was secretly devouring." At length in consequence of excessive mental exertion his health gave way. The symptoms were extraordinary. He could eat and drink; he could walk and ride; he even got fat in spite of regular and severe exercise; but his mental powers were impaired; he was no longer capable of the great efforts which were previously his delight. His genius appeared to have deserted him. He could think, and read and talk as usual on ordinary subjects, but was incapable of high philosophical abstraction. The new theories in Metaphysics which he had begun to form, and had expected brilliantly to develope, appeared to fade into obscurity, and unless his health were restored, he could have no hope of bringing them to perfection. All his anticipations of fame, all his prospects of being ranked among the luminaries of the world, all those gorgeous visions which alone made life desirable, seemed likely to end in vanity and vexation. In this emergency he resolved to consult an eminent

physician, a countryman of his own in the Southern metropolis; and in order to communicate without reserve his most private thoughts, he determined to write anonymously, trusting that a total stranger, to whom he did not even confide his name, would have compassion on him, and advise him in his distress.

This most singular epistle thus begins :—

"A LETTER TO A PHYSICIAN.

"SIR,—Not being acquainted with this handwriting, you will probably look to the bottom to find the subscription, and not finding any, will certainly wonder at this strange method of addressing you. I must here in the beginning beg you to excuse it, and, to persuade you to read what follows with some attention, must tell you, that this gives you an opportunity to do a very good-natured action, which I believe is the most powerful argument I can use. I need not tell you, that I am your countryman, a Scotsman; for without any such tie, I dare rely upon your humanity even to a perfect stranger, such as I am. The favour I beg of you is your advice, and the reason why I address myself in particular to you, need not be told,—as one must be a skilful physician, a man of letters, of wit, of good sense, and of great humanity, to give me a satisfying answer. . . .

"I shall now give you a kind of history of my life, after which you will easily learn why I keep my name a secret.

"You must know then, that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our College education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made

me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months; till at last, about the beginning of September, 1729, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch, which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure."

In accounting for his disorder, he thus proceeds:—

"The particulars which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, was, that reading Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceeding useful, when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it."

Having described at great length the symptoms of his bodily disorder, the remedies he had unsuccessfully applied, and his vain endeavours to keep off melancholy by peevish reflections on the vanity of the world and of all human glory—

"Sentiments," he says, "which however just they may be esteemed, I have found can never be sincere, except in those who are possessed of them," he thus concludes, "As I am come to London in my way to Bristol, I have resolved, if possible, to get your advice, though I should take this absurd method of procuring it. All the physicians I have consulted, though very able, could never enter into my distemper; because not being persons of great learning beyond their own profession, they were

unacquainted with these motions of the mind. Your fame pointed you out as the properest person to resolve my doubts, and I was determined to have somebody's opinion, which I could rest upon in all the varieties of fears and hopes, incident to so lingering a distemper. I hope I have been particular enough in describing the symptoms to allow you to form a judgment, or rather perhaps have been too particular. But you know it is a symptom of this distemper, to delight in complaining and talking of itself. The questions I would humbly propose to you are: Whether, among all those scholars you have been acquainted with, you have ever known any affected in this manner? Whether I can ever hope for a recovery? Whether I must long wait for it? Whether my recovery will ever be perfect, and my spirits regain their former spring and vigour, so as to endure the fatigue of deep and abstruse thinking? Whether I have taken a right way to recover? I believe all proper medicines have been used, and therefore I need mention nothing of them."

I think I never read a letter giving a more curious insight into the inmost workings of the writer's mind. How clearly does it show his inextinguishable desire of fame; his entire conviction that life without it would be valueless, and his apprehension that this only object worth gaining was lost to him for ever!

The chief physicians of Scottish origin at that time in London, were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Pringle, and Dr. George Cheyne, the last of whom had published in the preceding year, a work entitled "The English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all kinds, as Spleen, Vapours, Lowness of Spirits, Hypochondriacal Distempers, &c."

Whether the anonymous "Letter to a Physician" was actually sent, and, if so, whether any answer was returned, does not appear. One thing only is certain, that the desponding patient soon recovered from his malady, and was never so afflicted again.

Hume mentions in his letter that he was then in London, on his way to Bristol. His family, finding his aversion to the Scottish Bar insuperable, prevailed upon him to try a mercantile life. "In 1734," he writes in his autobiography, "I went to Bristol with some recommendations to eminent merchants; but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me." His early practical acquaintance however with commerce may not have been entirely useless to him in his later years. Gibbon informs us, that having been at one time captain of a troop of yeomanry, his experience in that military capacity was not without use to him as historian of "The Decline and Fall." And perhaps the short period which Hume passed in a counting-house at Bristol may have suggested useful hints to the Essayist on Money and on the Balance of Trade.

From Bristol Hume withdrew for three years to foreign parts. In his "own life" he gives the following account of his retirement: "I went over to France with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat, and I there laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and *to regard every object as contemptible except the improvement of my talents in literature.*"

"During my retreat in France, first at Rheims, but chiefly at La Fleche, in Anjou, I composed my 'Treatise of Human Nature.' After passing three years very

agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737."

In the year following he published his Treatise, and immediately went down to reside with his mother and elder brother at Ninewells. "Never," he writes in his own life, "was literary attempt more unfortunate than my 'Treatise of Human Nature.' It fell *dead born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots.*"

This discouraging result is not difficult to account for. The Treatise was his first performance. He was utterly unknown. The work was defective in system and arrangement, and was not recommended by those graces of style, of which the author afterwards became so great a master. He to a great extent acquiesced in the judgment of the public. He sometimes complained of those antagonists who "directed all their batteries against that juvenile performance," and in a letter among his MSS., he thus writes: "That you may see I would no way scruple of owning my mistakes in argument, I shall acknowledge (what is infinitely more material) a very great mistake in conduct, viz.: the publishing at all the 'Treatise of Human Nature;' a book which pretended to innovate in all the sublimest parts of philosophy, and which I composed before I was twenty-five; above all, the positive air which prevails in that book, and which may be imputed to the ardour of youth, so much displeases me, that I have not patience to review it."

It is an interesting coincidence that this sceptical

treatise came forth in the year immediately following that in which Bishop Butler published his "Analogy," and that Hume, as a young man, who had never seen any composition of his own in print, desired to submit his pages to the criticism of that great author. In a letter to Henry Hume, afterwards Lord Kames, he writes: "Your thoughts and mine agree with respect to Dr. Butler, and I should be glad to be introduced to him. I am at present endeavouring to make my work give as little offence as possible, before which I could not pretend to put it into the doctor's hands. This is a piece of cowardice, for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me. But I was resolved not to be an enthusiast in philosophy while I was blaming other enthusiasms." In another letter he thus renews the subject: "I shall not trouble you with any formal compliments or thanks, which would be but an ill return for the kindness you have done me in writing in my behalf to one you are so little acquainted with, and, I am afraid, stretching the truth in favour of a friend. I have called upon the doctor with a design of delivering him your letter, but find he is at present in the country. I am a little anxious to have the doctor's opinion. My own I dare not trust to; both because it concerns myself, and because it is so variable, that I know not how to fix it. Sometimes it elevates me above the clouds; at other times it depresses me with doubts and fears. I cannot be entirely disappointed."

It is an interesting question what would have been

the result if Bishop Butler had been at home when Hume knocked at his door, and if those two profound thinkers had freely communicated their thoughts to one another. Dr. Chalmers once said to me, "When a man forms an opinion in his own mind, he may change it as readily as he has formed it; if he communicates it in speech or writing to another, he is confirmed in it; but *if he prints, he is incorrigible.*" Hume had not then printed his sceptical opinions, and therefore was not then incorrigible.

In 1752 Hume was chosen by the Faculty of Advocates to be keeper of their library in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. It was in consequence of this honourable, but not very lucrative appointment, that he was led to think of writing the "History of England." For this great work he had special advantages and qualifications. He had a large library under his immediate control; he had carefully studied the human mind; he was thoroughly acquainted with politics; he had accumulated materials for essays which, when published, formed an era in economic science; and he had acquired the command of a style so terse, pointed, and graceful, that Gibbon said of it: "Robertson fired my emulation, but Hume drove me to despair."

It might have been supposed that a historian who denied the immutability of moral distinctions; maintained the doctrine of necessity, and reduced moral obligation to mere utility and expediency, would be cold and phlegmatic in praising virtue or condemning vice. This is to some extent the case with Hume, and

forms a serious blemish in his history; yet occasionally he discards philosophical consistency, and in describing human action is as emphatic in his eulogies and denunciations as the soundest of moral teachers.

It is on religious grounds deeply to be regretted, that the best History of England should have been written by the most sceptical of sceptics, but it is remarkable, that, except in his philosophical writings, Hume scarcely ever obtrudes his unsound opinions, and many of his readers would hardly discover in his history, the slightest trace of his sophistical aberrations. He himself in his "own life" mentions the singular fact, that on the publication of the first volume, the only two persons considerable for rank or letters, who to his knowledge could endure the book, were the Primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone. These "dignified prelates," he observes, "seem odd exceptions, but they separately sent me a message not to be discouraged."

It shows great skill and judgment in selecting and condensing his materials, that Hume was able to comprise the whole History of England, from the times of the Ancient Britons to the Revolution, in eight octavo volumes, and that this wonderfully condensed narrative, so far from being dry and uninteresting, is always clear, graphic and attractive. Lord Macaulay begins his history with the reign of William III., where Hume leaves off. His performance is magnificent, but the noble author devotes two thick octavo volumes to the events of one septennate;—the first seven years of

King William's reign. A History of England on the same scale continued to the present day would require no fewer than fifty-three closely printed volumes. Kinglake's able and picturesque History of the Crimean War is on a still grander scale. He takes nearly a whole octavo to describe the Battle of the Alma.

Hume commenced his work with the accession of the House of Stuart, when the British Isles were first united under one sovereign. "It was," he says, "an epoch, when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment! I was assailed by one cry of reproach; English, Scotch and Irish, Whig and Tory, Churchman and Sectarian, Free-thinker and Religionist, Patriot and Courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it."

So intense was Hume's discouragement, that he adds: "Had not a war at that time been breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have

changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage, and to persevere."

It was in 1756 that he published his second volume, containing the period from the death of Charles I. to the Revolution. He thus describes its reception: "This performance happened to give less displeasure to the Whigs, and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother." He proceeds: "But though I had been taught by experience that the Whig party were in possession of bestowing all places, both in the State and in literature, I was so little inclined to yield to their senseless clamour, that in above a hundred alterations, which farther study, reading, and recollection engaged me to make in the reigns of the two first Stuarts, I have made all of them invariably to the Tory side. It is ridiculous to consider the English constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty."

In a letter to his publisher, Andrew Millar, he thus explains the reason why his second volume was written in a style less calculated to displease the Whigs than the first: "The two first princes of the House of Stuart were certainly more excusable than the two second. The constitution in the time of the first two was very ambiguous and undetermined, and their parliaments were in many respects refractory and obstinate; but

Charles II. knew that he had succeeded to a very limited monarchy; his Tory Parliament was indulgent to him, and even consisted almost entirely of Royalists; yet he could not be quiet nor contented with a legal authority. I need not mention the oppressions in Scotland, nor the absurd conduct of James II. Upon the whole I wish the two volumes had been published together. Neither one party nor the other would in that case have had the least pretext for charging me with partiality."

This admission on the part of Hume would probably have been extended further and expressed in stronger terms if he had foreseen that subsequent examination of contemporary documents would bring to light little to the advantage of the Stuarts, and much to their discredit.

Having completed his history from the accession of James I. to the Revolution, Hume, instead of proceeding forward to the reign of William III., resolved on going backwards to the reign of Henry VII. He gives the following explanation to Millar: "I have already begun, and am a little advanced in the third volume of my history. I do not preclude myself from the view of going forward to the period after the Revolution, but at present begin with the reign of Henry VII. It is properly at that period modern history commences. America was discovered, commerce extended, the arts cultivated, printing invented, religion reformed, and all the governments of Europe almost changed. I wish, therefore, I had begun here at first.

I should have obviated many objections that were made to the other volumes."

Hume is often accused of carelessness, prejudice, partiality, and indifference to truth; but this is not exactly the impression produced by a perusal of the Hume MSS. In 1759 he thus writes to Millar: "I came to town about six weeks ago, and have been very busy during that time in adding the authorities to the volumes of the Stuarts. I find this a very laborious, but not unentertaining occupation. I find myself obliged to read over again almost all my old authors, and, besides adding the references, I take an opportunity to correct a few mistakes, to add some new facts, and to make improvements on the whole. I fancy I shall be able to put my account of that period of English history beyond controversy. I am glad you have so near a prospect of a new edition."

One of the first attacks upon Hume's accuracy had reference to Mary Queen of Scots. He thus writes to Millar on the subject: "There is one Dr. Mackenzie here (the same gentleman who wrote on health and long life) who has composed a book against me with regard to Queen Mary, where he treats me very roughly as a virulent determined Whig. I am not displeased to be abused by the violent of both parties. I own I think the book will do me good."

The next attack is thus described to Millar: "I shall answer your story of Charles Townsend very fully by another story of the same gentleman. Three years ago, when I was walking in London, I was told by a

friend, that Mr. Townsend said the first volume of my history (the only one then published) was full of gross blunders in facts; he had consulted all the authentic documents, particularly the journals of the House of Commons, and found it so. When I made light of this information, as knowing somewhat of Mr. Townsend's hasty manner of speaking, my friend said that I ought not so much to neglect the matter, because Mr. Townsend had told him that Mr. Dyson, Clerk to the House of Commons, a man of knowledge and solidity, had made to him the same observation. I was a little surprised and alarmed at this, and I went to Mr. Elliott, whom I desired to speak to Mr. Dyson, and to tell him that there was nothing in the world I desired so much as to be informed of my errors, and that he would oblige me extremely by pointing out those mistakes. Mr. Dyson replied, that he had never in his life spoken of the matter to Mr. Townsend, and that though he differed from me in my reasonings and views of the Constitution, he had observed no blunders in facts, except one, with regard to the dispensing power, which, by-the-by, was the one also remarked to me by the Speaker, and which I corrected in the second edition. It was not an error with regard to the reign of James II., but with regard to that of King William, which I had not sufficiently examined. *I assure you there is not a quotation that I did not see with mine own eyes,* except two or three at most, which I took from Tyrrel or Bradley, because I had not the books referred to."

The following extracts from his correspondence with Millar show how eagerly Hume availed himself of every new source of information.

Paris, 1st December, 1763.—"I have here fallen upon a treasure, as I believe, of historical knowledge, which is fifteen volumes of the late James's Memoirs, wrote all with his own hand. I shall be able to make use of these for improving and correcting many passages of my History in case of a new edition, which, however, I fancy will not be soon."

Paris, 18th April, 1764.—"All the discoveries I made in King James's Memoirs make against himself and his brother, and he is surely a good witness on that side; but I believe him also a man of veracity, and I should have put trust in any matter of fact that he told me from his own knowledge."

Paris, 23rd May, 1764.—"Father Gordon, of the Scotch College, who has an exact memory of King James's Memoirs, was so kind as to peruse anew the History during the Commonwealth, and the reigns of the two brothers; and he marked all the passages of fact where they differed from the Memoirs. They were surprisingly few, which gave me some satisfaction, because, as I told you, I take that Prince's authority for a plain fact to be very good."

In 1767, Hume obtained permission from George III., to inspect all the records and papers in the State Paper Office. On this occasion he writes to Millar, "my chief view is to run over such papers as belong to the period

which I have already wrote, in order to render that part of my history as little imperfect as possible."

Hume, as he informs us in his "own life," living very peaceably and contentedly in his retreat at Edinburgh, finished in two volumes, the earlier part of the English history, which, he adds, "I gave to the public in 1761, with tolerable, and but tolerable success."

The question then arose whether he should continue his work. His publishers and many of his friends urged him to do so, but he had great misgivings on the subject. At one time he writes to Millar: "I would fain see the prejudices of faction more abated, in order to smooth my access to the cabinets of the great." At another time he says, "The rage and prejudice of parties frighten me;" at another, "The languishing sale of this edition makes me conjecture, that the time is not yet come;" and again, "I suppose you have copies enough of my history already printed to last your life and mine, *I shall certainly never think of adding another line to it. I am too much your friend to think of it.*"

In reply to this last outbreak of despondency, Millar writes the following remonstrance: "I am astonished at the latter part of your paragraph, namely, 'I shall never think of adding another line to it. I am too much your friend to think of it.' Sure this cannot be the great philosopher, Mr. Hume; your dissipation has, I fancy, made you idle, but this I am sure of; you can in no instance of your life be of the tithe of use to me as by continuing your history. * * * Think

thus as you will but I know your pride is hurt by certain people, I had almost called them fools, that have thought of another person for writing your history *de novo.* But I would despise such and go on as you originally intended, as I am persuaded the person employed would gladly decline the invidious task imposed on him." In another letter Mr. Millar administers further remonstrances and consolations. "I am not a little surprised to see one of your excellent understanding and merit so anxious about the sale, when the booksellers entirely concerned never complained. * * * Considering the number of your enemies, it is rather astonishing your works have sold so much. *You are the last man I should have thought would pay the least attention to such things.*"

He elsewhere adds: "Depend on it all prejudice must subside, and truth in time prevail; and your history upon the whole will be considered the standard history of this country, and by many of the best judges the only one extant." He adds: "The late speaker, Onslow, spoke with high regard of you and your writings, and is much pleased with the thoughts of your going on." And again:

"I am sure that in opposition to all faction your history will be, as Lord Chesterfield often said to me, *the only History of England that will go down to posterity.*"

I shall conclude this account of Hume's History of England by describing the very opposite impression

produced on two remarkable characters by a recital of the particulars above stated. I was sitting one day next to the Historian, Hallam, at a party in London soon after I became acquainted with the Hume Manuscripts. As was natural, I began to mention their contents; in particular his correspondence with his publishers, the attacks made upon him in his lifetime, and the pains he took not only to correct the statements, but the phraseology of his history. Hallam heard me coldly, then impatiently, and at last interrupted me, saying, "You never will persuade me that Hume was a truthful historian;" and with this dictum he stalked away.

Not long afterwards I spent an evening at Magdalen College, Oxford, with the venerable President, Dr. Routh, who, in addition to his high classical attainments, was thoroughly conversant with modern history. We were seated on opposite sides of a large winter fire. He was then about ninety-five years of age, and according to his invariable custom, was attired in full canonicals, including gown, cassock, and bands, with a trencher cap beside him. I introduced the Hume MSS. He immediately showed a deep interest in the subject. Not hearing me distinctly, he crossed the fireplace, and standing before me made a signal for me not to move. I obeyed him for a few moments, and then said: "Mr. President, it is impossible for me to remain seated while you are standing: let me take the chair next to yours." We continued our conversation about Hume to a late hour, the aged scholar showing as much

knowledge of English History as if he had been an undergraduate cramméd for the occasion; and when I came away, he thanked me cordially for the profoundly interesting particulars I had communicated.

While it was doubtful whether Hume would receive such encouragement as would induce him to continue his history, he thought of publishing a translation of Plutarch. "I have made a trial of Plutarch," he writes to Millar, "and find that I take pleasure in it, but cannot yet form so just a notion of the time and pains which it will require as to tell you what sum of money I would think an equivalent. * * * * My manner of composing is slow, and I have great difficulty to satisfy myself."

Another work, which, strange to say, Hume had some idea of undertaking, was a History of the Church. How this idea arose does not appear. Helvetius, however, hearing that he had abandoned it, addressed to him in June, 1763, the following magniloquent expostulation: "The subject is worthy of you, as you are of the subject. It is therefore in the name of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, and of posterity, that I conjure you to write that history. Consider that you alone are able to write it: that many ages may pass before there is another Hume, and that it is a benefit which you owe to the universe, both present and future."

D'Alembert, though less enthusiastic than Helvetius, thus encourages the scheme: "You have seen a little abridgment of Ecclesiastical History attributed to a

certain King of the North * who is as great a believer as you and I; though he is a King, and even though he were an Emperor, I should prefer that this abridgment had come from you."

* Frederic the Great.

THE CONCORDAT ON ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN 1840.

It was under very critical circumstances that I became Secretary of the National Society. I have often since reflected with astonishment on my audacity in accepting the appointment.

In 1839, when I came from Edinburgh to visit my friends in London, I suffered severely from a sudden attack of inflammation in the eyes. My oculist, the celebrated James Wardrop, declared that unless the inflammatory action was immediately subdued, the sight of both eyes would be destroyed. He bled me twice until I fainted—put a swarm of leeches on my temples and behind my ears—and administered doses of mercury until I was reduced to the lowest state of physical debility. The inflammation, however, began slowly to subside.

In my languid condition I was forbidden to receive visitors, but in spite of every precaution my excellent friend Joshua Watson, Treasurer of the National Society, presented himself in my sick-room. He introduced at once the subject of elementary education, enlarging upon the very serious differences which had arisen be-

tween the National Society and the newly constituted Committee of Council on Education. He added, that the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. J. C. Wigram (afterwards Bishop of Rochester), had resigned his office, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), and himself, had been empowered to choose a successor. He concluded by expressing his wish, that I would undertake the duty. In reply I adverted to the many advantages I enjoyed at Edinburgh—to my depressed state of health—to the fearful responsibility which the secretaryship at such a crisis would involve—and to the probability that the Archbishop and the Bishop of London would have candidates in view, whom they might regard with the same partiality which he felt for me.

He went away, but returned a day or two afterwards to inform me that he had been both to Lambeth and to Fulham: that the Archbishop, so far from having any rival candidate to propose, would feel relieved from a serious difficulty, if I would accept the vacant post; and that the Bishop of London, in proof of his favourable disposition, was ready to appoint me one of his examining chaplains.

To these representations I at once yielded, and thus was formed an official connection which lasted no fewer than thirty-two years.

I returned to Edinburgh, bid farewell to my friends in the North, came back to London, and took possession of my office in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

Upon my table I found a number of letters, asking

my advice as to the acceptance or refusal of certain grants, conditionally voted by the Committee of Council for the building of National Schools. Before returning an answer I was obliged to consider the whole question of State Aid in Elementary Education from the beginning.

In 1830, when an Education grant was first voted by Parliament, the whole amount was only £20,000 a-year; the grant was small, but the method of distribution was unexceptionable. Ten shillings was the sum allowed for each child provided with school accommodation, and the grants were given on the recommendation of the National Society, or of the British and Foreign School Society. The latter society, although not decidedly a Nonconformist Institution (for the managers and teachers of British schools might all be members of the Church), enabled Nonconformists to obtain a share of the public bounty.

The arrangement had lasted ten years without dispute or agitation, when a new system was devised. The Lords of the Treasury were superseded by a Committee of Privy Council, who undertook to distribute a larger Parliamentary grant (£30,000 a-year instead of £20,000) on their own responsibility, and without the same regard to the recommendations of the two societies. The mode in which the new committee spoke and acted excited general alarm throughout the Church. The point which called for my immediate attention was the inspection of schools. I received letters every day from clergymen, and other promoters of Church schools,

stating that in compliance with their application to Government for assistance, they had obtained the offer of a grant from the Parliamentry vote, but that a new condition was annexed, which caused them much embarrassment. A State Inspector, neither sanctioned nor directed in any way by the authorities of the Church, was to have the right of entering their schools, and without inquiring into the religious education of the pupils, was to examine and report exclusively on their secular attainments. The declared object of his visit was to "secure conformity in the regulations and discipline established in the several schools, with such improvements as might from time to time be established by the Committee of Council." *

As State inspection was a novelty, and as the form it had assumed appeared liable to serious objection, my correspondents expressed an anxious wish to be advised whether they should submit to the required condition or reject the offered grant. They were impatient for an immediate answer, being called upon to accept or reject the Government grant within a period which would soon expire.

The applications for advice, which poured in upon me from all quarters, caused me much embarrassment, and this embarrassment was not lessened by the circumstance that the Committee of the National Society had fixed their next meeting for a day subsequent to the period when the answer must be given. The members were dispersed all over the kingdom, and yet

* This condition was afterwards withdrawn.

some immediate measure was indispensable. In this emergency I drew up a private circular advising the applicants to ask the Privy Council for further time, in order that before returning a final answer, they might consult the National Society.

As soon as my circular was set up in type, I hurried with a proof to Fulham Palace to consult the Bishop of London. His reception of me was characteristic. I found him seated quietly at dinner with his family. He asked me to take a chair as if I had been an invited guest, discussed a variety of subjects with perfect coolness, and then, as soon as the ladies were gone, began abruptly: "Something of moment must have brought you here at this hour, what is it?" I explained the state of affairs, and presented my circular. Having read it, he gravely said: "It is a bold commencement of your secretaryship to issue an unauthorised circular, affecting the relation of the Society to the Government; and yet I cannot advise you to suppress it."

The circular produced the favourable result which I anticipated. On the 16th of October, 1839, when the Committee assembled with the Archbishop in the chair, I was at once able to inform them that in case they should resolve on advising applicants to decline public grants, I had already ascertained the general disposition to comply, however serious the pecuniary loss to be sustained. This fact had great influence. No disapproval of the unauthorised circular was expressed; and the Committee adopted the decided measure of

recommending that, until the obnoxious condition was either modified or withdrawn, public money should be refused.

The grounds of this recommendation are fully stated in the Society's correspondence and reports, and so deeply did they impress the public mind, that out of 204 School Committees applying for public aid, only 49 accepted it; and of that small number 14 afterwards declined it. Others in the strongest terms expressed their wish to do the same, if their poverty would permit them: while several Boards of Education in the country intimated their desire that the Society should have recourse to stronger measures, and expel from union any school, the managers of which should throw it open to the State Inspector.

Among other measures it was resolved to publish the Society's correspondence with the Committee of Council, consisting of above fifty letters; and I was directed to prepare the draft of a concluding letter, containing all the reasons of the Society for repudiating inspection in the form insisted on.

While the correspondence was in the press, I wrote a long commentary upon it, which I showed to Joshua Watson. He was delighted with it; and promised to get the whole correspondence inserted in the *Morning Herald*, and the commentary converted into a leading article, through his friend the Rev. E. W. Grinfield, who at that time was editor. When my performance was set up in type, Mr. Grinfield brought it to me, saying, "This will not do: it is not written in *our*

style. It is too classical—too elaborate for an editorial. Have you any objection to alter it, so that it may pass muster as 'a genuine leader.'" I replied that I did not care about the style provided the substance remained. He then sat down, pen in hand, and after many apologies, put in a homely phrase in one place, a needless simile in another, and adjectives without stint everywhere, until I considered the style hopelessly destroyed. After this process, however, the article, to use the phrase of the editor, read exactly as if it had been his own.

Shortly afterwards, in order to keep up the agitation throughout the country against the new requirement, I thought it necessary to issue another circular, entering more into argument, and pointing out as strongly as I could the dangers to be anticipated from the aggressive policy of the Privy Council. When I showed this second circular to Mr. Watson, he said: "I heartily concur in every word of it; but I do not think you ought to print it without the sanction of the Committee." I had already sent a copy to Lord Ashley (now Earl of Shaftesbury), who took a very different view, and in his frank, bold, friendly manner, said, "Put forth your manifesto. I shall be ready to defend you; and, what is more, I shall enable you to defend yourself in the columns of the —— and ——," naming two of the leading journals. In this dilemma I sent my circular by a special messenger to Fulham, with a note to the Bishop of London, requesting him to arbitrate

between Mr. Watson and Lord Ashley. The Bishop's answer was laconic, but sufficient.

"My dear Sir,—

"I rather incline to concur with Lord Ashley.

"Yours most truly,

"C. J. LONDON."

I was in no small anxiety as to the reception which my letter would meet with, when, to increase my uneasiness, I received a short note from the Archbishop, summoning me "immediately" to Lambeth. When I entered the library I saw at once that his Grace was not in the state of calm, dignified self-possession which he usually maintained. "Do you know anything of that paper," he said, putting a small pamphlet into my hand. I took it to the nearest window, and soon found, to my great satisfaction, that it was not my circular, but an attack on the Committee of Council abounding in coarse invective, but miserably wanting in taste as well as argument. I told the Archbishop that I knew nothing of the pamphlet, and that I strongly disapproved of it. "That is a great relief to me," he replied, "for no fewer than five bishops, with the Bishop of Durham at their head, came here yesterday to remonstrate against it under an impression that it was yours. Since it is not yours, it is of no consequence." At the next meeting of the Committee of the National Society, while the members were assem-

bling, I had occasion to go downstairs for some papers I was to read. I met the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Maltby) and his remonstrant Whig brethren coming up. He shook hands with me, saying, "Is it peace, Jehu?" I might have answered in the words of Jehu: "*What hast thou to do with peace, so long as the abominations of Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?*" But I was more pacifically disposed.

At this critical period it was essentially important to obtain pecuniary support. For that purpose a subscription committee had been formed, which had its head-quarters in Leicester Square. Lord Ashley was chairman, and his name was in itself a tower of strength. The committee included nominally a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, but consisted really of Mr. Matheson, chief assayer of the Mint. He had a large staff of clerks, and availed himself without stint of the then recently established penny post to issue circulars, not by hundreds only, but by tens of thousands. I believe he was the first to adopt on a large scale, for charitable purposes, the new facilities thus afforded for the circulation of letters. The result was highly satisfactory. No fewer than fifteen thousand three hundred and ten promises of aid to the society were obtained, including 789 noblemen and gentlemen of landed property, and 4,099 clergymen.

I was especially desirous to obtain the countenance and support of the Universities, and happily, in the case of Oxford, I had a favourable opportunity for that purpose. My friend Dr. Shuttleworth, afterwards

Bishop of Chichester, was Vice-Chancellor, and I prevailed upon him, although a Whig, to give me opportunity of preaching on Education from the University pulpit. I arranged to have announcements made in all the Colleges, and throughout the city, that the Secretary of the National Society was about to give a sermon on the Critical State of Elementary Education. No small excitement was created. St. Mary's was crowded not only with undergraduates, but with masters of arts and heads of houses. I wrote with great care a diatribe on the necessity of uniting religious with secular instruction in the education of the people. The result far exceeded my most sanguine hopes. My friend, Philip Duncan of New College, made a good beginning by coming to the vestry with a contribution of £100. The University unanimously voted £500 towards the objects of the Society. In acknowledging this vote the committee in their report made the following remark:—"Munificent as this grant is, your committee are disposed to value it less on its own account, less even as an example to other corporate bodies throughout the land, than as conveying evidence of sympathy and approbation from an authority which includes so much of the learning, the intelligence, and the piety of England."

Not long after the University of Cambridge with the same unanimity voted a grant of £300.

Meanwhile the day approached for the meeting of Parliament. I looked forward to it with much confidence. I anticipated a combination of various interests,

Scotch and Irish as well as English, in our favour. But when Parliament met, this agreeable prospect vanished. The Scottish Establishment, torn by intestine faction, submitted to the new system. The Presbyterians of Ireland followed the example of their brethren in Scotland. The organs of political parties, however discordant on other subjects, were upon this nearly all harmoniously united against us: and to complete the isolation of the Society, members of the House of Commons, to whom the Church on most occasions looked especially for support, such as Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Goulburn, and Mr. Colquhoun, declined to bring the question of National Education forward. When earnestly appealed to, and solicited at least to call parliamentary attention to the grievances of the parties disappointed of public grants, they replied that *Church Education* was not the first business to be attended to, but rather *Church Extension.*

This determination of our friends in Parliament was most unfortunate. The public mind at that time was not at all occupied about building churches, but was effectually excited upon the subject of building and improving schools. The excitement, however, like every other of the same kind, could not be expected to last. The opportunity to obtain redress would rapidly pass away: the attempt to divert the current of popular feeling into another channel would be a failure, and would only make it cease to flow at all. Accordingly the resolution proposed by Sir Robert Inglis to vote a parliamentary grant in aid of building churches, was

put aside at once as impracticable, and the cause of education meanwhile languished, and was in danger of ruin.

Providentially the Church escaped that calamity. Various circumstances had disposed the Committee of Council, as well as their most able and energetic secretary, Dr. Kay (afterwards Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, Bart.), to adopt any arrangement by which National Education might be fixed on a secure basis. They had not fully anticipated the resistance of the Clergy and promoters of schools throughout the kingdom to their recent aggressive measures. They were embarrassed by the complaints and remonstrances of applicants desirous to obtain grants without submitting to the new condition. They began to see that the National Society was more favourable than they had supposed to the effective cultivation of the popular understanding. Thus it happened that both parties, the National Society and the Committee of Council, were predisposed to any terms of accommodation by which intellectual development should be combined with moral and religious teaching.

I was considering in what way it would be possible for me to communicate my pacific views to the Council Office, when a most favourable opportunity unexpectedly presented itself. In walking down Oxford Street I met a clergyman who accosted me. "Sinclair, you seem to have forgotten an old College friend; don't you recollect Thompson of Oriel?" It was Sir Henry Thompson, who had long before been sent to the South

of Spain in consumption, and whom I supposed to have been many years dead. After some reference to this long suspension of our intercourse, he proceeded:— "What is it that makes you so hostile to the Committee of Council? I hear all about you from my friend Dr. Kay, and from my brother-in-law Sir George Grey. I should gladly do all I can to bring about a better understanding." I replied, "I am a man of peace, and shall be obliged to you to convey this message to Sir George and Dr. Kay, 'If you will give us full security for the *religious education* of the people, we shall give you full security for their *secular instruction.*'"

My old College friend duly conveyed my message, and a negotiation upon that basis was soon begun between the Archbishop and the Government. After it had made considerable progress, a serious difficulty occurred, in consequence of representations made to his Grace, that, to satisfy the Church, additional concessions must be obtained. He sent for me to Lambeth, and at once evinced the unfavourable impression which had been made upon his mind. "You observe," he said, "that as regards the appointment of Inspectors, I am only to have a veto; but of what value is a veto? Practically it is useless. It could not be exercised." I replied, that his Grace had more than a mere veto: he had a concurrent right of recommendation with the Committee of Council, and if he saw fit at any time to withdraw his approval, the Inspector was, *ipso facto,* deprived of his office. I showed that, in the case of Church schools, he was himself to draw up the instruc-

tions to the Inspectors with regard to the examination of the scholars in religion. I explained some other points, on which the terms proposed were more satisfactory than he had been led to believe. At length he said, "I am now quite satisfied; you may go at once to the Bishop of London and tell him so."

Accordingly I got into a cab and hurried off to London House. I there found the Bishop's carriage at the door, with his coachman and footmen in court liveries; and in the lobby was the Bishop himself in full canonicals. I said, "Allow me five minutes." "No, I cannot." "But I come from the Archbishop on urgent business." "Impossible! I am going to a christening, at which the Royal Family are to be present. You would not have me keep the Queen waiting." "Certainly not; but I may get into the carriage along with you." He readily assented. I repeated all that had passed between the Archbishop and myself, and before we reached his destination, he said, "I also am quite satisfied; you may go to the Bishop of Salisbury, and ask him to communicate with the Government."

I hastened accordingly to Chesham Place, where the Whig Bishop, as soon as he knew my errand, gave me a cordial reception, and set out at once to execute the task intrusted to him.

The Concordat thus arranged continued in operation thirty years. The Order in Council, by which it was established, is as follows:—

AT THE COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
The 10th of August, 1840.

PRESENT:

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL.

WHEREAS, there was this day read at the Board a Report from the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, dated the 15th of July ult.: in the words following, viz. :—

"We, the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, beg leave humbly to recommend to your Majesty that the following arrangements be made for the inspection of such schools as are in connexion with the National School Society, or with the Church of England.

1. "That before we recommend to your Majesty any person to be appointed to inspect schools receiving aid from the public, the promoters of which state themselves to be in connexion with the National Society, or the Church of England, we should be authorised to consult the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, each with regard to his own province; and that the Archbishops should be at liberty to suggest to us any person or persons for the office of Inspector; and that without their concurrence we should recommend no person to your Majesty for such appointment.

"We further beg leave to recommend to your Majesty, that if either of the Archbishops should at any time, with regard to his own province, withdraw his concurrence in our recommendation of such appointment, your Majesty would be graciously pleased to permit us to advise your Majesty to issue your Order in Council revoking the appointment of the said Inspector, and making an appointment in lieu thereof.

"We further beg leave humbly to recommend to your Majesty, to direct that such portions of the instructions to these Inspectors as relate to religious teaching shall be framed by the Archbishops, and form part of the general instructions issued by us to the Inspectors of such schools; and that the general instructions shall be communicated to the Archbishops before they are finally sanctioned by us.

"We are further of opinion that each of the said Inspectors, at the same time that he presents any report relating to such schools to the Committee of the Privy Council, should be directed to transmit a duplicate thereof to the Archbishop of the province; and should also send a copy to the Bishop of the diocese in which the school is situate, for his information.

"We are further of opinion, that the grants of money which we may recommend to your Majesty should be in proportion to the number of children educated, and the amount of money raised by private contribu-

tion, with the power of making exceptions in certain cases, the grounds of which will be stated in the annual returns to Parliament."

Her Majesty having taken the said report into consideration, was pleased by and with the advice of her Privy Council, to approve thereof; and the Lord President of the Council is to take the necessary steps herein accordingly.

C. C. GREVILLE.

If the Archbishop had any misgivings as to the reception which the Concordat he had arranged would meet with from the Church, they were speedily removed. The best thanks of the Committee of the National Society were voted to him unanimously. The managers of schools throughout the country readily accepted public grants. Nearly all those who had withdrawn their applications now renewed them. A large number of school managers, although they had received money from the Lords of the Treasury, and were therefore exempt from inspection, intimated their readiness to receive the visits of the Queen's Inspector. Notices of this kind were given within three months by the managers of schools in no fewer than 213 places. I shall not attempt to express the relief experienced by those individuals, viz., the Archbishop, the Bishop of London, Joshua Watson, and myself, on whom especially had devolved the formidable responsibility of advising the National Society first to break off, and afterwards to renew, its connection with the Government.

As an acknowledgment of my services on this occasion, the Archbishop most kindly intimated his intention to appoint me his Honorary Secretary for Education, and induced the Archbishop of York to do the

same. I actually received a letter from the Bishop of London, congratulating me on my nomination to be "Epistel-Schreiber" to the two primates. But an objection was raised at the Council Office, and these friendly intentions were never realised.

I have already adverted to the general approval with which the Concordat was received. I must admit, however, that there was one most important exception. That one was no other than Joshua Watson, who put no confidence in the Committee of Council, and whose constant maxim was "*Delenda est Carthago.*" So decided was his repugnancy to have any dealings with the Privy Council Office, that, some time afterwards he gave up the Treasurership rather than sign the receipt for a grant of £5,000, which had been made to the Society for the establishment of a Training Institution, and to which the condition was annexed of submitting to receive a State Inspector. It was on this occasion that I had the honour to be appointed his successor in the Treasurership. I subjoin two letters, in which he addresses me in my two different capacities.

"*Monday Evening.*

"My dear Secretary,

"I have been longing to hear from you in answer to my last; though I can recollect nothing that called for a reply, save an implied inquiry whether you had obeyed the order of the Board (as to the £5,000) or complied with the wishes of

"Yours heartily, "J. W."

"BRIGHTON,

"*Friday Morning, May* 19.

"You must have a line of acknowledgment, my dear Treasurer, for the kind note you sent in time to meet me on my arrival here.

"I am glad you got over the day so satisfactorily; and nothing now remains but to wish, rather vainly to be sure, but still heartily to wish, that you may soon find such a successor to *yourself* as you have found for*

"Yours affectionately, "J. W."

* The letters I interchanged with my estimable friend Joshua Watson during many years amount to about three hundred; they are still in my possession, and may supply some of the materials for a future sketch, in which I hope to show the rapid progress made by National Education under the Concordat, and also to explain the reasons why that arrangement was, notwithstanding, superseded by the Education Act of 1870.

WASHINGTON.

—•—

As long ago as I can remember I felt an ardent wish to visit the United States. Natives of the British Isles desire, for many reasons, to form a personal acquaintance with the great kindred nation on the other side of the Atlantic; but I had a special ground for that desire in the friendly intercourse which my father had for many years maintained with Washington, and other great men of the American Republic.

In 1790 when he was preparing to publish his statistical account of Scotland, he addressed a letter of inquiry to President Washington, and received a courteous answer, which led to frequent and cordial intercourse for many years. He afterwards caused sixteen of the President's letters to be engraved in fac-simile, and formed into a volume, copies of which he distributed among his friends. In a letter dated 1795, Washington returns his cordial acknowledgments for a Diploma which my father had sent him, admitting him a Foreign Honorary Member of the British Board of Agriculture. As King George III. took a lively interest at that time in the proceedings of the Board, it is not unlikely that he was cognisant of the grant of that diploma, the only

mark of honour which Washington ever received from the old country.

In another letter, dated 10th December, 1796, the President thus announces his intention to resign his high office. "A few months more—say the 3rd of March next—and the scenes of my political life will close, and leave me in the shadow of retirement." He then politely adds, "In the seclusion of private life I shall have more leisure to study your works on husbandry."

The most interesting, however, of the President's letters is not included in the engraved volume. It was written in answer to the question, in what part of the United States it would be advisable for a British emigrant to settle. In 1796 my father took a gloomy view of the prospects of Great Britain, and desired to know which of the thirteen newly constituted States would be the most eligible residence for a British country gentleman.

In reply Washington gave an elaborate description of them all, detailing the advantages and disadvantages both immediate and prospective of each, mentioning the price of land, both in the north and south; and concluding with a clear decision in favour of his own native state, Virginia. At the same time it is pleasing to observe the influence of early local attachment on the mind of the great republican of the New World. No English gentleman, whose patrimony had descended to him from the Norman barons, could be more partial to his hereditary domains than Washington to his

Virginian possessions. "To have such a tenant as Sir John Sinclair," he says, "however desirable it might be, is an honour I dare not hope for, and to alienate any of the fee-simple estate of Mount Vernon is a measure I am not inclined to."

So friendly was the interest taken by Washington in my father's scheme of emigration, that, well aware of the precariousness of postal communication at that time, he actually wrote with his own hand three copies of his reply, in closely written folio pages; and it so happened that the first two perished, and the third alone reached its destination.

My father corresponded on friendly terms with four other presidents of the United States,—Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

Jefferson, long before his elevation to the presidential chair, crossed to this side of the Atlantic, and my father had much personal intercourse with him. In a letter, dated 1786, Jefferson expresses his desire to make "a thousand acknowledgments for the many attentions and kindnesses which my father had been pleased to show him;" and, in July, 1816, long after his term of office had expired, referring to the then recent restoration of peace between Great Britain and America, after the second war, he puts this question, "Why should there have been war?" And makes the following memorable reply: "That friendly dispositions have been strong on our part in every administration from the first to the present one; that we would at any time have gone our full half-way to meet it, if a single step

in advance had been taken by the other party, I can affirm of my own intimate knowledge of the fact."

He then proceeds to make, *in confidence*, this remarkable revelation: "During the first year of my administration I thought I discovered in the conduct of Mr. Addington some marks of amity towards us, and a willingness to extend to us the decencies and duties observed towards other nations." Under this impression, he says, he made a friendly communication to the English Premier through the American Minister, at the Court of London, Mr. King. How it came to pass that, to this most important overture of friendship from the President of the United States, made at a time when England had lately been, and was about to be again engaged in a doubtful struggle with the first Napoleon for national existence, no answer of any kind was ever returned, does not appear. What he states is this: "My expectation was that it would be received as an overture towards a cordial understanding between the two countries, but I never heard more of it, and certainly never perceived any good effect from it."

My father's friendship with President Monroe, arose not only from a common interest in agriculture, and social improvement, but from a family connection, both being descended, one in the male and the other in the female line, from the family of Monroe of Foulis, in the Highlands of Scotland. The President, in 1818, made this remark upon the subject: "I am happy to find that we are descended from the same progenitors, though, after the lapse of so many years, the connec-

tion is remote, but, in the words of Dr. Johnson, 'Relations are ready made friends,' and '*every thing that tends to unite the human species for useful purposes ought to be kept up.*'"

Notwithstanding my father's friendly intercourse with these distinguished Americans, I might never perhaps have visited that country but for a special occasion, which unexpectedly presented itself in 1853. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had two years before, requested the American Board of Missions to send a Deputation to assist in the celebration of its third jubilee. The Bishops of Michigan and Western New York (Dr. McCroskry and Dr. De Lancey), together with Dr. Wainwright (shortly afterwards Bishop of New York), came accordingly to this country. They took a prominent part in the Jubilee celebrations, and by their intelligence and urbanity, conciliated universal esteem and regard. They were commissioned to request, that the compliment should be returned in the following year by a deputation from England to the Board of Missions during the triennial session of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at New York.

This request gave rise to serious difficulty. No English Diocesan Bishop was prepared to head the deputation; nor was any dignitary ready to go who had any special claim to represent the Society. Under these circumstances I casually mentioned to the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), my father's correspondence with Washington and other great transatlantic states-

men. He suddenly interrupted me: "Why, you are the very man we have so long been in quest of for the deputation to the United States. I shall at once propose you to the Archbishop." He added, "I might indeed have asked you to go as one of my own Archdeacons; for in former times the American Colonies were all included in the diocese of London, and it is right that I should now depute you, as *oculus Episcopi*, to report upon the state and prospects of the American Church."

I was accordingly appointed to be a deputy, along with the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, secretary of the Society. Not long afterwards Dr. Trevor Spencer, formerly Bishop of Madras, and the Rev. Dr. Caswall, an American clergyman, naturalised in England, were added to the deputation; and on the 26th of September, 1853, I arrived at Gadsby's Hotel, Washington.

The American Union has no fewer than three Capitals; the *commercial*, the *literary*, and the *political* —New York, Boston, and Washington.

When Washington was constituted the seat of government, the founders of the Republic could hardly anticipate the greatness which the Union was rapidly to attain. They could not be expected to foresee that in 1853 the number of States would have increased from thirteen to thirty, and the population of the country from three millions to thirty millions. On the other hand they not unnaturally conceived that Washington, situated on so fine a river as the Potomac, and little more than 110 miles from the sea, and in a rich and

beautiful country, would rapidly advance in wealth and splendour. They attached to it a territory of 100 square miles, called the district of Columbia, to be under the immediate control of Congress. They planned the city on a grand scale; and parcelled out the streets in squares and avenues, a parallelogram nearly five miles in length and two in breadth. The chief street, called Pennsylvania Avenue, extends along an elevated piece of ground from the Capitol to the President's house, a distance of about a mile and a half; and from thence broad streets were projected a mile in length, radiating in various directions. These streets, however, have never been completed. Here and there handsome ranges of buildings have started up, but the houses are still in general detached from one another; and the aspect of the city suggests rather what it is designed to be, than what it has actually become.

I had not much time for making myself acquainted, either with the buildings or the society of Washington, for I arrived, as I have said, on the 26th of September, and early in October the deputation was to be presented to the Board of Missions at New York.

Among my introductions was a letter to the British minister, Mr. Crampton; and on the morning after my arrival, I called upon him at his elegant villa a short distance from the city. He gave me a courteous reception, and invited me to a dinner-party that very day.

In the mean time I went to the heights from which the windings of the Potomac might be seen. I visited the Capitol, the Houses of Congress, the Post-Office,

the Patent-Office, the Smithsonian Museum, the chief churches and chapels, and other objects of interest. The Houses of Congress, although neither very ancient nor very handsome, are deeply interesting, as the scenes of many an eloquent and most interesting debate. I particularly requested to have the seats pointed out to me, from which Clay, Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and other celebrated statesmen and orators rose to deliver their magnificent orations.

I called on Dr. Pyne, the chief clergyman of the Episcopal communion, and presented an introduction. He took me to his church. It was in no respect remarkable as a building, but it had excited my curiosity as the church in which many of the Presidents of the United States had in succession worshipped. I inquired for the presidential pew, but it had no distinguishing mark, and could not at first be pointed out to me; for the reigning President, Mr. Pierce, belonged to some Presbyterian communion: and the state pew, if I may so call it, had been let to a private family.

I was told an amusing anecdote of Mr. Pierce, or one of his predecessors, who, like him, attended a place of worship in which extempore prayer prevailed. The Presbyterian minister was elated out of measure to see before him, as a member of his congregation, the ruler of half a continent. Determined to avail himself of this grand opportunity of usefulness, he began, in his extempore effusions, to pray that the ruler of the land might be "enlightened" to do this, or might have "grace" to do that. This practice was exceedingly

disagreeable to the distinguished individual for whose direction and edification it was designed; and he one day whispered to a friend, "I don't at all like to have my course of policy dictated to me in this manner from the pulpit." His friend replied: "Why not do as your predecessors did? Why not attend the Episcopal Church? In that Church all the prayers are already printed, and the officiating minister has no means of interposing even the slightest hint as to the line of policy you are to pursue." The President adopted this suggestion, and was at once relieved from a very serious annoyance.

In the evening I returned to Mr. Crampton's. His dinner-party included some leading members of the Corps Diplomatique, Dr. Pyne and another Episcopal clergyman, and Mr. B——, a clever literary man, with whom I had a long conversation on the offensive tone in which English journalists and travellers too often indulged towards America. I gained his confidence, and he at length related to me the following very curious anecdote of himself. "I am a Kentuckian, and you know that the men of Kentucky are the most American of Americans. In my indignation at English insolence, I crossed the Atlantic, and took lodgings in London, where I employed myself in collecting materials for an attack on England and the English. I spent some weeks on my intended work, but did not find the materials so abundant as I expected. The feeling towards my country, as expressed in general society, was neither so hostile nor so contemptuous as I had

been led to anticipate. At length a crisis came, I was invited to a dinner-party at Putney, consisting of Lord Brougham, Sir William Molesworth, and other leading Whigs. To my surprise when the conversation turned upon the great men of our republic, instead of running them down, they did them ample justice, spoke of America in terms of kindness and respect, and even went so far as to eulogise our political institutions. On my return to my lodgings I went to bed, but instead of falling asleep, I reconsidered all that had passed, and at last said to myself: "Why should I attack a nation which includes among its leading men numbers who are desirous to do my country ample justice? The result was, that I got up, collected my materials for an attack on 'England and the English,' and put them all into the fire."

One of my chief objects in visiting Washington was to see Mount Vernon, and accordingly at an early hour on the second day after my arrival, I embarked with about 150 other passengers in a steamer to make a short voyage on the Potomac. We passed through an undulating and well cultivated country, and landed in the beautiful grounds which the illustrious founder of the Republic loved so dearly. They had been inherited by his grand nephew, Mr. Washington, who, although anxious to maintain them in the highly ornamental state in which the President had left them, could not afford the expense; and it was depressing to see on all sides evidences of decay. We paused to contemplate the mausoleum, which contained the precious remains

of the patriot, to whom, under Providence, so many millions of human beings among the most prosperous upon earth, attribute their prosperity. I was grieved to see this sacred repository unprotected and dilapidated!

We walked along the approach, and at length descried upon a gentle rising ground the verandah and porticos of Mount Vernon, commanding a noble view of the Potomac, and an expanse of cultivated territory. Of course the numerous passengers on board our steamer could not all be admitted into the house, but having written upon my visiting card, that I was the son of a friend and correspondent of the first President, I rang the bell and delivered it to the servant. He soon returned with an invitation for me to enter.

Mr. Washington received me with much civility, and presented me to his family. I gave a sketch of my father's intercourse with his illustrious relative. He listened attentively, and then said, "Sit down in that chair, it is the very chair in which my grand uncle always wrote: I have no doubt that the letters you refer to were written in that chair, and on that table." As soon as I was seated, he produced a large old-fashioned key, and then continued: "now I shall put into your hand a very precious relic,—that key was once the key of the Bastille; it was sent to my grand-uncle by Lafayette, as the most acceptable memorial he could present of a triumph over tyranny." *

* Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer, mentions in her Memoirs, (1872), p. 184, that when she visited Lafayette, he mentioned his having sent the

Long did I hold in my hand this most interesting relic. How many deeply interesting associations are connected with it.

Besides visiting Mount Vernon, I was desirous, while at Washington, to have the honour of an audience of the President. I called accordingly at the White House with an introduction from the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, of Boston, but when I presented my card and letter, the servant replied, that the President, on account of his state of health, had been forbidden by his medical attendants to receive visitors that day. I was also informed, that the mansion was under repair, and that the President, but for his illness, would have gone to his country residence.

Having received an introduction from the philanthropist George Peabody to Mr. Corcoran, the chief banker in Washington, I called at the bank and presented my letter. Mr. Corcoran was at the moment immersed in business, and hardly noticed my entrance. But when he read a letter from George Peabody, introducing the son of Washington's own friend and correspondent, he at once addressed me; "How many days can you allow me for assembling all Washington to meet you?" I replied with reluctance, that I could only allow him till next day, as I must reach New York on the day following. "Well," said he, "that is not a long time for preparation, but I shall do all that can be done." He then named his hour, and I took leave.

principal key of the Bastille to General Washington, who kept it under a glass case.

At the hour appointed, I found an entertainment so sumptuous, that I never saw it surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. Several rooms *en suite*, elegantly furnished, were thrown open, and in the evening brilliantly lighted up. There was a large picture gallery including many fine specimens of art, and among others the original statue of the Greek Slave. The banquet was in the Russian style, with the finest fruits and flowers upon the table, and a sideboard covered with a profusion of luxuries, and ornamented with the most costly plate. The *élite* of Washington were present, and I was presented in succession to them all. At dinner I sat between Mr. Corcoran himself and the Attorney-General, Mr. Cushing, the same who has since acquired a European celebrity in connection with the Alabama claims.

Our conversation turned, as was not unusual in those days, on the offensive language so lamentably frequent among English journalists and travellers in writing and speaking of America. I had heard that Mr. Cushing was not particularly favourable to the Old Country, and I resolved as far as possible to remove his prejudices. I joined with him heartily in condemning the mischievous speakers and writers he referred to; and at last he said to me; "I see that you are one to whom I may venture to give a useful hint. It is this: '*Never forget* that it was not any contrariety of interest, but the abuse of the English press and the sneers of Canning, which, at a great crisis in your history, brought on the second American war.'"

And he repeated with greater emphasis; "*Never forget this!* A state of public feeling was produced, which no Government, however peaceably disposed, could withstand."

I mentioned to him my regret to leave Washington without seeing the President. He replied, "The President *shall* see you;" and then requested Mr. Walker, the President's Private Secretary, who was seated on the other side of the table, to come and speak with him. He explained my claims to have an audience in spite of the physicians: and after a short absence, Mr. Walker, to my great satisfaction, returned with the President's compliments, and he would be glad to see me.

Mr. Cushing and Mr. Walker both accompanied me: but when we got into the street, we found a strange state of affairs. An accident had occurred at the gas works, and more than half of Washington was in total darkness. We groped our way by starlight, and reached the White House. Here another difficulty occurred. The White House, as I have said, was under repair; scaffolding, mortar-tubs, water-tanks and loose planks occupied the entrance-hall. My kind cicerones however, contrived to extemporize candles, and conducted me in safety up the grand staircase.

On entering the state-room, I was announced by the Secretary, and the President, a calm, dignified and intelligent man of middle age came forward and shook me cordially by the hand. He then pointed to a chair, and adverted to the extraordinary circumstances in

which I found him. I mentioned my father's correspondence with his illustrious predecessor. He said: "By a strange coincidence, the finest picture of Washington is now on the floor of this room." And taking up a light, he walked towards it, desiring me to follow. It was not hung up, but standing against a chair. I think my friend Duncan, of New College, Oxford, author of a clever book on "Subjects for Painting," would have admitted that to represent the President with a candlestick in his hand, showing me the portrait of my father's friend, would have been thoroughly in accordance with his best rules of pictorial composition.

When we had resumed our seats, I described the visit I had paid that very morning to Mount Vernon, remarking that in Mount Vernon I found the only exception to the gratification I had derived from the flourishing condition of all the places I had visited in the United States. He replied, "It *ought not* to be an exception; and it *shall not long* be an exception. There are difficulties, but they must and shall be surmounted. Mr. Washington does what he can, but his means are limited; he must in some way be assisted." I adverted to the Mount Vernon Farm. "Yes," he said, "it was once a farm worth looking at as a specimen of husbandry. I wish your father could have seen it as it was when under my predecessor's own care."

The President inquired whether I had seen Niagara. I told him that, highly as my expectations had been raised, they had been far exceeded by the stupendous

reality. He replied; "I had the advantage of seeing Niagara many years ago in all its natural sublimity, before heedless people began to spoil it for the convenience of visitors."

He inquired as to the nature of the mission on which I had crossed the Atlantic. When I had explained it, he gratified me much by this reply: "Nothing can tend more effectually to promote amicable relations between the two countries than the friendly private intercourse of persons who can influence public opinion."

I apologised for having occupied so much of his valuable time, and took up my hat to withdraw, but he desired me to put it down again, remarking that "the most cautious of physicians could not object to conversation such as ours." He then made some observations on agriculture, and continued the subject till I considered myself bound to make a second overture to depart, when he again cordially shook hands with me, desired me to thank his friend, Mr. Winthrop, for having introduced me, and concluded; "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again under more favourable circumstances, with more light and less confusion."

I quitted Washington next morning, and arrived safe at New York.

On leaving the American seat of Government I could not but call to mind, as I was journeying towards New York, the confident assertions I had often heard in my own country of the facility with which American institutions might be introduced into Great

Britain. "Nothing more," I had been assured, "is necessary than to substitute a President for a King or Queen, an elected Senate for an hereditary House of Lords, and a House of Commons, chosen by universal suffrage, for a House elected by a limited constituency. With these simple and easy changes the object would be at once accomplished." Now it is remarkable that I never met with an American, Republican or Democrat, who did not regard every scheme of that kind as the suggestion of mere ignorance and self-conceit, and denounce the attempt to introduce it as the sure forerunner of confusion and a military despotism. I never conversed with an American from the North or the South who did not consider the division of the country into separate states, each with its own Governor and Legislature, and all superintended by a paramount Judicature, like the Supreme Court of the United States, as essential to the working of the American Constitution. No American that I ever spoke to on the subject, conceived it possible for Congress to govern the country without these indispensable auxiliaries. Hence it is that American statesmen are in general more or less Conservative in their views of English politics. They dread the experiment, not of a *Federal* Republic like their own, but of a Republic, *one and indivisible*, which in an extensive and populous country cannot possibly be durable. It is singular that no English Republican has ever attempted to explain how it is that State Legislatures and a Supreme Court of Judicature can either be

introduced into his English Commonwealth or *dispensed with.* I have not yet heard of a proposal to take the first step towards the removal of these difficulties by the revival of the Heptarchy.

ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS.

BISHOP TERROT of Edinburgh, who had no mean opinion of his own abilities, remarked to me, that he hardly knew a man so powerful in conversation as Archdeacon Williams, and added, "When I hear that I am about to meet Williams at a dinner party, I am always put upon my mettle; I gird up my loins and prepare to do my best."

John Williams was a Welshman, enthusiastically attached to the language, literature, customs, music, and antiquities of the Principality. He considered the language of the Cymry superior to all others, ancient or modern; none but a Welshman, he said, was capable of thoroughly acquiring it. He therefore strenuously maintained, that none but "Welsh-speaking Bishops" were competent to rule Welsh Dioceses. As for the attempts of English Bishops to make Welshmen of themselves, and preach in Welsh, he pronounced them hopelessly abortive. In support of this notion, he used to describe a Welshman, slightly acquainted with English, who went to hear the Bishop of —— preach in Welsh. After a few minutes the Welshman whispered to a friend: "I can't understand a word;

how I wish he would speak English, that I might have a chance!"

Dr. Williams was appointed one of the masters of Winchester School, and acquired such distinction by his literary attainments, as well as by his skill in teaching, that when the Classical Academy was established at Edinburgh, he was chosen to be head master. His high reputation drew a large attendance of scholars, some of whom rose to eminence. Among these was Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. I one day had occasion to call at the Academy, and seeing the door of Dr. Williams' class room open, I stole in unobserved, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity to hear him give a lesson. I never shall forget the skill and talent he evinced. He communicated information so clearly and concisely, and asked questions so pointedly, as to rivet the attention of his scholars, and make them thoroughly understand the subject. How I envied them the inestimable advantage of having their mental powers called forth by such a master-mind!

Two circumstances gave Dr. Williams a much more favourable impression of my taste and judgment than I deserved.

When I was minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel at Edinburgh, he came one day into the vestry, and I addressed him: "Dr. Williams, I have been reading in the last 'Quarterly' one of the finest articles that was ever written. It is 'On the subversion of Ancient Governments;' have you any idea who wrote it?"

He answered at once "It is mine." The object of the article was to show, that invariably when the ancient aristocratic governments were subverted, a minority of the aristocracy joined with the democracy in the work of demolition; and that, consequently, the argument that Sir John "A" or Lord "B" is in favour of a liberal measure, is no evidence that it is safe; for the same argument might have been used to prove the stability of all the ancient governments that ever were overthrown.

The other occasion which gave my friend Williams a favourable impression of my critical sagacity, had reference to a paper which he had prepared for the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He had before read several essays on the Greek Particles, and on some abstruse questions in Philology, which had caused intense weariness to the chemists, astronomers, and other men of science commonly so called. The Council did not like absolutely to refuse the paper, but at the same time resolved to cut it down to moderate dimensions. They agreed that it must not exceed half-an-hour, and appointed me, as a member of the council, to take care that it should not last a moment longer. I sent accordingly for the author, and requested him to read the paper, while I noted down its length with my watch on the table. He read it accordingly, and I found that it occupied no less than forty minutes, but I thought there was a portion, occupying about ten minutes which he had not read quite so much *con amore* as the rest. I paid him some well-merited

compliments upon the excellence of the performance, and then ventured to add, that since it was ten minutes too long, and some part of it must be cut off, I conceived that the part which could best be spared was from page — to page —. He immediately exclaimed, "How strange! that is the very part I was prepared to sacrifice."

When Dr. Williams was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Cardigan, the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Jenkinson, nominated me, as Commissary, to induct him. Accordingly the Doctor knelt down before me, took a variety of oaths, and signed numerous papers, which I countersigned. When the ceremonial was over, he said to me: "We Welshmen are of opinion that an affair of this kind always ends unluckily, unless a present passes between the parties. What acknowledgment shall I make of your services on this occasion?" I was at a loss what to answer; but after a pause, I said, "My library is not rich in the Fathers, I shall be ready to prevent ill-luck by accepting any of them that you think proper to send." This allowed him all the latitude of choice between a dozen folios and a single octavo. The result, however, was that he forgot his Welsh proverb, and did not send me either a folio or octavo; and by a singular coincidence, his prediction was verified: ill-luck attended the transaction, for the Bishop's Secretary had omitted an essential paper, and the whole formality was invalid.

Some time afterwards fresh papers were transmitted, and Dr. Williams again knelt down before me to take

all the necessary oaths. He again alluded to the Welsh maxim, that to prevent ill-luck a present must be given and received; but he again forgot to carry his good intentions into effect, and my library never actually received the twice promised accession of patristic theology.

The Archdeacon, although a shrewd man, was on one occasion led into a blunder which nearly ruined him. On being offered a Professorship in the London University, he hastily accepted it, and resigned the Head Mastership of the Edinburgh Academy, without waiting to ascertain on what principles the University was conducted. They were principles of which he so strongly disapproved, that he could not conscientiously hold the appointment. He was thus for some time without employment, and might have remained so for an indefinite period, had not his successor in the Academy unexpectedly resigned. The Archdeacon hastened to Sir Walter Scott, confessed how hastily he had acted, and consulted him as to the steps to be taken for resuming his Head Mastership. "Well, Dr. Williams," said Sir Walter, "all your apologies and explanations only convince me the more of a truth which I have long maintained; namely, that *every schoolmaster is a fool.*" Dr. Williams began to show that at all events he was no ordinary schoolmaster; to which Sir Walter rejoined, "*Very true, Doctor, and the greater the schoolmaster the greater the fool.*" Notwithstanding this untoward commencement of his canvass, the Doctor was re-elected.

Among the Archdeacon's works are two admirable Biographies—his Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. I scarcely ever read two more interesting and instructive volumes. The Life of Cæsar was announced some years before it appeared. I asked him the reason of the delay, and received a singular answer. "When I began the 'Life of Cæsar,'" said the Archdeacon, "I was not a Cæsarean. My bias was in favour of Pompey, Cicero, and the aristocratic party, but as I proceeded in the work, I took the side of my own hero; and contrary to my intention, as well as contrary to my principles, my book acquired a democratic tendency. During the present mania for reform I thought it would do harm, and I made up my mind reluctantly to suppress it." Many public men have made sacrifices to their political principles, but I never heard of any author who sacrificed his book. The Archdeacon long adhered to this determination, but at last the self-denial was too great, and he published his "Life of Cæsar." I do not know what alterations he made to prevent the mischief he apprehended.

I before remarked that Archdeacon Williams was an enthusiast for the language, literature and antiquities of his country. This enthusiasm led him to write a valuable treatise on the origin of language, as illustrated by the language of the Cymry, which he published under the name of "Gomer." The work forms an admirable reply to the infidel theory that man was originally a savage, and that all human speech is a gradual development from the shouts and howlings of

naked wanderers in the woods. Interjections, according to this hypothesis, were in the first instance the only parts of speech; it was merely by degrees that the other parts, such as nouns, verbs, and adjectives were added to man's originally scanty vocabulary. At length however, by successive steps, in the course of ages, language was advanced to the perfection marvellously exemplified in Hebrew and Sanscrit, Greek and Latin.

In opposition to these infidel notions, the Archdeacon maintained that man was not originally a savage, but a civilised being; that language is of Divine origin, and that man, from the time of his creation, was able to converse with God, and God with him.

In support of these views, the Archdeacon quoted a remarkable passage, in which Aristotle observes, that the Greek language, with all its philosophical refinements and capabilities, could not have been excogitated by the barbarous ancestors of the Greek nations, but must have been handed down from an antecedent period of high civilisation. What Aristotle says of Greek the Archdeacon applies to Welsh, demonstrating ably and ingeniously that in the Welsh language there are refinements and derivations necessarily implying a degree of mental culture which no Celtic tribe within the range of history can be supposed to have attained.

In another part of his "Gomer" the Archdeacon vindicates the primitive origin of Celtic Christianity. He affirms the British Churches to have been pre-eminently sound in their doctrine and polity, and grieves over their subjugation in later times by

mediæval Rome, as subversive of the purity of their religion and of the best interests of mankind. "The Church of Rome," he says, "making use of the violence of man as an instrument, succeeded for a time in crushing our more intellectual and purer Church in all the Celtic countries, so that even its doctrines and practices became unknown for centuries, and were replaced by the abominable system of mediæval Popery, which true to its principles, enslaved the European mind by effectually misrepresenting the past, and proclaiming the priest to be a living oracle on earth."

I was conversing one day with Dr. Williams about Schools and School examinations. He said, "Let me give you a curious example of an examination at which I was present in Aberdeen. An English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited one of the best parish schools in that city. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and inquired: 'Would you prefer that I should *speer* these boys, or that you should *speer* them yourselves?' The English clergyman having ascertained that to *speer* meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogatories, as to the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to *speer* the boys, and at once began: 'How did Pharaoh die?' There was a dead silence. In this dilemma, the Lowland gentleman interposed: 'I think, Sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent: let me try what I can make of them.' And

he inquired in broad Scotch: 'Hoo did Phawraoh dee?' Again there was a dead silence; upon which the master said: 'I think, gentleman, you can't *speer* these boys; I'll show you how to do it!' And he proceeded: 'Fat cam to Phawraoh at his hinder end?' *i.e.* in his latter days. The boys, with one voice, answered 'He was drooned;' and a smart little fellow added, 'Ony lassie could hae told you that.' The master then explained, that in the Aberdeen dialect, 'to dee' means to die a natural death, or to die in bed; hence the perplexity of the boys, who knew that Pharaoh's end was very different."

In return for this story, I mentioned a dispute which I once had with the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately) as to whether his Grace could produce a cleverer boy from Ireland, or I from Scotland. I related to him the following anecdote:—"I attended an examination of a first-rate elementary school at Edinburgh. The boys were questioned as to the meaning of the most difficult words in the English language, and answered with marvellous correctness. A pragmatical old gentleman, however, did not concur in the general applause. 'They can explain,' he said, 'the meaning of the hard words, but can they define the easy ones? There is a boy who has answered all the hard words that have been asked him; let him define the pronoun *that*.' The boy immediately answered: 'Not *this*, but *the other*.' The pragmatical old man rejoined:—'Well, and what do you mean by the word *other*?' '*Not the one that I was speaking of before*.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed

the Archbishop, 'a whole college of metaphysicians could not have answered better. But in my Irish boy there was wit as well as cleverness. He was asked the meaning of the word *nothing*, and replied: '*A pair of footless stockings without legs.*'"

I mentioned these instances of cleverness to Bishop Terrot. He replied: "My favourite instance of boyish precocity is this. A little boy, of whom I asked some puzzling question, gave a clear short answer; and I inquired what made him think of it. '*My own sharpness,*' he replied."

The Archdeacon's last illness occurred while he was residing at Bushey, in Hertfordshire. He did me the favour to express a wish that I should preach his funeral sermon. The reason was, that I had then recently published a sermon on the Indian Mutiny, entitled, "Carthaginian and British Mercenaries compared," in which I drew a parallel between the two Mutinies, the African and the Sepoy, with reference to their causes and results. The Archdeacon was delighted with my comparison, in which I entered minutely into points of Carthaginian History. He always took a special interest in Carthage; and more than once expressed to me a wish to write a history of that city, in which as many as possible of the calumnies and misrepresentations of Roman historians, and of historians under the influence of Rome, should be exposed and refuted. I ought to mention, that when he spoke of a funeral sermon, he had no idea of an oration in honour of his own attainments and performances. In describing

the kind of sermon he had in view, he said, "I should wish it to enforce the essential doctrines and duties of Christianity, and in particular a frequent commemoration of the Redeemer's death."

Archdeacon Williams had his infirmities, but I never had occasion to see them: I visited him during his last illness, and I am confident, that he died an earnest Christian, *looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith.*

I am bound to add, and I do so with regret, that the funeral sermon, by the author of "Carthaginian and British Mercenaries compared," was never written. At the time of the Archdeacon's death, I was so occupied with the business of the National Society, and of my own Parish and Archdeaconry, that I could not write a sermon worthy of the man.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

IN a torrent of rain, at a late hour on the 14th of September, 1853, I drew near Niagara.

Suddenly the great Cataract came in view. The united waters of all the great central lakes, and of a hundred rivers in the far west, were precipitated before me. The scene burst upon me in overwhelming grandeur. I felt at once that no object in nature which I had ever seen, or was ever likely to see, could be compared to it, and that any one not deeply affected by it, must be utterly destitute of susceptibility to the sublime.

On arriving at the Clifton Hotel, I asked the waiter if it was possible for me to have a bedroom with a view of the Falls. "Certainly," he drily answered, "many gentlemen are not partial to the noise."

The room I was shown into had a verandah, and notwithstanding constant rain, I sat there alone during the rest of the evening, to enjoy a scene which impressed me more the longer I gazed and listened.

Next morning the rain was over, the sun shone brilliantly, and I took a walk to see the famous Table Rock

—but it was gone! Undermined by the current, it had been swept away shortly before my arrival.

I then went up to the cupola of a public house, much frequented by visitors on account of a commanding view which I have never seen either painted or described. The Rapids and the Falls are seen there, and nowhere else, in conjunction. The mighty waters issue apparently from the clouds, run down a steep declivity, and are precipitated into the great abyss.

I sat for a long time enjoying a reverie, during which a number of pleasure parties succeeded one another. I was not prepared for the very slight emotion which these ladies and gentlemen evinced. After an exclamation, "How grand!" or, "How beautiful!" they began to chat and joke about the company or the hotels, as if Niagara had not been there.

Having seen the Falls from above, I resolved to view them from below, and for that purpose scrambled down the perpendicular cliff, by a wooden corkscrew staircase, alarmingly in need of repair. I walked on till I came close to the falling waters, and was almost blinded and deafened by the dense spray and thundering noise. I met a smart youth, who had just returned from going to some distance under the Cataract. "Were you wet through?" I inquired. "No!" "Were you stunned by the noise?" "No!" "Were you rewarded by the view?" "No! But I can now say that I was there!"

I observed a man carrying a wild goose. He told me that he often came below the Falls to see what he could find. For water fowl, alighting in the rapids at

night, became confused and helpless, and falling over the Cataract, might be picked up alive or dead in the morning.

I was shown the exact spot where "The Caroline," an American sloop of war, came over. She had given assistance to the Canadian rebels during the disturbances some years before, but the British troops while she lay at anchor above the Rapids, with no one on board, cut her moorings, set her on fire, and sent her blazing into the abyss.

I heard that one of the best modes of seeing the Falls, was to make a voyage in the "Maid of the Mist," and I resolved to enjoy the adventure. On reaching the place of embarkation, I found a large party of ladies and gentlemen ready to set forth. We all put on India-rubber dresses from head to foot, with goggles over the eyes; and certainly in our shining black costume we presented a most grotesque appearance. Slowly the "Maid of the Mist" advanced against the mighty stream, between its lofty banks. The Falls as we approached became grander, the voice of the waters louder, and the eddies more formidable. At length we got as near the Cataract as we could safely approach. We had waters everywhere; below us an unfathomable pool, around us a thick cloud of vapour, and in front a perpendicular wall of waters, glittering in dim sunshine through the mist, and sending forth an incessant thunder.

The chief danger to our steamboat was that, if the machinery had got out of order, she might have been

carried down the stream to the Whirlpool, when she and all on board must have inevitably perished.

I had heard so much of the Great Whirlpool, that I agreed with an American Episcopal clergyman, Mr Mason of Brooklyn, to hire a car, and visit it. The Whirlpool is formed by a sudden winding of the river, which runs with great velocity into a deep bay, scooped out gradually in the course of ages; it then turns at right angles to pursue its course towards Queenstown. We looked down upon it from the bank, which is 300 feet high, covered with trees. The pool is about three-quarters of a mile across, with a depression in the centre. Our driver said that trees are carried round with such violence, that they lose their branches by friction and collision, and are reduced to bare logs. Sometimes they accumulate for weeks, then suddenly on a change of wind are swept down to Lake Ontario.

Mr. Mason and I were unfortunate; for although the day was splendid, and the water in fearful commotion, there was not a single log in sight.

Mr. Mason related a tragedy, which would have made a deep impression upon me, even if it had not been told me upon the very spot where it occurred. Six British soldiers in Canada, tempted by specious misrepresentations, resolved to desert their colours, and seek their fortune in the United States. They stole unobserved from their barracks, and came to the bank of the Niagara, between the Falls and the Whirlpool. Plunging in, they tried to reach the opposite side; but the stream was too strong for them. All their efforts were

unavailing; and they were swept down, either dying or dead, to the Whirlpool. The six bodies were carried round and round among the logs of wood, and to the horror of the spectators, continued from time to time rising to the surface.

There is a tradition among the Indians, that "the Great Spirit" exacts at Niagara the yearly tribute of one victim. And certainly, from the number of fatal accidents I heard of, chiefly from eye-witnesses, I am persuaded that the yearly average of victims exceeds the Indian estimate.

As I was walking one morning on the river bank, opposite to Goat Island, I observed the remains of a boat jammed against some low projecting rocks near the middle of the channel. A startling tragedy connected with this spot, was afterwards related to me by Mr. Macdonald, the Collector of Customs on the British frontier.

"A party of Americans, rowing in the clear smooth water above Goat Island, ventured too far down. They were drawn into the Rapids. Their boat was upset. All of them, except a gentleman of the name of Avery, were drowned at once. ..He contrived to get upon the trunk of a large tree, which happened to be jammed horizontally between two rocks in the middle of the stream. Here he was soon discovered. An alarm was raised. Hundreds, and at length thousands of spectators, assembled, either to give assistance, or to see the tragedy. I was myself present," said the Collector, "during no fewer than thirteen anxious hours. Two

boats were let down with ropes to aid him; but they were swamped. You saw what still remains of one of them. A raft was then prepared. It reached the log; strong ropes, well fixed, held it firm. He got upon it, and tied himself to it with a rope sent for that purpose. The raft was then drawn towards a small island, from which he might have landed. Unhappily it grounded, and in spite of every effort remained immovable. Meanwhile, as is usual in this country, the news of the accident was telegraphed, by newspaper reporters, to all parts of the Union—to Boston, to New York, to Philadelphia, and even to New Orleans, at the distance of 1,500 miles. All America might be said to be eagerly awaiting the result. Information was given from time to time of every expedient resorted to for the relief of the sufferer. As the raft could not be moved from the place where it had grounded, a small boat was let down; when it was close at hand, Mr. Avery ventured to untie the rope by which he was secured to the raft; the boat, by some mischance, instead of coming down gently, struck the raft with violence: and the unhappy man, exhausted by thirteen hours of wet, fatigue, and intense anxiety, gave a feeble shriek, fell into the Rapids, and was hurried over the Falls."

The following tragedy, like the former, was related to me by an eye-witness. "Two boys," he said, "were rowing in little boat above the upper point of Goat Island. Before they were aware of any danger, the swift smooth stream drew them into the Rapids. One of them, with wonderful presence of mind, being for an

instant in shallow water near the shore, jumped out and was saved. The other sat still; the boat upset, and the poor little fellow, whom I saw distinctly a few inches below the surface, was swept past me like a shot to the Falls. I could do nothing. The fate of both boys was settled in two minutes. '*One was taken, and the other left.*'"

Collector Macdonald gave me a very striking illustration of the different effects produced upon the mind of the same visitor by Niagara as it was, and Niagara as it is. "An elderly gentleman," he said, "informed me that when he was twenty-five years old he visited the Falls, and now, being seventy-five, he returned, after the lapse of half a century, to renew his original impression. 'At my first visit,' he said, 'I saw the Cataract in the primeval solitudes of nature, without a trace of human existence. Its loneliness enhanced its grandeur. But now,' he added, 'when I see towns and hotels; bridges, railways, and saw mills; a tower to look down upon the waters from above, and a staircase to ascend from below, with all the other abominations which a false taste has introduced, I find to my regret, that so far from renewing, as I had hoped, my first impression, I have well-nigh effaced it.'"

When I was leaving the Falls, I met, in the stage-coach, an elderly gentleman, who, like the one just described, had visited the great Cataract in early life, and had returned to renew the impression in his old age. "I came," he said, "to see the Falls when I was a mere light-headed stripling. I had no religious im-

pressions; no serious thoughts of any kind. This wonder of the world was nothing more to me than a vast downpour of water. It suggested no train of higher meditation. Since that time I have become, as I hope, a religious man; and after nearly half a century, I resolved to see the Falls once more with religious eyes. The works of nature now suggest to me the God of nature and of revelation. My journey to Niagara has not been in vain. I have not been disappointed. I never saw God more clearly, nor heard him more audibly, than amidst the sublimities of Niagara."

WIDOW BUTLER, THE CENTENARIAN.

WIDOW BUTLER was the most remarkable instance of longevity I ever knew. I became acquainted with her about the year 1830, when, notwithstanding the infirmities of above a hundred years, she regularly on Sundays took her seat upon the pulpit stairs of my chapel, St. Paul's, York Place, Edinburgh. Her short, thin figure, bent forward almost at right angles, reminded me of the saying, that aged persons seem always to be stooping down in search of the grave to which they are hastening. Her face did not at first betray extraordinary age, but on close examination it was interlaced in all directions with a profusion of small wrinkles, about which there could be no mistake. Her joints were so stiff, that she could not often rise without assistance; but, once upon her feet, she was able with the help of a stick to totter on for miles. I occasionally met her on Leith Walk, and once or twice she called upon me at Portobello, having walked alone the whole way.

An Irish clergyman, the Rev. Richard Wynne, who doubted her story, took some pains to ascertain its accuracy. Being told that she was a native of Dum-

fries, he wrote to one of the ministers of that town, and got the register of her birth: and hearing that her husband had been a soldier, he procured an old Army List, and had the satisfaction to find in it the names of all the officers whom she mentioned as having belonged to Private Butler's regiment.

She was seventeen years old in 1745, when Prince Charles Stuart led the Highland army through Dumfries on his way to Derby; and she often related with some minuteness, anecdotes of horses and cows seized for the use of the troops, and widows and orphans distressed by non-payment of the price. I inquired what she thought of the Prince's appearance. Her answer was characteristic: "He was dressed," she said, "in tartan with plenty of silk and gold, and many thought he was the best-looking man in the army; but, for my own part, I was but a girl, and I thought I saw men, who, with as much silk and gold, would have looked as well as he."

Widow Butler had a daughter aged seventy-four, and a grand-daughter, both of whom were dissolute, worthless creatures. The grand-daughter eloped with a soldier, and a year afterwards returned home, unmarried, with a child.

The daughter was a drunkard, and in her drunken fits would strike her mother with a stick until her hands and arms were all over bruises. Pointing one day to these marks of violence, the old lady with tears asked me to do something for her protection. "I am driven out," she added, "to gather alms, not for myself,

but for my daughter and grand-daughter to spend in their own evil ways."

I mentioned her case to a friend of mine, a charitable lady, who immediately undertook to provide a lodging for her; and to supply all her wants. My friend contrived to find her at home alone, put her into a hackney coach, and carried her off to a neat comfortable cottage near the Meadows, where a respectable matron took care of her. After this elopement, Widow Butler was for a time happy, but maternal affection soon prevailed; she wearied of her quiet asylum, and insisted on returning to the society of her daughter and grand-daughter. On her return she was better treated by her daughter; now brought to serious reflection by a cancer in the breast, which was incurable, as she was too old to survive the necessary surgical operation.

When Mrs. Butler was in difficulties, she always came to me for advice and assistance. Once I raised some money to pay her rent, and was putting it into her hand, when she stopped me, saying: "Keep it till the term-day; I know it is safe; and if my daughter and grand-daughter knew that I had such a power of money, I could not keep it from them."

There lived in those days at Edinburgh a lady ninety-eight years old, Mrs. Irving, who was proud of her longevity, and hoped to have her name added to the list of old people in the catalogue appended to my father's code of health. I mentioned Widow Butler to Mrs. Irving, whose curiosity was excited, and I arranged that they should have an interview. Next time I

called on Mrs. Irving, she took me good-humouredly to task, asking in broad Scotch: "What for did ye send that auld woman *to take the shine out of me?*"

Mrs. Butler was at one time decoyed from my chapel by a worthy lady, who promised her a cake of gingerbread between the services if she would attend at St. James's Chapel and hear Mr. Craig. On her next serious illness, however, she sent for me, and expressed in strong terms her contrition for having deserted me. I had afterwards a long religious conversation with her, in the course of which she made some pithy remarks on the shortness and vanity of human life. "I have been spared," she said, "far longer than other folk, but a hundred years, when you look back upon them, are but a span long. The things of *lang syne* seem to me as if they had only happened yesterday. It would be ill for us if we had naething but this puir world for our portion."

She recovered from that illness, and lived about four years longer; when finally upon her death-bed, she sent for me once more. I conversed and prayed with her, and having taking leave, had reached the door, when suddenly she made a last effort, sat up in bed without assistance, called me back, and stretching out her thin, wrinkled arm, pronounced this solemn farewell benediction: "God bless you! You have long been the chief earthly stay of a puir helpless woman, that has seen above a hundred years." She died a few hours after, aged 109.

COMMISSIONER MACDONALD.

COMMISSIONER MACDONALD derived his title from having been employed by the British Government to settle the claims of British and American merchants after the War of Independence. He spent a long time in America, and became thoroughly acquainted with the manners and character of its inhabitants. One trait which left a strong impression upon his mind was their readiness to change their residence, and as it were to begin life over again. Of this trait he sometimes gave a curious illustration. A capitalist went to visit a landed proprietor in a distant state. The host had a large and well-stocked farm, on which he had expended no small amount of skill and labour. His house was beautifully situated, well arranged, and well furnished. Proud of so eligible a location, he conducted his guest all over his house and grounds, and gave a full account of all his plans. They afterwards sat down *tête-à-tête* to a sumptuous dinner; and over a bottle of old claret a dialogue, of which the following is the substance, took place:—

Guest. "This is a nice location. One might contrive to live here all one's life."

Host. "It is a nice location, certainly; but as for living here all one's life, that is quite another matter."

Guest. "Then perhaps you sometimes think of parting with the property?"

Host. "I have not been thinking one way or the other. My parting with it would depend upon the offer made to me."

Guest. "What offer would you expect?"

Host. "I should not take less than — dollars."

Guest. "I understand, then, that if you had a *bonâ fide* offer of — dollars, you would accept it?"

Host. "Certainly, I should not refuse it."

Guest. "Suppose you were to put a price upon the furniture and plate, what sum would you name?"

Host. "— dollars."

Guest. "What is your estimate for the farm stock?"

Host. "— dollars."

Guest. "And for the wine and other stores in the house?"

The host named a price, and the guest, putting all these several items together, said: "It appears, then, that the total sum you ask for the house, plate, furniture, wine, farm, and farm stock, is — dollars. I looked carefully over the place in the course of our rounds this morning, and I now offer you the sum you demand. I am also prepared to show that I can make the offer good."

He immediately produced evidence which satisfied the owner, and before the glasses were removed, the

two parties changed their relative positions; the host became the guest, and the guest the host.

While Commissioner Macdonald was in America, he became acquainted with Talleyrand, who had fled from France and crossed the Atlantic in order to escape the guillotine. Their acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and when an unexpected turn of affairs at Paris gave Talleyrand opportunity to return home in safety, he told Mr. Macdonald that there was no man in America from whom he would more hopefully ask, or more readily accept, a favour than from him; that he had good prospects before him if he could only return to France, but that he had not the means. The Commissioner asked what sum he would require, and at once advanced it. Talleyrand, on his reappearance in France, soon rose to power, and repaid his debt with thanks. Years passed, and the Commissioner had almost forgotten the transaction, when on the restoration of peace he took occasion to visit Paris. "It then occurred to me," he said, "that I ought to call on my old friend Talleyrand, now high in office, whom I had seen in very different circumstances on the other side of the Atlantic. Accordingly I left my card at his grand hotel, wondering whether he would condescend to notice the humble individual who in the days of his adversity had befriended him. But I had not long returned to my lodgings when a superb carriage, with footmen in gorgeous liveries, presented itself, and 'the Prince of Benevento' was announced. He shook me cordially by the hand, offered to introduce me at any place or to

any person I desired, and concluded, 'I shall gladly throw all Paris open to you.'" The Commissioner was of opinion that, however cold and selfish Talleyrand might be considered, he at least on one occasion showed a fully adequate warmth of gratitude.

The Commissioner related to me two incidents which, though trifling in themselves, form a striking illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune. "Before the Revolution," he said, "when I was walking in the streets of Paris, I was nearly knocked down by a carriage with royal liveries, driving rapidly along a narrow street. I looked into it, and saw the Duc de Bourbon. No long time elapsed before I was myself driving rapidly in my carriage along a narrow street in London. Suddenly my coachman drew up. He had nearly run over an elderly man with an umbrella under his arm. I looked out, and again recognised, under these altered circumstances, the 'Duc de Bourbon.'"

The Commissioner informed me that before the Revolution he went to Douai with introductions to the authorities of the celebrated old Scottish college in that town. He was much interested in the genuine Doric dialect, which had been handed down from former generations, and mentioned to me several of these antiquated Scotticisms. In the library of the college were two large old dusty folio volumes, entitled "MSS. of Ossian," which evidently had not been disturbed for years. What poems they contained cannot now be discovered, for the whole of the Douai library was burnt when the revolutionary army took the town. The fact,

however, that such MSS. were in possession of the college long before the publication of Macpherson's work, is not without significance in the Ossianic controversy.

The Commissioner was an intimate friend of the second Earl of Fife, a shrewd, sarcastic Scotsman, devoted to the accumulation of money. His poorer neighbours in the North used to say of him that he "heaped up gold and silver by shovelfulls" in his cellars. His nephew and next heir, Colonel Duff (afterwards fourth Earl), was as lavish in spending money as his uncle was careful in saving it. The old peer gave him an allowance of £300 a year, which, with a colonel's pay, was, he alleged, sufficient with economy to supply every reasonable want. The nephew said nothing to the contrary, but at once secured a large house, purchased a fine stud of horses, and gave sumptuous entertainments to the most fashionable society in London. Of course the necessary funds could only be raised by post-obits and other prodigal devices. The uncle ignored these proceedings, and affected to believe that the nephew was living prudently upon his pay and allowance. It was under these circumstances that the Commissioner resolved to interpose and prevail upon his old friend to be more liberal, and to make the colonel such an allowance as he could live upon, and thus deprive him of the temptation to waste money by anticipating future resources. Lord Fife received him cordially as usual, but as soon as he mentioned the colonel's name, interrupted him and said, "Mr. Mac-

donald, I see your object. You desire to prepossess me in favour of my nephew. You have no need to do so. I have a very high opinion of the colonel. He is a wonderful economist. I know that he has only his colonel's pay and my allowance of £300 a year, and yet he manages to live in the highest style. A few days ago he entertained the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Gordon, and Lord Nelson. What would you have more? He is, I repeat, the best economist I know of; and, if you please, we'll talk no more about him."

"Thus it came to pass," added the Commissioner, "that all my good intentions in the colonel's behalf were frustrated, and I was not even able to introduce a word of the excellent advice I had been so carefully preparing."

Another special friend of the Commissioner was the Earl of Moira, afterwards Governor-General of India and Marquis of Hastings. The marquis, as I may call him by anticipation, finding his affairs alarmingly embarrassed, and knowing the Commissioner to be a shrewd man of business, on whose friendship he could thoroughly rely, requested his assistance in clearing up a chaos of accounts, and with that view placed a vast accumulation of miscellaneous papers in his hands. The result of the Commissioner's careful examination was to unfold a tale of fearful rascality. The expenses at Donnington Park, where the marquis had for some years entertained a number of distinguished French emigrants, were absolutely fabulous. "When I explained to him," said the Commissioner, "all the villainy

to which he had been subjected, and in particular how he had been made to borrow money at a ruinous percentage whilst his own money had been nefariously withheld, he became more and more agitated, and at last put his elbows upon the table, hid his face in his hands, and for a long time remained silent."

I was struck with a letter to the following effect which the marquis addressed to the Commissioner from India: "My dear Macdonald,—When you hear of all the pomp and grandeur in which I am making a kind of royal progress through this country, and of all the elephants, camels, horses, and mules that are conveying my retinue and baggage, and how much I am spending beyond my salary and allowances, large as they are, you, who know the state of my affairs at home, will be apt to say that I am *mad;* but I assure you that my expenditure is absolutely necessary: for such is the constitution of the Indian mind, that the natives cannot believe in the reality of power unless they have also before them a visible and tangible display."

I one day mentioned to the Commissioner that my father had nearly obtained for me from the marquis a writership in the East India Company's service. He inquired the particulars, and I explained that when Lord Hastings was appointed Governor-General, my father discovered some method by which he might obtain the patronage of an additional writership, and as an old friend applied for it, but that, to his surprise, Lord Hastings, though he availed himself of the suggestion, gave the appointment to some other candidate.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Macdonald, "that you should casually mention this to me, for I was actually present when Lord Hastings received your father's letter. We were breakfasting together, and he handed it to me, saying, 'My old friend Sir John Sinclair points out to me in this letter the means by which I may obtain another writership. He wants it for some one whom he does not name, and by a strange coincidence I have an application before me from Lady Loudoun for a writership on behalf of her own cousin. I think I must prefer my wife's cousin to Sir John's *protégé*, whose very name I do not know.' You see," continued the Commissioner, "that your loss of the writership—if it actually was a loss—resulted merely from your father's neglect to state that he was applying in behalf of his own son." This disappointment, as I then considered it, is rendered more singular by the circumstance that I was myself related to Lady Loudoun as nearly as the rival candidate, and that some time afterwards she invited me from Edinburgh to Loudoun Castle to officiate as her cousin at the marriage of her daughter, Lady Selina.

REMINISCENCES OF ORATORS.

WHEN I was a very young student at the University of Edinburgh, I took part in forming an association of undergraduates for mutual improvement in the art of rhetoric. We called ourselves "The Rhetorical Society." Among the members were the Hon. Walter Charteris, son of the Earl of Wemyss, Adam Anderson, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Anderson, and David Marjoribanks, afterwards Lord Marjoribanks. We met once a week. Each of us in turn read an essay, which one member was appointed to attack, and another to defend, preparatory to a debate upon its merits. Then followed a debate upon some question, literary or philosophical, of which notice had been given. Two members were required to take opposite sides, and after these openings we were assured of two effective discussions. The result of this early discipline was that most of us acquired considerable facility in speaking. For my own part, I was soon freed from all apprehension of breaking down.

On my removal to Oxford I was desirous to establish a similar association; several of my friends joined me,

and we sounded the authorities on the subject. But our scheme was premature; it was regarded with suspicion. The Dons frowned upon us; and it was not till some years afterwards, when another undergraduate generation had arisen, that permission was granted for the establishment of the "Oxford Union"—a school of oratory in which the powers of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Selborne, Lord Cardwell, Mr. Lowe, and many others were developed, and to which they owe more or less their advancement in the world.

As regards myself, from want of practice I soon lost my fluency of speech, and never afterwards regained it.

The only man I ever knew who had enough of dogged perseverance to acquire the art of speaking in mature life was Captain Gordon, the intensely Protestant member for Dundalk. He told me that he never made a speech in public until he was more than forty years old. He then became ambitious to be an orator—a member of Parliament, and a leader of the Protestant cause. With this view he took every opportunity of holding forth on platforms, attending vestry meetings, delivering lectures, and taking part in popular debates. "At first," he said, "I failed miserably, shamefully; but I would not be baffled. I persevered; I improved; I acquired confidence. I could rise without dread of failure. In the end I gained my object. I got a seat in Parliament, and could stand up boldly in the House of Commons against O'Connell."

I expressed surprise at the intimate acquaintance

he evinced with the most secret manœuvres of the great agitator. "No," he replied, "there was nothing wonderful in that, for as soon as I was recognised as the champion of Protestantism I had letters from all parts of Ireland, volunteering every scrap of information I could desire."

I was much interested in a description which Captain Gordon gave me of a public disputation which he held in Ireland with some Popish controversialists. "My coadjutor," he said, "was Armstrong, the most powerful of Irish clerical declaimers. The day of conflict arrived. A vast concourse, both of Protestants and Papists, crowded the place of meeting. Armstrong, from haste or over-confidence, fell into a mistake, and was put to silence. I continued the controversy, and was pronounced victorious. When the applause had ceased, I turned to look for Armstrong. He was seated in a corner with his hands over his face, and his elbows resting on his knees, so depressed and abstracted as to be unconscious of the triumph we had achieved. I touched him on the shoulder, and said, 'Armstrong, we have gained the day. Protestantism for ever! You must sound the pæan. Come forward boldly, and give us something worthy of yourself.' He rose immediately, came to the front, and after a pause of a few moments began as if he had been inspired, and delivered without pause or hesitation as glorious a burst of triumph as human speech is capable of uttering."

Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, related to me an instance of readiness on the part of Professor Sedgwick

which has not often been surpassed. In 1830 Jameson was in the chair of the Geological Section at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association. Sedgwick made an able speech on some interesting question then under discussion, and sat down. Jameson, looking at his watch, found with dismay that half an hour must elapse before the author of the next paper could arrive, and turning to Sedgwick, he said, "Unless you continue your address half an hour longer no one else will speak, the section will disperse, and a valuable paper will be lost." Sedgwick rose immediately, and said, "Gentlemen,—There are one or two points on which, in the remarks I addressed to you, I did not perhaps sufficiently enlarge, and with the permission of the section I shall resume the subject." He then began, grew warm as he proceeded, was listened to with deep attention, "and," continued Jameson, "it is difficult to say how long he might have held out; but I saw the author enter whose arrival I had so long and earnestly desired, and I whispered to Sedgwick, 'You are now at liberty to wind up.' He took the hint, and sat down."

Many speakers can extemporise on materials stored up in their own minds, but I never knew of more than one speaker who could extemporise on materials supplied to him by another. That one speaker was Bishop Wilberforce. At an annual meeting of the National Society, held in Willis's Rooms, whilst I was treasurer, the bishop came in late, and seeing a vacant place sat down beside me. "Archdeacon," said he, "I am in a

very serious difficulty. I have been advertised to speak, but I have nothing to say. A great pressure of business has prevented me from even thinking of this meeting. Do oblige me with some suggestions. *The smallest crumbs will be thankfully received.*" There was no time to be lost. He was the next on the list of speakers, and I hastened to enumerate the grounds on which the Society claimed and was entitled to the support and confidence of the Church. He asked a few questions, and then said, "All is right; that is enough." In a few minutes the previous speaker sat down, and the chairman, Archbishop Howley, announced the Bishop of Oxford. Great applause followed. He rose at once, took up in succession all *the crumbs* which I had given him, and expanded them into substantial loaves. I was astonished at his prodigious power of amplification. The hearers were delighted, and I am not sure that I ever heard him deliver a more effective oration.

Bishop Blomfield, of London, was a very powerful as well as ready speaker. Daniel Webster, the great American orator, having frequently attended the House of Lords during a visit to this country, declared that there were two speakers in that assembly far superior to the rest, a spiritual and a temporal peer—the Bishop of London and Lord Derby. On another occasion, referring to the bishop, Webster said, "Few speakers unite in so eminent a degree dignity of manner with weight of matter."

At a meeting of the National Society I held out to Bishop Blomfield a resolution which, as secretary, I had

been directed to place in his hands. He replied that he would be obliged to go away, and desired me to find another speaker. But the meeting was intended as a grand demonstration in favour of religious teaching. The attendance was enormous. The bishop could not effect his escape, and I was myself so jammed in behind him that I could not go in quest of another speaker. The time arrived for the resolution to be proposed. I stepped forward, and to the bishop's surprise again held out my scrap of paper, saying, "Unless you move this resolution no one else will do so, and our proceedings will be in danger of coming to an awkward termination." He rose at once, and made some pointed remarks on the religious duties of elementary teachers. A large number of them were present. They expressed their concurrence by loud applause. He continued the subject with increasing fervour, and I hardly ever heard a speech so enthusiastically received; and yet it was delivered, not only without any intention on the part of the speaker, but contrary to his intention.

I one day asked Bishop Blomfield whether he had ever felt nervous on rising to make a speech. He answered in the negative, and I exclaimed, "No; not even when you rose for the first time to address the House of Lords?" "I cannot tell," he replied, "how I might have felt if I had foreseen the occasion, but I was obliged to speak off-hand, for Lord Holland made a violent attack upon the Church, and in particular upon the bench of bishops, soon after my appointment to the see of Chester. He sat down abruptly, and no

one was prepared to answer him. I rose at once, and had completed my speech before I had time to recollect that I was addressing for the first time the most august assembly in the world. My speech," he added, "was well received by all parties, and Lord Holland himself had the generosity to cross the floor, and offer me his congratulations."

At the height of the Cotton Famine I resolved to hold a public meeting in Kensington, to raise contributions in aid of the Lancashire Fund. Among the speakers who occurred to me was my neighbour, W. M. Thackeray, who had then recently come to reside on Kensington Palace Green, and whose name I knew would be a powerful attraction. I called upon him, but found to my regret that he was unwell, and had not come downstairs. I sent up my card, and he soon made his appearance. When I told him that my errand was to request *a speech*, he at once declined, not being well enough, as he said, even to attend the meeting. I urged that he had several days to recover in, but he replied that for him to move a resolution at a public meeting was out of the question, and that he had never in his lifetime spoken from a platform. "You forget," he added, "that my vocation is not to be a speaker, but a writer." In reply I explained that I did not wish for a long harangue, that I had abundance of orators ready to come forward, and that in Kensington the great difficulty was to collect an audience. "But," I added, "if you will only let me print your name in my handbills, I shall be sure of a large attendance,

and I can depend upon my orators to call forth contributions." Thackeray was amused at this unexpected turn, and in the kindest manner said, "Though I am far from well, you may depend upon me. *If I am alive I shall be with you.*" I immediately issued handbills, announcing among other speakers that W. M. Thackeray would address the meeting. A crowd assembled. Great applause followed when he rose. As soon as silence was restored, he began with perfect self-possession, and delivered with much emphasis a few weighty and well-considered sentences. They were received with enthusiasm, and I was afterwards congratulated repeatedly on my success in calling forth for the first, and as unhappily it proved the last time, the rhetorical powers of the great novelist.

My friend, William Hale Hale, Archdeacon of London, though he never preached extempore, and scarcely ever presented himself on a platform, was a fluent as well as powerful speaker. He once described to me a singular emergency, in which nothing but the greatest readiness could have availed him. He was holding a Visitation of his Archdeaconry at St. Sepulchre's Church in the City, and supposed himself to have put into the pocket of his cassock the charge, or *concio ad Clerum*, which he intended to deliver. When, however, the preliminary church service was over, and he rose to go within the communion rails, he found his pocket empty. There was no charge. In vain did he search the cushions and floor of the pew in which he had been seated. He suspected that a person near him, whom he did not

know, had stolen the precious document. Not many men would have been prepared to meet so trying an occasion; but my friend Hale took his seat, and desired the names of the clergy to be called over as usual by the registrar. The interval was short, but he made the most of it. He thought of materials for an extempore charge, which, as soon as the citations had been read, he delivered without hesitation. None of the clergy had the least idea of the loss which he supposed himself to have sustained. I say *supposed;* for, after he had left the church, he put his hand into the left pocket of his cassock, and there found the missing document.

Not many speakers might have been expected to express themselves more gracefully and effectively than Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was an elegant classical scholar, and well acquainted with modern literature; and not only had great natural abilities, sound judgment, and a proper sense of his dignified position, but also much experience in oratory, having long been under the necessity of frequently addressing assemblies of every kind. But, unhappily, he was fastidious to excess in regard to words and phrases. After having begun a sentence, he would think of some improvement, and begin the sentence over again. This unfortunate practice sometimes brought him into confusion, from which he had no little difficulty in extricating himself. He got on slowly and uncertainly; and the speech, as delivered, was often comparatively ineffective, although afterwards, as reported,

it always read well, and appeared worthy of the occasion and of the man.

I one day met the Archbishop at the gate of Kensington Gardens. He invited me to join him. Our conversation turned on Oratory, and His Grace with great kindness said to me: "Archdeacon, I wish to give you a piece of advice with reference to Public Speaking, and I shall preface it with an anecdote of Lord Mornington and Mr. Pitt. Lord Mornington, as an Irish Peer, was for some time in the House of Commons soon after the Union. He was not at first successful as an Orator; on the contrary, he got on very badly. Mr. Pitt saw the reason, and at last taking him aside, addressed him thus: 'My Lord, you are not so successful as you ought to be in the House of Commons, and the reason, as I conceive, is this: you are more anxious about *words* than about *ideas*. You do not consider, that if you are thinking of words you will have no ideas, but if you have ideas words will come of themselves.'" The Archbishop in his gracious manner continued: "Such, Archdeacon, was Mr. Pitt's advice to Lord Mornington, and you know how great a speaker Lord Mornington became as Marquis Wellesley. I give you the same advice; and I hope that it will lead to an equally satisfactory result."

I once had opportunity of enabling a clever man, wholly destitute of practice as a speaker, to make a wonderfully successful *début*. Shortly before the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, I went to vote at the county town of Wick in favour of my brother, at a

warmly contested election for Caithness. At that time the whole constituency was so limited as to be little more than a pretence. Another voter, who, like myself, had come from a distance, was James, Earl of Fife, well known as a familiar friend of George the Fourth. As his earldom was an Irish Peerage, it did not exclude him from the exercise of the franchise We were the popular party, not only on account of my father's services to the county, but on account of my brother's own engaging manners, fluency of speech, and liberality to the poor. But when the result of the poll was declared, it appeared that we were beaten by a small majority. Lord Fife, my brother and I, immediately after walked in procession with a large body of friends towards the pier, where a steam-boat was in waiting to convey us across the Moray Firth. A vast concourse from all parts of the county had assembled. I do not believe that so great a gathering had ever before met together in Caithness. Not only the streets, but the adjoining heights, the pier, and the shipping as high as the mast heads, were crowded with eager spectators. The enthusiasm was at the highest pitch. We could hardly make our way through the throng. Lord Fife especially was cheered, not only as a peer—a rare commodity in the extreme north—but as a peer who had come some hundred miles in support of the good cause. At length he became excited, climbed up a huge block of stone, and stretched forth his hand as a signal for attention. There was a dead silence; and he got safely through a tolerably well constructed sentence, expres-

sive of his gratitude for the reception he had met with. Suspecting that a second sentence was not quite in readiness, I got into the crowd, waved my hat, and shouted at the highest pitch of my voice, "Hurrah! Lord Fife for ever!" My hurrah was repeated by thousands of voices from the streets, the house tops, the surrounding heights, the pier, and the shipping. Several minutes elapsed before silence was restored, and time was thus afforded the unpractised orator to compose another sentence. I then perceived that a renewed effort on my part was necessary to prevent a collapse; so I again waved my hat, and again shouted, "Hurrah! Lord Fife for ever!" By the iteration of this process I enabled his lordship to deliver a speech of considerable length; and long afterwards I had the gratification of hearing, that the Earl of Fife had unexpectedly shown himself to be an admirable speaker, and had made a grand display of rhetorical ability for half an hour at the contested election for Caithness. I was myself aware, that the greater part of that half hour had been occupied by the shouts, which I had myself succeeded in eliciting.

BARON DE TOJAL.

WHEN I am invited to dine with the Lord Mayor, I have the comfort of knowing that bishops and lay peers will be present, and that I shall be in no danger of being called upon to make a speech. But when I am about to partake the hospitality of a City Company, I do not enjoy the same security.

Accordingly, at a banquet given by the Skinners' Company in 1848, I found myself one of three lions who were expected to roar for the amusement of the other guests. The other two were Admiral Dundas, a Lord of the Admiralty, who afterwards commanded the fleet in the Crimean War, and Baron de Tojal, formerly Finance Minister of Portugal. We all three made speeches on our health being proposed, but the Baron's was incomparably the best.

He related to me some curious anecdotes of the celebrated Marquis de Pombal, Prime Minister of Portugal at the beginning of the last century. "The great objects of the Marquis's policy," said the Baron, "were to free his country from the *spiritual despotism* of the Jesuits, and from the *commercial despotism* of Great Britain. He was of opinion that you exacted

exorbitant concessions in return for the support you gave us against Spain; and that, by requiring us to adopt an unfair tariff, you drew away all our gold. He opened accordingly a negotiation on the subject, and despatched a special minister to London. Your government was at that time so much occupied with home politics, that it did not concern itself about foreign affairs, and at once made such concessions, that the Marquis, when he heard of them, hurried to the King, and said: 'We have got more than we were *entitled to*—more than we *expected*—more than we *desired*.'" It may be feared that this is not the only instance in which neglect of foreign affairs by English ministers might justify a similar exclamation.

The Baron then proceeded, "A low-born Portuguese, who, at some critical juncture, had done good service to the Government, was desired by the Marquis to name his own reward. The man was a humorist, proud of his independence, and he replied: "All I ask is, that once a year your Excellency should visit the quarter of the city in which I reside, and stopping at my door, offer me a pinch of snuff from your own box." The Marquis was not sorry to get off so cheaply, and from year to year, while he continued in power, gratified the eccentric patriot in the manner prescribed.

"On another occasion, hearing that a merchant, to whom the Government was under obligations, could not at once meet the demands upon him, and was in danger of insolvency, the Marquis ordered his state carriage to be got ready without delay, and proceeded

to the merchant's counting-house, where he remained long enough to attract observation. The result was, that next day, when the merchant appeared on 'Change, he was cordially greeted by many who had begun to look shy upon him, and was enabled to surmount all his difficulties."

SERGEANT BRUMMAGE.

"O VIRTUE, in what holes and corners dost thou hide thyself!" was the exclamation of the great French dramatist, Molière, when a common beggar, to whom he had hastily given a piece of gold instead of a small copper coin, returned to inform him of his mistake.

I am sometimes reminded of this touching exclamation when I think of Sergeant Brummage, a parishioner of mine more than half a century ago, when I was Curate of Swinford in Leicestershire. This old soldier occupied a neat, small cottage, with a long, narrow garden, evidently taken long before from the winding country road on which it abutted. The garden was a model of skilful cultivation; and in fine weather the aged occupant might be seen, spade in hand, working with unwearied industry.

Brummage, having enlisted in early youth as a private in a marching regiment, had been sent at once to the East Indies, where he evinced such high soldierly qualities as to be immediately made a corporal, and not long afterwards a sergeant. Soon after he had gained the latter step, he was present at the siege of

an important stronghold in Southern India, I think Seringapatam. A breach had been made in the wall, and the Colonel announced to his regiment that a quota of men was wanted to take the lead in a general assault. As an encouragement to volunteers for this forlorn hope, he added, in the name of the General-in-Chief, that the man who first succeeded in planting the British colours on the ramparts, should receive for his reward an ensign's commission. Brummage was among the foremost in offering his services. The quota of men was soon filled up; the signal for the attack was given, and the storming party rushed forward. The first to reach the summit, pull down the enemy's colours, and plant the British flag, was a sergeant of the name of Fraser. He was immediately shot dead. Brummage, who was close behind him, seized the colours, and maintained his position till succour arrived, and the place was captured.

Next day, the regiment being formed in square, Sergeant Brummage was called up to receive the reward to which his bravery had entitled him. The Colonel, with some emotion, offered his congratulations, with kind wishes that the newly commissioned ensign might not only continue to enjoy, but show that he deserved, the promotion he had obtained.

Brummage, in reply, addressed him calmly: "Sir, will you allow me to ask a question?" "Certainly," replied the Colonel, with no small surprise. "Then," continued Brummage, "the question I want to ask is, whether an officer's widow is not entitled to a pension?"

"Of course," replied the Colonel with some impatience, "but what has a widow's pension to do with your commission as an ensign? You have no wife to be looking out for a pension!" "No," said Brummage, "but Sergeant Fraser had a wife. *He was the first to plant the colours; I was only the second; and I cannot take to myself the pension to which my comrade's widow is entitled!*" An outburst of applause was called forth from the assembled regiment by this startling act of self-denial. Brummage remained a sergeant, and his brave friend's widow was rescued from the poverty which otherwise awaited her.

Brummage, who in his youth had an intense love of adventure, made himself conspicuous by other striking acts of heroism. I shall only give one more example, and he is himself again my authority. While the army was besieging another stronghold, a large convoy was intercepted by the enemy. The convoy was especially valuable, because several English ladies, and in particular the Colonel's own wife, were included among the prisoners. Brummage contrived to ascertain on what part of the enemy's intrenchments the prisoners were kept, and to his great satisfaction became convinced that an attempt to rescue them by night, although difficult and dangerous, was not impracticable. He suggested to some bold spirits that an attack should be made by a party of volunteers, without the knowledge of the officers, who could not make themselves responsible for so desperate an enterprise, however much they might afterwards rejoice at its success. A

party was formed in secret accordingly. They stole out of the camp, made their way to the hostile lines, killed the sentinels, and burst in before the sleeping garrison could prepare for resistance. Brummage had the gratification of carrying the Colonel's lady in safety to her husband's quarters. The volunteers then dispersed. They had been guilty of a very serious breach of discipline, and tried as far as possible to keep themselves concealed. The Colonel affected to be highly indignant at the grave offence which had been committed, but contrived to avoid detecting the guilty individuals. When the affair had blown over, he sent privately for the chivalrous Sergeant, and suitably acknowledged the eminent service he had received.

Brummage had no vanity. He never boasted of his youthful achievements, but seemed to look upon them as nothing more than what any other brave man in the same circumstances might be expected to perform. If any visitor tried abruptly to draw him out on the subject, he became silent and reserved. Some tact was necessary to revive his old recollections without appearing to intend it. He would then forget his ordinary shyness, and describe his juvenile exploits with great humour and vivacity.

When I left Swinford, in 1823, the solitary old man was still in health and cheerfulness, sustained by cheering recollections and Christian hopes.

MAJOR MAGRA.

AT no house in London was more agreeable society to be met with than at No. 4, Connaught Place, during the many years it was the residence of my uncle, the Honourable Archibald Macdonald. Among his most frequent visitors was Major Magra; who in the course of his long life had seen more of the world than most men, having served as an Ensign in America, and as British Consul at Tunis, before he was promoted to be Equerry to the Duke of Sussex.

Among the Major's well-known foibles was extreme impatience if he supposed himself to be out-talked or over-looked in company. If anyone told a wonderful story, he always had in readiness another, still more wonderful, of which he was himself the hero. We often tried to overtax his powers of invention by relating marvellous adventures; but he invariably beat us.

His combat with a shark in the Mediterranean, during his consulate at Tunis, was frequently of use to him in an emergency; but his trump card was his discovery of the ruins of Carthage. How he got into the ruins, how he got out of them, or where they are to

be found, he was never able to inform us. His story (so far as I can recollect it) was, that on some occasion he lost his way in a morass, a few miles from Tunis, when suddenly, to his inexpressible horror, he began to sink in the mud, and continued sinking to an unknown depth. "I lost my senses," he continued, "and on recovering, found myself in total darkness. By degrees I could discern objects—domes, columns, and porticoes appeared obscurely through the gloom. I was in the midst of a vast buried city. I traversed the dark, silent, melancholy streets in all directions, but did not find so much as one human being—not a living creature of any kind, except *bats*. But bats, I assure you, were innumerable. They had multiplied in the course of centuries into myriads. I literally found the ground *elastic* from the heaps of them I trod upon. How long I remained in Carthage I cannot tell; but after suffering much from hunger and fatigue, and damp air, I contrived to escape, and hurried home. Unfortunately I did not pause to mark the spot where I had made my exit. I tried frequently afterwards to find the place, and took with me the guides best acquainted with the morass; but I was always unsuccessful, and the ruins of Carthage remain a mystery to this day."

Soon after his return home the Major presented to my uncle some curious relics, which, as he conceived, would satisfy the most incredulous as to the reality of his subterranean adventure, viz., a silver coin of Queen Dido, and three old-fashioned bronze lamps. The coin

had a female head on one side, and a horse on the other. Both the coin and the lamps stood for many years on the chimney-piece of the library in Connaught Place, and were from time to time referred to by the ex-Consul as unique specimens of Punic manufacture.

Major Magra used to give some striking illustrations of the dexterity of the Tunisian soldiers in the use of the scimitar. During his ever-memorable consulate an insurrection broke out at Tunis; many of the soldiers joined in it, and it was with difficulty put down. To prevent the recurrence of any similar outbreak, the Bey condemned no fewer than 200 of the rebels to be beheaded. They were carefully pinioned, and all Tunis had assembled to witness the execution, when an unforeseen difficulty occurred. The executioner was suddenly taken ill, and could not discharge his office. In this emergency the Bey announced that he would pardon any one of the prisoners who should undertake to decapitate the rest. Three candidates immediately stepped forward. The Bey made choice of the first, and impatiently desired him to give evidence of his skill. "If you prove a bungler," he said, "your own head shall be the next to fall." The fellow bowed gracefully, and severed the prisoner's neck by a single stroke. The Bey, highly pleased with this performance, inquired of the other candidates whether they would not give in at once, without any further trial of skill. "Please your Highness," replied the second candidate, "I wish to show what I can do." So saying he tied a piece of narrow tape round the second prisoner's neck,

and at one blow, not only made the head drop off, but divided the tape longitudinally without cutting it across. The Bey, in an ecstacy of delight, cried out, "Bravo!" and turning to the third candidate exclaimed, "You give in; don't you?" Without waiting to reply, the fellow waved his scimitar with the rapidity of lightning, and passed it through the neck of the next victim. No result followed. The head remained in its place, and the swordsman was in danger of being put to death as a bungler, when he respectfully addressed the Bey: "Let me request your Highness to bid him shake his head." The order was given; the head fell; the crowd shouted their applause. The Bey at once appointed him public executioner; and he proceeded to decapitate the remaining 197 prisoners, including his two rivals, who a few minutes before had done their best to have the privilege of decapitating *him.*

When the Major could not draw attention by any wonderful invention, he had recourse to an expedient that never failed. He complained of his health; the room was too hot or too cold; and he was in danger of fainting. One evening, when a pleasant party was seated round the fire in Connaught Place, my uncle observed the Major, who had been unable for some time to get in a word, stretch out first one limb and then another, and hang his head to one side. Anticipating the catastrophe with which the company was threatened, he hurried across the room, and whispered to Bishop Pelham of Lincoln, "My dear Bishop, do speak a word to the Major; for otherwise we shall

immediately have a fainting fit." The Bishop took the hint; the downcast head was raised, the outstretched legs were drawn back, and the Major was himself again.

During a visit to my uncle Archy, at Basildon Park, in Berkshire, the Major either actually was, or imagined himself to be, seriously ill, and awoke all the family at sunrise by a violent ringing of his bell. He insisted upon seeing my uncle, and addressed him with much solemnity: "My dear Macdonald, I have sent for you to hear my last dying words. I can hardly articulate; I feel that all will soon be over with me." My uncle, in great alarm, inquired as to the symptoms which were supposed to be so deadly. The Major described them in detail, and called for various remedies, some of which were with difficulty procured. By degrees his voice became more animated. He sat up in bed, reverted to his early days, called to mind his best stories, and seemed to have forgotten all his ailments. Some time passed in this manner, and at length my uncle said to him, "My dear Major, ill as you are, I think the best thing you can do is to join the party in the breakfast room; as an invalid you may present yourself in your dressing-gown and nightcap. The butler and I will help you down stairs." The Major, after some demur, consented. His pale, thin, ghastly figure, supported on both sides, startled the ladies; but he offered his apology in the most courtly terms, with suitable genuflections, then took his place, called for his eggs and muffins, eat a hearty meal, and was the heart and soul of the company.

When I visited Caithness, in 1816, I spent a few days with General Sinclair of Lybster, formerly Governor of one of the British Provinces in North America. The General described to me his travels as a young officer fifty years before in the interior of that Continent, accompanied by his friend Ensign Perkins. They had enjoyed many romantic adventures together, and had spent some time among the Indians of Lake Superior. He had never heard of "Young Perkins" since, and supposed him to have been long dead.

Something suggested to me that Ensign Perkins was now Major Magra. I made inquiry; my conjecture proved to be correct; I communicated the fact to them both, and the two friends actually exchanged letters after the lapse of half a century, during which each supposed the other to be in his grave.

The Major delighted to recount his adventures among the savages; and poured forth tirades against civilisation which reminded me of Burke's vindication of Natural Society. "You boast," he would say, "of European manliness; but give me a red Indian, who can sleep all night under a cloudless sky, and rise with the sun, leaving the impression of his naked body on the frosty ground." Roused to enthusiasm, the old courtier would exclaim, "O that I could only throw off my clothes, and become an Indian again!"

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

FEW companions ever were so agreeable in general society, and no pleader ever was so powerful in oratory, as Thomas Erskine. For this high estimate of his forensic powers I may adduce two thoroughly competent authorities, who, though not always in harmony with one another, are on this point of one mind. I refer to Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell.

I had few opportunities of seeing Lord Erskine until shortly before his death in 1823. In that year he had an illness, for the cure of which his medical advisers recommended rest. The patient inquired whether it would make any difference if he took the prescribed rest at sea instead of on shore. Being allowed a free choice in the matter, he resolved to carry out an intention which he had long formed of revisiting his native country. With that view he took a berth on board the London and Leith steam packet *Soho*, or as he preferred to call it "*So so*," on account of its foul air and worn out machinery. In this voyage, the last he ever made, I was one of his fellow-passengers. As we were steaming down the Thames, he said, "Now most of you will be miserably sick when we get into the open sea,

but I am safe. I have a patent against sickness. I am a lieutenant in the navy." Strange as it may appear this was a fact. For as a youth he had served for some time both in the navy and army, and was lieutenant in both services before reading for the bar. We shall soon see, however, to what extent his patent against sickness availed him in an emergency. Our voyage was at first as prosperous as we could desire. We had a fair wind and a clear sky, and on the second day a numerous party mustered at breakfast off the coast of Essex. I happened to be at the end of the table furthest from the ex-Chancellor, and could only hear imperfectly the jocularities with which he was amusing those around him. Suddenly he called out to me, "Sinclair, I wish to ask you a plain question. How is it that you charge me toll when I don't wish to pass through your turnpike?" I replied, "Your lordship knows as well as I that there are county roads kept up for the public good by rates, and to these rates you must contribute although you should be bedridden." "Not amiss," he said; "I expected you to say so." Some of the company did not perceive that we were talking about Church rates.

In the evening I had a long walk with him on deck by the light of a splendid full moon. He adverted to his chancellorship, and I inquired whether his Church patronage had not been a serious infliction upon him. "An infliction!" he exclaimed; "why, the applications made to me were endless." And then, pointing with his stick to the moon he continued, "If that moon had been mapped out in parishes, each with a comfortable

parsonage, I could have filled them all twice over from the applications in my desk." He then added, "Who can describe the obstinacy with which the most grotesque and absurd applications were pressed upon me?"

Not long ago, when I was reading the severe remarks of another ex-Chancellor (Lord Brougham) on the subject of patrons and beneficiaries, in his Life of Sir Robert Walpole, I was reminded of Lord Erskine fifty years before on the deck of the *Soho*.

I happened to mention Edmund Burke. Lord Erskine said, "Burke was of all *writers* the most eloquent, and of all *speakers* the most tedious." I expressed surprise at this startling dictum, but he proceeded: "One evening in the House of Commons, when Burke was delivering one of his interminable harangues, I became anxious like many others to get away, but being close under his eye I could not easily escape unobserved. At last, however, unable any longer to endure his drawling, I ducked down behind the benches, and crawled out on all fours. Next morning I found the speech reported in the newspapers. What a splendid composition! No longer marred by his wearisome manner and Irish accent, it riveted my attention. I read it through again and again, carried the paper with me into the country, and kept it in my pocket till it was worn out."

Our next subject was King George IV., and his then recent visit to Scotland. I said I am sorry you were not present on that occasion. "And why," he sharply asked, "should you be sorry?" Surprised at his sharpness, I replied, "You would have been glad to

see the King received so well in your native land." "*Received so well!*" he exclaimed; "No man ever deserved to be *received so ill.*" I remarked that perhaps his Lordship adverted to the bad moral example which the King had shown his subjects. "No," he replied, "I am not thinking about morality; what I mean is, that the man who, on getting into power, changes his politics, and turns his back on all his old friends, deserves the worst that can befall him."

One of Lord Erskine's sons, an intelligent, gentlemanly youth, was on board. The father was proud of him, and whispered to one of the passengers, "That boy, if he lives, has talent enough to be Chancellor."

We soon after parted company for the night. Before morning the wind rose, and a furious equinoctial gale, with heavy rain and sleet, blew right ahead from the north-east. Lord Erskine's prophecy, that most of us, being landsmen, would be miserably ill, was fully verified. Only two or three of the numerous passengers were able to leave their beds. Even the ex-Chancellor's boasted patent was unavailing. He tried manfully to sit up in the main cabin, and succeeded for some time, but sank at last in an extremity of distress upon the floor, and was carried ignominiously to bed. Soon afterwards all the hatches were fastened down, and the dead lights secured. The heat then became intense, and Lord Erskine exclaimed, "How sad it is to be thus shut up betwixt fire and water."

After we had been tossing for many hours, I inquired where we were; and was answered by the steward,

"We are off the coast of Northumberland, trying to get under the lee of the Fern Islands, where we hope to be in comparatively smooth water. Our captain," he continued, "does not like to put about in such foul weather, for a sea coming midships might pitch us over, and send us to the bottom." Not long after, I heard a great noise overhead, from a pulling of ropes and stamping of feet, and a voice give the order, "Port helm!" It was a fearful crisis! I felt a shock, and immediately after heard the sound of water pouring down the cabin stairs. Then came a second and severer shock, and a heavier downpour. The stewards and some of the crew soon came below, loaded with plates, dishes, and joints of meat. It appeared that the first shock had been caused by a wave which stove in the pantry beside the paddle box on one side of the deck, and the second by another wave which stove in the kitchen on the other side, and extinguished the fire. Happily we had succeeded in putting the ship about, and were now running before the wind to get under shelter of Flamborough Head, a distance of about ninety miles. After many hours of intense wretchedness, we found ourselves in comparatively smooth water. I was too ill to get up, but a boat came off to land any of the passengers who might wish to leave the ship. Lord Erskine and a few others availed themselves of the opportunity, and got safe on shore. I remained on board. The storm lasted about thirty-six hours longer; we then had fine weather, and steamed off in glorious sunshine to Leith.

Lord Erskine travelled north by land to Edinburgh.

I am persuaded that a very little care in the first instance would have removed the ill effects of his sea sickness. But he took no care; inflammation came on, and in a short time all care was unavailing. He died on the 17th of November, 1823, aged seventy-three.

I am not sure that I ever saw in print Lord Erskine's impromptu on Sir Walter Scott's "Waterloo," a poem which he considered quite unworthy either of the subject or the author:

> "On Waterloo's immortal plain
> How prostrate lie the heaps of slain!
> But who by sabre or by shot
> Fell half so flat as Walter Scott?"

Apropos of Waterloo, Lord Erskine related with much satisfaction an incident which he had evidently invented. "You recollect," he said, "the imperial carriage which was captured at Waterloo; among other interesting articles, it contained a curious pair of spurs belonging to the Emperor; I gave a large price for them, and then presented them to the Prince Regent with this inscription:

> 'These Napoleon left behind,
> Flying swifter than the wind,
> Needless to him when buckled on,
> He wants no spur but Wellington.'"

It was remarked of the ex-Chancellor, that as a barrister, he would stop short in the middle of a speech, if he saw that he had made the desired impression upon the jury; but though he could sacrifice a speech he was no more able than his brother Lord Buchan, to pass over an opportunity for a joke. My

father, on his arrival from Edinburgh, meeting him one day in the streets of London, said, "You will be sorry to hear that your sister-in-law, Lady Buchan, is very ill." "What is the matter with her?" "I am afraid that she has water in the chest." "Is that all? In these hard times, Sir John, it is not amiss to have anything in one's chest."

My father sent Lord Erskine a pamphlet in favour of a paper currency. The ex-Chancellor, who had for some time been in great pecuniary difficulties, replied:

"My dear Sir John,

"I am obliged to you for your pamphlet, but my complaints have for some time past had reference to the *quantity* rather than the *quality* of bank notes.

"Yours very truly,

"ERSKINE."

Lord Erskine was buried privately at Almondale, the seat of his deceased brother, Henry Erskine, nearly half-way between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The two brothers were cordially attached to one another in life, and in death they were not divided.

The ex-Chancellor was not an infidel, nor had he any tendency to infidelity. On the other hand, he did not always practically adhere to his religious principles. Let us hope, however, that they acquired predominance before he quitted this probationary scene.

His special characteristic was forensic power, in which he was unrivalled. "I will not here enter,"

writes Lord Campbell, "into a comparison of the respective merits of the different styles of oratory handed down to us from antiquity, but I may be allowed to observe, that among ourselves, in the 150 volumes of Hansard, there are no specimens of Parliamentary harangues, which, as literary compositions, are comparable to the speeches of Erskine at the Bar, with the exception of Burke's,—and they were delivered to empty benches." Lord Campbell adds this caution: "Do not therefore let it be assumed that Erskine is degraded into an inferior class of artists, because he was not a skilful debater." This caution brings to my remembrance a saying of my late friend Professor Wilson. "Do not judge of a man's intellectual powers from what he does *worst:* judge of them rather from what he does *best.* If he shows power of mind in any way, you must admit that he has *power.* A hare is a swift animal, although it cannot go full speed down hill."

THE END.

00097399

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018